THE

Fifth and Laſt VOLUME OF CLELIA,

THAT EXCELLENT

New Romance:

Being the CONCLUSION of the whole

WORK.

Written in FRENCH,

By the Exquiſite Pen of Monſieur de SCUDERY

Governour of *Noſtredame de la Garde.*

Render'd into Engliſh by *G. H.*

LONDON:

Printed for *Henry Herringman*, at the Anchor in the lower Walk of the *New Exchange.* 1661.

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Tranſlated into *English* by Y. R.

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New Exchange, 1661.

TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE ELIZABETH

Counteſs of RIVERS.

MADAM,

THE *unfortunate* Clelia *having ſince her arrival in this Nation, ſought a patronage from many noble hands, doth at length addreſs her ſelf to yours. As if thoſe various adventures, which travers'd her illuſtrious life could not terminate in a compleat happineſs before ſhe were acknowledging to you for it, and that her vertue had not been ſufficiently try'd to merit that felicity which was preparing for her before it had receiv'd a teſtimony from you, who are the perfect Patern of it. That ſhe is worthy your protection I cannot doubt, at leaſt if thoſe excellent beauties of hers which are almoſt matchleſs in the original, come not ſullied from my unskilful hands. And ſince it is reported it was not the illuſtrious* Scudery, *but that celebrated* Vertuoſa *his Siſter who finiſh'd the Romance after his deceaſe, I could not make a more apt Dedication then*

the work of a Lady to the most Noble and accomplish'd Person of her own Sex. That which may cause you to make some difficulty in the reception of Clelia, *is the person of him that shall assume the boldness to present her to you. Yet it cannot seem strange an unknown person should thus presume, since an heroick virtue such as yours, commands the addresses and devoyrs of all that honour it; the sence of which I cannot better manifest in my self, then by my humble desires to be admitted together with* Clelia *in the quality of*

Madam,

Your Honours most obedient

and devoted Servant,

G. Havers.

CLE-

CLELIA:

The Fifth and laſt Part:

BOOK I.

WHilſt *Aronces* was poſſeſt with an opinion that his preſent condition rendred him the moſt unhappy man in the World, *Horatius* ſometimes enjoy'd all the delectation that glory together with hope is capable to excite in a heart truly amorous. He taſted the joy of being ſatisfi'd with himſelf; which is the higheſt pleaſure poſſible for a rational perſon to reſent: He had perform'd a piece of ſignal ſervice to his Country; and although *Aronces* had diſarm'd him, yet his laſt action afforded him ſatisfaction for that misfortune. Beſides, *Clelius* being ſo favourable to him, he had reaſon to conceive that the end of the War would prove the beginning of his felicity. And indeed he perceiv'd ſo unanimous a reſolution in the *Roman* Citizens to defend themſelves to the utmoſt, that he would not ſo much as entertain in his thoughts a poſſibility for *Porſenna* to become Maſter of *Rome*. What place ſoever he went into, afforded him new cauſe of contentment, ſaving when he repair'd to *Clelia*, whom he always found affected with the ſame averſion towards him. When he paſs'd along the ſtreets, the people atteſted his glory with a thouſand Acclamations; when he went to the Temple, he beheld ſacrifices offer'd there in thankfulneſs to the gods for the great action which he had perform'd; when he went to the Senate, he underſtood they had ordain'd a Statue to be erected to him as an eternal Monument of his valour: to conclude, only the fair eyes of *Clelia* depriv'd him of the hope which fortune every where elſe ſuggeſted to him. And truly this was oftentimes ſufficient to diſturb all the pleaſure that hope could give him. The next morning after that great exploit which had render'd him ſo eminent in *Rome*, *Clelius* bringing him to his houſe, and preſenting him to his Daughter, he found cauſe to believe that what he had done had no influence to change the heart of that fair Lady. At firſt, *Clelius*, having beheld her with a ſufficiently cold air, was immediately out of an exceſſive affection for his Country tranſported againſt her. How? (ſaid he to her with a low but angry tone) dare you appear ſad, when I bring the Deliverer of *Rome* to you? and have you the boldneſs to diſcover to me in your eyes the tokens of that obſtinate and unjuſt paſſion which you harbour in your mind? *Clelia* hearing her Father

ther ſpeak in this manner, bluſht and caſt down her eyes; ſo that *Horatius* not doubting but that which *Clelius* ſpoke low to her, diſpleas'd her, was almoſt ſorry for it, though he apprehended the diſcourſe could not but be in his favour. Wherefore advancing towards her, he interrupting the private communication, Permit me to ask you, Madam (ſaid he, perceiving *Clelius* retire) whether the general fright yeſterday did not reach you too, and whether you had the reſolution to behold from your windows, that multitude of enemies which would have ſurpriz'd the City, had not the bridge been broken down, at which they endeavour'd to enter. You ſpeak very modeſtly of one of the faireſt actions of the World (anſwered ſhe) but to ſhew you that I am never-unjuſt (added this prudent Lady) know, that though you ſeem'd appointed by Deſtiny for the cauſe of the greateſt infelicities of my life, nevertheleſs I did not ceaſe to make Vows in your behalf when I ſaw you alone in the middle of the Bridge ſuſtaining the whole power of the Enemies. For indeed I ſaw all that paſs'd in this great occaſion; and I likewiſe beheld *Aronces* forbid his men to ſhoot at you when you were in the River *Tyber*. I ſhould my ſelf have inform'd you, Madam (reply'd *Horatius*) of that generoſity of my Rival, though you had not ſeen it; for I have heretofore often told you, that I yield to his merit and his virtue; 'tis only in point of Love that I contend with him for ſuperiority. And to teſtifie to you at leaſt, Madam, that I do all that I can, know, I did not now interrupt *Clelius*, but only becauſe I apprehended he ſpoke ſharply to you in my favour. I acknowledge it (anſwer'd *Clelia*) and I ſhall alſo acknowledge that you deſerve my eſteem and my friendſhip. Nevertheleſs, obſerving hope this day become more prevalent in your heart, I ſhall tell you once more (generous *Horatius*) that it will be beſt for you not to flatter your ſelf into an errour by it; ſince the more *Aronces* becomes unhappy, the more ſhall I be oblig'd to be faithful to him; and the more my Father perſecutes me, the more reſolvedneſs ſhall I have to withſtand him. For, in brief, he has once given me to *Aronces*, and I have joyn'd in the gift; ſo that 'tis in the power of Death alone to hinder me from being his. Moreover, were he no longer mine, I have told you a hundred times, I ſhould never be yours nor any others. Content your ſelf with being belov'd by the whole people of *Rome*, enjoy quietly the glory you have acquir'd, and do not render your ſelf miſerable, for a perſon that can never make you happy. Other viſitants hereupon arriving, *Horatius* was conſtrain'd to withdraw, his heart being ſo full, that he could not but manifeſt part of his grief. And therefore he made a low reverence, without being able to ſpeak any thing to *Clelia*, ſaving by ſome glances not leſs ſad then amorous. As he came from thence, he found *Æmilius*, who, being unhappy as well as he, ſeem'd a fit perſon to be the confident of his ſorrow. Walking along together, and *Emilius* obſerving him very ſad, What's the cauſe (ſaid he to him) that you ſeem ſo melancholy in a day wherein you ought to know no other paſſion but joy? Alas! *Æmilius* (cry'd *Horatius*) 'tis in vain that I have repell'd the enemies, ſince *Aronces* is not ſo abſolutely Maſter of the *Janiculum* which he hath ſeiz'd, as he is always of the heart of *Clelia*; and ſhould Fortune cauſe me to perform miracles for the ſafety of *Rome*, I ſhould not thereby be leſſe unhappy. In which regard, I can aſſure you *Aronces* is not at preſent ſo miſerable as I; undoubtedly no unhappineſs being ſo unſupportable as that whereby we find, that what ought to produce our felicity, cauſes our misfortune. However (reply'd *Æmilius*) your miſery is not ſo extraordinary as mine; *Clelia* lov'd *Aronces* before ſhe knew you; ſhe has lov'd him ever ſince, and you have not been able to win her affection. But as for me, unfortunate as I am, I have ſeen the cruel *Valeria* not to hate me, during the time ſhe believ'd *Herminius* was unfaithful and dead: but ſince ſhe has underſtood his being alive and innocent, ſhe has ceas'd to love me, and depriv'd me of all hope for ever. Ah! *Æmilius* (anſwer'd *Horatius*) that which you ſay cauſes your regret, is the very thing which ought to afford you conſolation. For, according to the tranſports of Love in which I am at preſent, I think if *Clelia* had lov'd me but only one day in all my life, the remembrance alone of ſo great a pleaſure would ſuffice to keep me from being miſerable the remainder of my days. But when I conſider that my Rival is lov'd, that according to all probabilities, he will be ever ſo, that I have never been ſo, for ſo much as one moment, and that perhaps I never ſhall be during my life; patience forſakes me, deſpair ſeizes me, and I wiſh for death every inſtant. Had I the ſame ſentiments as heretofore (cont inu'd *Horatius*) when I carri'd away *Clelia*, I could eaſily induce *Clelius* to conſtrain her

to

To marry me. After what I have perform'd, the people would approve the violence, and the Senate in the preſent poſture of affairs would not offer to oppoſe my happineſs: but (*Æmilius*) I know, to my miſery, that unleſs *Clelia* beſtow her ſelf, I cannot wiſh to poſſeſs her; ſince 'tis the heart of that cruel perſon which can cauſe my felicity. But (alas) that (to my misfortune) is in the power of a Rival whom I admire in ſpight of my ſelf, for whom I bear as much eſteem as hatred, to whom I am ſo highly oblig'd, that I cannot injure him without ingratitude, and who ſets me ſuch great examples of generoſity, that it's neceſſary to be a Heroe to ſurpaſs him. Ceaſe therefore to bemoan your ſelf, or at beſt think me the greater object of commiſeration. Yet on the other ſide, generous *Horatius* (reply'd *Æmilius*) did you know what it is to have been lov'd, and to be ſo no longer, you would change the thoughts; for no favourable glance has been formerly obtain'd, but then cauſes a thouſand regrets; not an advantagious word heard, but occaſions a thouſand torments; and the oppoſition of miſery to happineſs, produces ſuch a ſtrange hurly-burly in an amorous breaſt, that the inſenſibility of a Miſtreſs, is an affliction not comparable to what I ſpeak of. Did I love a perſon inſenſible in reference to all love (anſwer'd *Horatius*) you would have reaſon: but I love a perſon that has a ſoft heart, that is able to love both with order and conſtancy, and conſequently to reſiſt whatever oppoſes the affection ſhe has in her ſoul. When I ſpoke of an inſenſible perſon (reply'd *Æmilius*) I meant in reſpect to you alone; for, as I ſaid before, 'tis a more exquiſite miſery, to be lov'd no more, then to have never been lov'd at all. I conceive indeed (ſaid *Horatius*) it would be a greater affliction to fall into poverty after having been rich, then to have been always poor; but it's not ſo in love: for in my apprehenſion, the thought of never having been lov'd, not being ſo at preſent, and deſpairing ever to be ſo, is the moſt cruel and inſupportable of all thoſe that can be inſpir'd by an infortunate paſſion. *Æmilius* anſwer'd *Horatius* again, and *Horatius* yielded not to *Æmilius*; ſo that they parted without having convinc'd one another. But while theſe two Lovers bemoan'd themſelves together, there were others alſo who did the like. All *Plotina*'s Lovers, looking upon *Amilcar* as he that of all the reſt injur'd them moſt, ſcarce hated one another at all, but hated him exceſſively, though they dar'd not to expreſs it. *Themiſtus*, being always abſent, and always diſcontented, lamented himſelf amongſt his Friends. *Artemidorus* being always lov'd by two very amiable perſons, had not a little to do. *Spurius* was diſpleas'd with himſelf, that he had not been able to out-do *Herminius*, who ſignalis'd himſelf moſt, next *Horatius*. And *Mutius* being as ambitious as amorous, was deſperately afflicted, for that he had been unable to defend the *Janiculum*, and had been wounded: for although the wound he receiv'd was not dangerous, yet it confin'd him to his Chamber; where abandoning himſelf to regret, he revolv'd in his thoughts whatever moſt difficult attempts a great ſpirit incenſed both againſt Love and Fortune, could deviſe to overcome his misfortune. But having a ſoul too noble to ſeek ways that were not honourable, he fanſi'd nothing but what was grand and heroical. *Herminius* is lov'd (ſaid he within himſelf) and deſerves to be ſo; *Æmilius* is an amiable perſon, and was not hated whilſt *Valeria* believ'd *Herminius* had betray'd her, and was dead; and *Spurius* is ſubtle, daring, dextrous and amorous. What then ſhall I do (continu'd he) to overcome ſuch formidable Rivals? I muſt do ſome action tranſcending that of *Horatius* (added this afflicted Lover) and ſignalize my ſelf ſo remarkably, that my Rivals may not afterwards dare to ſtand in competition with me for *Valeria*. I muſt ſave *Rome* with one ſtroke, if it be poſſible; and indeed it is too ſhameful to ſee it captive when it boaſts to be free, and to ſee it more miſerable when it has no more Tyrants then when it was under the Tyranny of the *Tarquins*. After which, *Mutius* having thought upon what he would undertake, took no care but to be cur'd ſpeedily, to the end he might execute the great deſign he had determin'd of in his mind. In the mean time *Aronces* maintaining his conqueſt, and taking great care to cauſe the *Janiculum* to be yet more fortifi'd on the ſide towards *Rome*, ſuffer'd more miſery then can be imagin'd: for he well perceiv'd, that ſince this famous City could not be ſurpriz'd at firſt, it would be very difficult to become Maſter of it by force, unleſs it were in a time ſo long, that *Horatius* would perhaps have leaſure to work ſome change in the ſentiments of *Clelia*: not that he could believe her capable of infidelity; but though he could not believe it, yet he could fear it; and the glory of *Horatius*, the authority of *Clelius*, the peoples affection towards his Rival, the little probability

there was that *Porſenna* would conſent to his marriage; all theſe circumſtances conſider'd together with his own abſence, added weight to his fear, and diminiſh'd his hope. Nevertheleſs he truſted to the fidelity of his Illuſtrious Friends at *Rome*, and ſometimes imagin'd ſecret conſolations to himſelf, which enabled him to ſupport all his misfortunes. Moreover, a ſentiment of glory adding it ſelf to that of love, the care of the Siege almoſt wholly imploy'd his mind. But that which rendred him more unhappy, was, that he was conſtrain'd to ſee *Tarquin* and *Sextus*. He knew that the firſt always lov'd *Clelia*; and looking upon *Sextus* as one that had lov'd her, that might ſtill love her, and that had caus'd the death of *Lucretia*, he hated and diſdain'd him, though he was not ignorant, that as voluptuous and unjuſt a Prince as he was, he had ſome qualities in him not unpleaſing to ſuch as did not know him. *Aronces* likewiſe underſtood by a ſpy, that the Senate in teſtimony of greater acknowledgement to *Horatius*, had beſtow'd on him as great a compaſs of Land as two Oxen could in one day encloſe with a furrow; that all the Inhabitants of *Rome* had particularly made him a preſent of ſomething or other, to the end he might not ſuffer any inconvenience during the Siege; and that *Horatius* making a generous uſe of the ſame, had not only given to the poor all that they had offer'd to him, but moreover all that he had received from the rich. By which means the good fortune and the virtue of *Horatius* being alike terrible to him, this Prince was extremely miſerable, and found no comfort, ſaving when he was free to go and entertain the Princeſs of the *Leontines*, a few moments, with diſcourſe of his infelicities. Which notwithſtanding he could not do often at the beginning of the Siege, by reaſon his preſence was neceſſary in ſo many places, that he had ſcarce time to go ſee the *Queen* of *Cluſin*. In the mean time it being reſolv'd at a Council of War not to make more attempts to take *Rome* by force, order was taken to famiſh it. To which purpoſe *Porſenna* caus'd little Forts to be rais'd at equal diſtances about the City, and the *Tyber* to be ſecur'd both above and below *Rome*, with Boats faſtned together with chains; all theſe Boats being defended by Towers which were rais'd to that end on each ſide of the River; beſides that there were alſo guards of Souldiers placed in ſeveral ſtations, which were reliev'd from time to time. Theſe Boats ſerving at that time for a Bridge to *Porſenna*'s Army, the *Tarquinians* paſs'd over from the other ſide of *Tyber*, and extended their Camp into the Plain, after having pitcht upon a very advantagious place, where they might eaſily hinder any thing from being carried into *Rome* on that ſide, and from whence they ſent parties out to waſte, to make ſpoil in all the adjacent parts about that City. *Rome* was by this means begirt on all ſides; but the more it was ſtraightned, the *Romans* became the more couragious. *Herminius* being deſirous to ſignalize himſelf, and accounting it a diſparagement to be coop'd up, undertook to fetch proviſion into the City. Not that he believ'd that what he could procure brought in, would be capable to make it ſubſiſt any long time; but being a perſon of great prudence, he underſtood it was requiſite to amuſe the people. And he had occaſion to take this courſe with them; for as ſoon as all the avenues and paſſages of *Rome* were ſecur'd by the Enemy, the common ſort began to have an extreme dread of Famine. But although this fear ſeem'd but to encreaſe their hatred againſt *Tarquin*, yet there was cauſe to ſuſpect it might at length adminiſter occaſion to a ſedition; *it being natural enough to the poor to murmur againſt the rich, and likewiſe ſufficiently ordinary for the rich to have no great pity of the poor.* *Herminius* therefore minding to prevent ſo great a miſchief, told *Valerius*, it was requiſite to ſend to the neighbouring people, to the end to obtain of them ſuch things as they had moſt need of; and that, for his part, he would engage to ſecure the entrance of Convoys into *Rome*. Whereupon ſome perſons were ſent out by night, to go to the people of *Latium*, and to oblige them to ſuccour the City; and others alſo to *Cumæ* of *Campania*, and to *Pometia*: but the *Latins* refus'd to take any ſide between *Rome* and the *Tarquinians*, and they of *Cumæ* anſwered ambiguouſly; only the people of *Pometia* promis'd proviſions, conditionally they might be oblig'd to nothing more then to furniſh the Waggons which were to carry them. Wherefore *Herminius* to acquit himſelf of his word, one night when the Moon did not ſhine, iſſu'd forth of the City with ſome Troops, and taking a by-way, which the Beſiegers had not took care to ſecure, happily executed his deſign, and brought a competent ſupply of mouth-munition into *Rome*. The Enemies indeed being aware of it, there was a very ſharp conflict between them and the Troops that guarded the Convoy; but the valour

of

of *Herminius* held them off, till all the Waggons were enter'd into the City, without ſo much as the miſcarriage of one; and this Illuſtrious *Roman* having born the ſtroke of the Enemies as long time as was requiſite for the executing of his purpoſe, re-entred into *Rome*, about the break of day, in the ſight of all the people, who beheld him as a ſecond Protector, next *Horatius*. Moreover, to the end this might have the greater effect upon the minds of the multitude, all theſe Waggons were made to paſs through the principal ſtreets, before they went to the Publick Store-houſes. By which means the people murmur'd leſs for ſome days then they had done formerly. But for that there were at that time above 300000 perſons in the City, this ſupply was quickly ſpent; and the dearneſs of proviſion encreaſing from day to day, the repinings of the Commonalty began alſo afreſh. It was in vain that *Valerius*, *Clelius*, *Horatius*, *Herminius* and the reſt endeavour'd to appeaſe the People; for the fear of Famine, and the preſent ſuffering render'd them ſo perverſe, that whatever was reſolv'd upon, incens'd them. When ſallies were made, it was ſaid they were intended only to occaſion the ſlaughter of men, and that there might be a leſs number to feed; if none were attempted, it was publiſh'd about as cowardize to ſuffer themſelves to be ſhut up by ſo few Beſiegers: If the Publick Stores were ſet open, they rumor'd that all the Proviſions would ſoon be conſum'd, and that onely the creatures of *Tarquin* gave this counſel, which was far more dangerous then it ſeem'd: If there were any ſpeech of ſhutting the ſame up, and preſerving the Publick Proviſions againſt extremity, preſently it was threatned to ſet fire on the Stores: In brief, nothing could be more difficult then to finde out ſome fit means to compoſe the diſcontents of the City. *Porſenna* and *Tarquin* having intelligence of this diſorder, ſent Heralds to demand to ſpeak to the people. Then it was that all the intelligent perſons in *Rome* ſtood in fear; for they conceiv'd it was to make ſome Propoſition of Peace, with intention to cauſe the people to mutiny, if it were not receiv'd. Wherefore the Senate was minded to ſend back the Heralds unheard. But the multitude was ſo tumultuous, that it was neceſſary to hear them; all that could be obtain'd from the provoked people, was, that thoſe Heralds ſhould not enter into the City, but make their Propoſitions at the Gate. To which being accordingly oblig'd, they declar'd there aloud, that *Porſenna* ſent to acquaint the *Romans*, that if they deſir'd to be deliver'd from the War and Famine, and to avoid inevitable deſtruction, it was yet poſſible, and they needed onely to admit *Tarquin*, to ſecure their Peace; *Porſenna* engaging to cauſe him to paſs an Amneſty for all that was paſt, and to protect them alſo againſt him in caſe he falſifi'd his word. The Conſuls trembled at this Propoſal, fearing leſt the preſent miſery might induce the people to prefer a ſhameful Peace before a glorious War: but the matter had a better event then they imagin'd. The name of *Tarquin* was ſo odious to the People, that what *Porſenna* caus'd to be declar'd to them, to the intent to cauſe a ſedition, produc'd a calm; for ſcarce had the Heralds done their Meſſage, but the multitude who had beſet all the Ramparts, relating to one another confuſedly the Propoſition that *Porſenna* made to them, cry'd all with one voice, No, No; 'tis better to die, and we will rather ſet our City on fire, then receive *Tarquin* into it: and their fury tranſported them in ſuch ſort, that they had ſhot their Arrows againſt the Heralds, and violated the Law of Nations, if the Conſuls had not reſtrain'd them. So theſe Meſſengers of *Porſenna* were enforced to depart; and the people, after this, ſeeing nothing to be choſen but War or the Tyranny of *Tarquin*, generouſly reſolv'd upon ſuffering, and endur'd all the inconveniences of the Siege with admirable patience. Soon after, a private Council of War was held in order to an attempt to break thoſe two Bridges of Boats which ſecur'd the River, ſince had it been free on one ſide only, *Porſenna*'s deſign had been deſtroy'd, and this Prince would have found a neceſſity of giving over the Siege. It had been ſufficiently experienc'd that ſallies ſerv'd onely to weaken the Cavalry which was in the City; for there being no other Forces in the Campagne deſign'd to relieve it, all ſallies were unprofitable, and did not ſufficiently facilitate the paſſage of Victuals for the ſubſiſtence of it. So that the only way to deliver it, was to render their River free. To which end it was reſolv'd an attempt ſhould be made, and that above *Rome* rather then below, ſince by that means it would be commodious for the Veſſels to come down with the ſtream, for carrying neceſſaries into the City; whereas on the other ſide it would be requiſite to row up againſt it. The on-ſet indeed was very difficult, but the deſigning

ſigning to put good Rowers into all the Boats appointed for the attaque, made that no obſtacle. *Themiſtus*, though a ſtranger, was called to this ſecret Council, and propounded to ſet the Enemies Boats on fire, in caſe they could not be forc'd; and accordingly preparation was made for this. In order to which, two Boats were fill'd with ſeveral kinds of combuſtible things, as Pitch, Sulphur, Bitumen, and divers Gummes; and a hundred others were choſen out and fill'd with reſolute Soldiers. Every Boat had a particular Commander in it; and beſides the Souldiers and the Rowers, there were alſo men with Axes to break and looſen the Chains which faſtned the Boats to one another. This enterprize being accompani d with much danger and difficulty, all the Gallants were eager to be in it. *Mutius*, who was almoſt cured of his wound, deſir'd the command of a Boat; *Themiſtus*, *Herminius*, *Æmilius* and *Spurius* did the like: *Artemidorus* and *Merigenes* were in the ſame Boat, *Amilcar* was in that of *Herminius*, *Zenocrates* commanded one by himſelf, in which *Octavius* was pleas'd to be; *Horatius* had the conduct of one of the Fire-boats, which was faſtned to his own, and *Herminius* had charge of the other, although *Mutius* had us'd all poſſible endeavours to get that imployment. *Damon*, *Sicinius*, *Acriſius*, and divers other Gallants, were diſpers'd in all the Boats. In the mean time, though all care had been taken to keep this enterprize ſecret, yet the Enemies got intelligence of it, and prepared themſelves to be aſſaulted. But for that they could not learn whether they ſhould be attaqued above or below *Rome*, they were neceſſitated to divide their Forces; and moreover, the better to deceive them, a falſe attaque was thought fit to be given on that ſide which was not intended for the place of on-ſet. The *Tuſcans* and *Tarquinians* had rais'd little Forts at both ends of that Bridge of Boats, which ſtopt up the River, and ſerv'd for the communication of the diſtant quarters of their Army; and this no doubt augmented the difficulty of the *Romans* attempt. But how hard ſoever it was, it was reſolv'd upon; and all things being ready for it, preciſely at midnight, all the Boats appointed for both purpoſes put forth upon the River. But thoſe which were to make the falſe attaque, ſet out firſt, to the end to divert the Enemies Forces to that ſide; and a quarter of an hour after, the others moving in order, and taking up almoſt the whole breadth of the River, in ſeveral ranks went to encounter the Enemies with ſo much greater hope of Victory, for that they knew *Aronces* was not on that ſide, pretending to make uſe of their Fire-boats according to the occaſion they ſhould have for them. But, for that it is always a little lighter in the night-time upon the water then upon the land, the *Tuſcans* confuſedly perceiv'd thoſe that were coming to attaque them, and provided for their defence. So that the Bridge of Boats, and the two little Forts defending it, were ſoon beſet with Souldiers, and eſpecially with Bow-men, who ſeeing the *Romans* within reach of their Arrows, ſhot with ſuch eagerneſs, that the multitude of Arrows made a greater darkneſs thereabouts then that of the night. But becauſe they ſhot at a venture, this firſt diſcharge had no great effect, and hinder'd not the *Romans* from approaching the Bridge with cries ſo fierce, that they ſeem'd to be a preſage of Victory. All the Boats as they drew neer to thoſe which upheld the *Tarquinians* Bridge, hooked themſelves thereunto, and then planted little Ladders againſt them for the Souldiers to mount upon the Bridge, whilſt the workmen did what they could with their Axes to break the Chains that linked the Enemies Boats together. On the other ſide, *Horatius* and *Herminius*, who were the chief Commanders in this enterprize, went to faſten their Fire-boats to the middle of the Bridge, in ſpite of the Enemies oppoſition; and having left a hidden fire in the two Boats, which would break out ſuddenly after they retir'd, one went towards the right hand, and the other towards the left, to encourage their men to make themſelves Maſters of the Bridge, and to endeavour to mount upon it themſelves; which was no eaſie matter; for the Enemies who ſtood thick upon it with their ſwords in their hands, repell'd them impetuouſly either into their Boats or the River. *Mutius*, *Artemidorus* and *Merigenes* mounted twice upon the Bridge, and were as often beat back into their Boat. *Acriſius* laying hold of a plank of the Bridge, and being almoſt got up, was wounded in the right hand: *Zenocrates* alſo mounted upon it couragiouſly; but for that they which follow d him were caſt into the River, he found himſelf alone amidſt many enemies, who ſeizing upon him, threw him into the River alſo on the other ſide the Bridge, after he had wounded one or two of them. Nevertheleſs looſing neither his courage nor his judgement, he ſwam back under the Enemies Bridge with his

his ſword in his hand, and got into one of the Boats again, to return to the aſſault. *Amilcar* being got up the Bridg, and perceiving himſelf the ſole man of his party there, counterfeited a *Tuſcan*, and had the good fortune to leap back into *Herminius*'s Boat, without being taken by the Enemies. *Horatius* was four times repuls'd; *Spurius* had like to have been drown'd, and ſo had *Æmilius*; but *Herminius* was ſo fortunate, that he caus'd one of the Enemies Boats to be looſned, at the ſame time that the Fire-boats doing their effect immediately burnt down the middle of the Bridge, which conſiſting only of planks and faggots was ſoon conſumed. Then was there heard a moſt terrible noiſe, for the *Romans* ſent forth a thouſand cries of joy, and the *Tuſcans* contrarily a thouſand tumultuous ſhouts, which teſtifi'd their aſtoniſhment; for the fire having taken away the middle of the Bridge, depriv'd them of communication from one ſide to the other, and opened a paſſage for a great Convoy which they underſtood was prepared in Boats under the walls of a little very ſtrong Town, where the *Romans* knew the ſupply was which they expected. And things were accordingly ſo happily executed, that the Convoy was already very neer, when the middle of the Bridge was burnt. Wherefore as ſoon as the fire mingled with Sulphur and Bitumen began to deſtroy the middle of the Bridge, *Horatius* and *Herminius* eaſily caus'd as many Boats to be looſned as was requiſite for the paſſage of thoſe which carried the Proviſion: for ſuch as were appointed to that purpoſe, with great hooks diſpers'd thoſe burned Boats, which ſeparating one from another, and being driven by the ſtream towards *Rome*, conſum'd by degrees, and cover'd all the River with flaming wracks, not without ſome terrour in the ſpectacle. In the mean time, as ſoon as the paſſage was open'd by the flame, the attaque of the Bridge was given over, there being no likelihood of doing any good upon the two Forts, and the only buſineſs being to procure a ſafe entry for the Convoy. Wherefore as ſoon as the River was free, at the firſt ſignal that was given of it, all the Boats drew together, and one half of them following *Herminius* went to meet the Convoy, and the other commanded by *Horatius* ſtay'd to guard the paſſage. At which time the Enemies diſcharg'd a ſtorm of Darts both upon thoſe that ſtay'd to guard it, and upon thoſe that conducted the Convoy. Which while they were approaching, ſome Gallants amongſt the Enemies got into the Boats which remain'd at the two ends of the Bridge at the foot of the little Forts, and came forth to chaſe away the *Romans* from the place. And indeed they being aſſiſted by thoſe of their party, who ſtill ſtood with their ſwords drawn upon both the ends of the broken Bridge, where they had at length ſtopt the courſe of the fire, *Horatius* being unable to maſter thoſe that guided the Boats, was in a ſhort time conſtrain'd to deſert the paſſage of the River to the Enemies. So that when *Herminius* came back with the Convoy, he found that he was to fight again if he intended to paſs. It was about day-break, and preciſely at that time the Prince of *Meſſene* coming to ſecond *Titus* who commanded the Souldiers in the Boats, appear'd with his ſword in his hand upon the end of the Bridge. But when he perceiv'd *Themiſtus* in one of *Horatius*'s Boats, he leap'd into one of thoſe that maintain'd the paſſage, deſiring to take this opportunity to encounter his particular enemy amongſt the enemies of the ſide he had choſen. *Themiſtus* alſo knowing him, cauſed his Boat to advance neerer then it was, and with a threatning action ſignifi'd to him that he was glad to ſee him in a place where he might evince that himſelf was more worthy of *Lindamira* then he. Matters ſtanding thus, *Herminius* appear'd in the head of the Conduct of the Convoy; for *Horatius* was conſtrain'd by the advice of all the chief Officers to defer charging thoſe that defended the paſſage, till they might be attaqued on both ſides together. And accordingly *Horatius* and *Herminius* advancing at the ſame time, and being follow'd by as many Boats as were neceſſary to poſſeſs the paſſage, went to charge them with their ſwords in hand. Whereupon enſued a very terrible combate; for from the Forts and the two ſides of the broken Bridge, a ſtorm of Arrows like hail was ſent both upon *Herminius* and *Horatius*. But without taking unprofitable care to ſecure themſelves from a danger which they could not avoid, but by deſerting their interprize, they minded only the overcoming thoſe who obſtructed them. *Horatius* leapt into a Boat which *Iclanus* defended, *Herminius* into another; *Themiſtus* and the Prince of *Meſſene* having the ſame purpoſe, executed it ſo exactly, that at the ſame time that *Themiſtus* leapt with his ſword drawn into the Prince's Boat, the Prince paſs'd into that of *Themiſtus*. But perceiving their errour, they endeavour'd either of them to return

into

into his own Boat; which as they were doing, they grapled together, and fell both into the water. As they fell, they were parted by their own weight; and being both skilful in ſwimming, as ſoon as they got their heads above water, they approacht to one another and exchanged ſome blows; and this ſtrange combate would probably have prov'd fatal to both, had not a *Roman* Boat drew towards theſe two Rivals. Which as ſoon as the Prince of *Meſſene* ſaw, he endeavour'd to avoid being taken, and began to ſwim towards one of the Forts; but finding that he had receiv'd a ſlight wound in the right hand, his ſword dropt from him. Wherefore *Themiſtus* ſeeing him without arms, and ſtreaming with bloud, would not kill him in that condition; but entring into the Boat which came to his ſuccour, ſuffer'd him to get the bank of the River, where he was receiv'd by thoſe of his party. In the mean time *Horatius* and *Herminius* being ſeconded by all the other Gallants, maugre the reſiſtance of the *Tarquinians*, ſunk two Boats, ſlew almoſt all that were in the reſt, and became at length ſo abſolute Maſters of the paſſage, that they got the Convoy clear through it. They had a mind to have maintain'd it afterwards, but it was not to be done; for the Enemies poſſeſſing the Forts ſtill, and the two ends of the Bridge, would not have ſuffer'd them in the place. So that it behov'd them to content themſelves with carrying the Convoy to *Rome*, which was likewiſe more conſiderable in reſpect of the joy and hope it excited in the people, then of the real ſuccour it brought to the Publick neceſſity: For in theſe occaſions, the multitude always magnifies things, and do's not carry their foreſight ſo far as to deſtroy the pleaſure ariſing from a preſent relief. This victorious Fleet therefore return'd to *Rome*, and was receiv'd there with a thouſand acclamations. It had coſt the life of ſome few Souldiers, and there were alſo certain perſons of quality wounded. *Spurius* was ſhot with an Arrow that ras'd his ſhoulder, *Damon* was wounded with a ſword in the ſide, *Horatius* receiv'd a ſlight hurt under the right eye, and *Meleagenes* on the arm. But however, this Victory did not prove a bloudy one, and the action was accompani'd with great glory. The better to ſet it off to the people, thanks were render'd to the gods in all the Temples, the price of Victual was abated, part of theſe Proviſions brought into the City were diſtributed to the people, and they were put in hope that other Convoys would alſo ſhortly come by land. As for thoſe that had made the falſe attaque, Fortune was not ſo favourable to them as to the others, and they were inforc'd to fight more then they intended; For *Aronces* hapning to be on that ſide, becauſe it was believ'd it would be the moſt dangerous, came forth to meet them with armed Boats, and repell'd them ſo vigorouſly, that they were conſtrain'd to return towards *Rome*. He alſo took two of their Veſſels: but underſtanding the real attaque would not be on that ſide, a ſentiment of glory made him regret his abſence from the place of greateſt danger. Nevertheleſs ſoon after, a ſentiment of Love made him the leſs ſorry, inaſmuch as he could not be accuſed by *Clelia* for being inſtrumental by his valour to encreaſe a neceſſity, in which perhaps ſhe might be concern'd, by hindring Proviſions from entring into *Rome*. But being deſirous to ſend her ſome tidings of himſelf, and not being able to go where the conflict was, ſince *Rome* ſtood between him and the place, he writ a ſhort Letter in his Tablets, and gave liberty to a Commander of a Boat whom he knew was alli'd to *Clelius*, on condition that he would deliver the ſame to *Clelia*. This perſon at his return to *Rome* made good his word to *Aronces*, and went to carry the Prince's Letter to that Illuſtrious *Roman* Lady, who found theſe words in it.

ARONCES to CLELIA.

SInce it has not been my fortune to be any wiſe concern'd in the danger of this days action, know, 'tis always with regret that I fight againſt Rome, *and that for your ſake I comfort my ſelf more eaſily for looſing an occaſion of honour; becauſe I am more ſolicitous to give you teſtimonies of love, then to ſhew ſigns of courage to all the world. The Priſoners I ſend you back, will tell how highly I reſpect all that belongs to* Clelius. *This is all can be ſaid to you at preſent by a Prince, who has the unhappineſs to be in an Army that is Enemy to* Rome, *and who is faithful enough to adore you in the midſt of your Enemies.*

This

This Letter gave much joy to *Clelia*, but withall it augmented her perſecution; for *Clelius* underſtanding it, told her, ſhe was infinitely culpable for receiving it; that there could no longer be an innocent correſpendence between her and *Aronces*, ſince himſelf prohibited it; and that *Rome* having dayly greater obligation to *Horatius*, it behov'd her to look upon him as the man that was infallibly to marry her at the end of the War. *Clelia* anſwer'd to this ſpeech of her father with her accuſtom'd conſtancy; and though ſhe ſaid nothing inconſiſtent with the reſpect ſhe ow'd to ſuch a relation, yet withall ſhe ſaid nothing prejudicial to the fidelity ſhe had promis'd to her Lover. In the mean time, to keep up the peoples hopes, who were troubled that the Enemies had again ſtopt up the paſſages of the River, ſallies were frequently made upon them, and one day the herds of Cattle were driven forth out of the City, both to ſignifie to the Beſiegers that they wanted nothing, as alſo to let the people ſee, that it was not ſo ſtraitly begirt. Moreover *Publicola* had a deſign to draw the Enemies to a conflict by this Stratagem, imagining they would ſoon have notice that the droves of Cattle were to goe out of the Citie; for every day ſome treacherous ſlaves ſlunk out of the City to the Enemies Camp. *Publicola* therefore commanded *Herminius* to goe with a ſmall number of reſolute Soldiers and lie in ambuſh along the great way of the *Gabinians*, in a little wood two miles diſtant from the City; and appointed *Spurius* who was accompani'd with a troop of young men lightly armed, to ſtay at the *Colline-gate* till the Enemies were paſs'd by it, to the end to intercept their way of return. On the other ſide, the ſecond Conſul went forth at another gate, and getting to the top of mount *Celium* with foot only, he appear'd firſt to the Enemies with the Romane Enſigns, to the end to draw them out to fight. And accordingly *Tarquin*, whoſe Quarter was on that ſide, firſt ſending his forragers to attempt the driving away the Cattle, commanded other Troops to ſecond them, who haſtned to the place whither they were directed, with all the eagerneſs that uſeth to be in people that hope to make a great booty. *Herminius* no ſooner ſaw them advanc'd, but giving them a ſmart charge, he drive them towards the ſecond Conſul. The *Tarquinians* thereupon rally'd themſelves, and encouraging one another to fight ſtoutly, made head on both ſides: but at the ſame inſtant a great noiſe ariſing about the *Colline*, and the *Nevian* -gates, they underſtood they were inclos'd round; ſo that on a ſudden looſing their courages, they forſook their ranks; and were all taken or cut in peeces. Whereupon the people beholding the Priſoners brought in, and afterwards the Cattle, fell into an exceſſive joy, without conſidering that the City was thereby no better provided for then before. But the Conſuls, *Clelius*, *Horatius*, *Herminius* and all the other chief *Romans* well underſtood that this ſmall advantage was far from being deciſive of the main War; and that unleſs the Fo ts were taken that defended the broken bridge which the Enemies had repair'd, it was impoſſible to have the River free on that ſide, and conſequently *Rome* could not long hold out. Therefore they reſolv'd to make a great attempt to accompliſh this; which reſolution was kept with much ſecrecie, to the end they might, if poſſible, ſurpriſe the Enemies. Nevertheleſs they accounted it fit to defer the execution of this deſign for ſome dayes, during which nothing paſs'd very conſiderable either in the Camp of *Porſenna* or in *Rome*. In the mean time *Aronces* omitted nothing to which honour obliged him, and was depriv'd of all conſolation, ſaving what the converſation of the Princeſs of the *Leontines*, and the generous *Melintha* gave him. The Prince *Titus* was alſo very much devoted to his intereſts, and *Telanus* acquitting himſelf well of the promiſe he had made to *Octavius*, rendred him all offices in his power. As for *Tarquin*, his ſolicitude of regaining the Throne wholly took him up; *Sextus* liv'd after his accuſtomed manner, to wit, as voluptuouſly in the Camp, as in time of peace: the fierce *Tullia* beſtirr'd her ſelf continually at *Tarquinii* to promote the deſign of *Porſenna*, who aim'd at the glory of compelling the *Romans* to receive a King from his hand. But although War be a great affair which imploys all the world, even to thoſe which goe not to it, notwithſtanding there wanted not ſome perſons at *Rome* who diverted themſelves agreeably; and War and Love have ſuch a ſympathy, that they ſometimes produce one another, and often ſubſiſt together without mutual prejudice. Thus there wanted not good company at the houſes of *Domitia*, Valeria's Mother, *Sulpicia*, *Bereliſa*, *Ceſonia*, and divers other houſes of quality: and all the Lovers, how courageous ſoever, fail'd not to find oppor-

tunities to make visits to their mistresses. They also who were not amorous, but yet had pleasant wits, and were of a debonair humor, frequently diverted themselves with the misfortunes of others. *Amilcar* found pleasure to himself in a hundred things, which nevertheless had something of sadness in themselves. *Damon* furnisht him with a sufficiently ample subject, for though he hated *Amilcar* ever since he perceiv'd that he derided him, in pretending to remember what he had been before he came into the world, yet he thought him to be of the Sect of *Pythagoras*, and that he wanted only firmness enough of mind to own an opinion publickly, which was generally so little receiv'd. Wherefore being very ill of the wound he had received at the attaque of the *Tarquinians* bridge, and beleeving he should die (though his Attendants thought otherwise) out of zeal for the Sect he was of, he sent to desire *Amilcar* to come see him; for one of the principal Precepts of *Pythagoras* was, Never to sleep with hatred in the Heart. Now *Damon* having pass'd many dayes and nights without being able to cease hating *Amilcar*, desir'd to see him before he di'd, that he might be reconcil'd to him, and admonish him, since they were of the same Sect, not to make a secret of it, but to maintain that important verity; wishing passionately, that he might retain the remembrance of it when his Soul should be inclos'd in another body, as he beleev'd it would in a short time. *Amilcar* at first much commiserated the prepossessed fancie of a man whom he saw really very sick. But there being no hope to cure him thereby, he answered him according to his desire. When he was gone out of his chamber, and had that object of compassion no longer before his eyes, and moreover understood by those that attended on *Damon*, that whatever he fanci'd, there was no danger of his dying, his jolly humor could not let pass so ample a subject of divertisement, but at night he compos'd a Dialogue between himself and *Damon*, which the next morning he sent to *Plotina* by an unknown person. When *Plotina* receiv'd the Pasquil, *Valeria*, *Berelisa*, *Clidamira*, *Herminius*, and *Anacreon* were in her chamber. The hand being also unknown to her (for *Amilcar* had caus'd his composition to be written by one of his Attendants) she imagined it might haply be something that was to declare her condition to her, and inform her who she was. Wherefore rising up to open it, and withdrawing towards the window, she was immediately surpriz'd upon reading these words;

A Dialogue between Damon *sick, and* Amilcar *in health.*

This odd Title excited such laughter in her, that *Anacreon* told her she would be very unjust if she depriv'd the company of reading that which made her so pleasant. I assure you (answer'd she) 'tis not my intention, for I think the pleasure the company will receive in seeing that which is sent me, will augment my own. And accordingly *Plotina*, having resum'd her seat, and intreated her Auditors not to interrupt her, began to read that which follows, with that sweet and agreeable Air that was natural to her.

A Dialogue between *Damon* sick, and *Amilcar* in health.

Amilcar.

What has mov'd you to send for me? Am I not your Rival, and consequently your Enemy?

Damon.

Alas! when a man is at the point of death, and perhaps ready to become a Crane the same moment, he has no longer power to hate any person: for, in brief, *Amilcar*, I may undergoe that destiny if the Gods please, and if *Pythagoras* be not mistaken.

Amilcar.

Since I conceive Cranes are very healthful (for in my opinion they are birds which doe not much torment themselves with the affairs of this world) I should as soon chuse to be a Crane in health, as to be sick. Damon. *But however, for what reason have you sent for me hither?*

Damon.

To conjure you that you would cease deriding the Doctrine of the greatest Philosopher that ever liv'd; since I am fully perswaded you are of his opinion, and 'tis only out of an evil bashfulness that you dare not own it seriously.

Amilcar.

Amilcar.

But what are you concern'd whether I beleeve that which you doe, or no ?

Damon.

'Tis becauſe I would be aſſur'd to leave a *Pythagorean* Lover to *Plotina*, to the end he might perſwade her of ſo important a truth as that of the Metempſychoſis (or tranſmigration of Souls) is.

Amilcar.

How ? Would you have me perſwade her, that perhaps ſhe has been a Stork, and may poſſibly become a Hinde ; which are difficult matters to beleeve, when one is not accuſtomed thereto ? I, that cannot perſwade her that I love her paſſionately, though it be ſufficiently probable for a man that has black eyes, an aery mind, and a ſenſible heart, to love the moſt charming perſon in the world ?

Damon.

At leaſt be ſo generous to perſwade *Plotina*, that if the Gods hear my prayers, my Soul ſhall paſs into the body of ſome pretty little Dog, which may divert her, though ſhe ſhould receive it from your hand.

Amilcar.

Could I know you in that condition, I ſhould beware of giving you to my Miſtreſs ; for you might be ſo diſpos'd as to retain the hatred of a Rival under the form of a Dog, and to bite me as one of thoſe creatures when poſſeſs'd with madneſs, if I ſhould offer to kiſs the border of her robe.

Damon.

Alas ! What then can I wiſh to be, that I may once again enjoy the preſence of *Plotina ?*

Amilcar.

Verily I think your caſe very hard herein ; according to all likelihood, you can never ſee your ſelf her Lover again, though the ſame moment enſuing your death ſhould be the firſt of your ſecond life : for twenty years hence you would be quite a new Lover, whom ſhe would much contemn ; and beſides, ſhe makes ſo little reckoning of her beauty at this day, that it's likely ſhe would then much leſs eſteem it. But if you will beleeve me, deſire to become a Mouſe, and to be hid in her cloſet. I have ſometimes made a Metamorphoſis of a Mouſe into a woman, doe you make one of a Lover into a Mouſe.

Damon.

But you doe not conſider that ſhe would not love me, but rather do all ſhe could to cauſe me to be taken.

Amilcar.

You have reaſon, and I am miſtaken ; not but that, according to the example of the Mouſe I once told you of which knaw'd Mars's Love-letters, you might have pleaſure enough in knawing all the ſweet Letters that ſhould be written to her, and eſpecially mine.

Damon.

'Tis true ; but however, I cannot think fit to become a Mouſe.

Amilcar.

Indeed 'tis ſufficiently difficult to chuſe to be a Beaſt in the company of Plotina.

Damon.

Yet I ſhould rather like to be ſome poor little Animal and made much of, then to be a Lover and ill treated.

Amilcar.

Every one has his fancie ; but in concluſion, what doe you reſolve upon ?

Damon.

To die without knowing what I would be, that I might ſtill ſerve for ſomething to *Plotina*.

Amilcar.

Trouble your ſelf no more about this matter ; for I ſwear to you with all the ſincerity of a Rival, that whatever you may poſſibly become, I will make you ſerve for divertiſement to Plotina *as often as I ſhall talk with her about your* Pythagorean *opinions. And now die with joy, ſince you can have no greater contentment, having troubled her during your life, then, after your death, to ſerve for the pleaſure of the faireſt and moſt amiable perſon in the world.*

It muſt needs be confeſt (ſaid *Plotina* ſmiling) that *Amilcar* is not over-wiſe; for certainly 'tis he that made this Toy. Rather ſay (anſwer'd *Valeria*) that he is an agreeable perſon, and is of an ingenious and diverting humor. For if *Damon* did not ſpeak what is in the Dialogue, 'tis poſſible he might, according to the humor that I underſtand he is of. 'Tis true (reply'd *Herminius*) that a man who could beleeve *Amilcar* remembred he had been a Phenix, might ſay all, that is here aſcrib'd to him. I beſeech you (ſaid *Bereliſa* to *Plotina*) give me a copy of this Dialogue. And I deſire the ſame favour (added *Clidamira*) and if you pleaſe, will write it out immediately. *Amilcar*'s conſent muſt be ask'd (anſwered *Plotina*, ſeeing him enter) for no queſtion he has more right then I in what you demand. I do not think that can be (ſaid he) though I know not what you ſpeak of. We ſpeak (anſwer'd ſhe) of the pleaſant Dialogue between *Damon ſick, and Amilcar in health*. How? (cry'd he) as for the *Amilcar* you ſpeak of, I aſſure you I doe not know him; but thanks to your eyes, he that ſpeaks to you is more ſick then *Damon*. Since your malady does not appear in your aſpect (anſwer'd *Plotina*) it is not eaſie to beleeve you; therefore you may pleaſe to ſuffer me to take you for the *Amilcar in health*, who has made *Damon* ſpeak a thouſand follies, and who alone can grant me permiſſion to give *Bereliſa* a Copy of the Dialogue which he has made. *Amilcar* thereupon ſaid, it was true he had a diſcourſe with *Damon* which deſerv'd to be written, but he endeavor'd to deny that he had ſent any thing to *Plotina*. Yet it was in vain; for all the company ſo confidently maintain'd that it was he, that he could no longer defend himſelf. Well then, Madam (ſaid he to *Plotina*) ſince 'tis your pleaſure I ſhould paſs for the Author of the Dialogue in queſtion, I conſent to it, for I am the moſt complacent perſon in the world. Since 'tis ſo (ſaid *Bereliſa*) you ſhall give me a copy of what you have made. If *Damon* dies (anſwered *Plotina*) I ſhall conſent to it; but if he does not, I conceive it will be beſt not to let this toy run abroad in the world, for fear at length he be angry in good earneſt. On the contrary (reply'd *Amilcar*) if he dies, 'tis fit it die with him; but if he eſcape, as they who attend him beleeve, I care not if it be ſeen: for ſince *Damon* is of a Sect according to which it is not lawfull to ſleep with hatred in the heart, he will doe me no great miſchief. In truth (ſaid *Valeria*) I conceive, whether *Damon* die or no, 'tis beſt to give no copy of *Amilcar*'s Dialogue, though it be very agreeable. Your goodneſs extends too far, Madam (anſwer'd *Bereliſa*) and 'tis enough to ſay only that 'tis not fit to publiſh this pleaſant Toy, but too much that it ought not to be given to any whatſoever, ſince delightful things are not made with intent not to be ſeen. No (reply'd *Amilcar*) but fooliſh things, as this in queſtion is, ought not to be made common. Nevertheleſs (ſaid *Bereliſa*) when a copy of them is given to a diſcreet perſon who promiſes not to lend them, and ſwears to be faithful, to entruſt them is not all one as to publiſh them. The world (ſaid *Plotina*) is full of ſuch diſcreet perſons who promiſe all, and perform nothing which they promiſe. But for my part (anſwer'd *Bereliſa*) I am not of that number, and none can be more exact then I am. For my particular (ſaid *Clidamira*) when only Verſes, Sonnets, or ſuch like things are deſir'd, I ſometimes ſuffer my ſelf to be perſwaded to ſhew them, though I have promis'd the contrary, becauſe for the moſt part I beleeve they who make ſo great ſecrets of ſuch kind of trifles, do it not but only to make them be thought the better. All ſuch little infidelities (anſwered *Bereliſa* maliciouſly) produce a ſtrong diſpoſition to greater. I am of *Bereliſa*'s opinion (reply'd *Herminius*) and for that reaſon I judge it requiſite to accuſtome ones ſelf to be exact even in the concernment of ſmall things. In good earneſt (ſaid *Amilcar*) 'tis more trouble then 'tis imagin'd to keep a ſecrecie of trifles: for as for thoſe greater ſerious ſecrets (added he) all people keep them that have but a little ſenſe of Honour, or only a little prudence. But as for the ſecrets of Verſes, Sonnets, Dialogues, or pleaſant Novels, 'tis very difficult not to reveal them to ſome or other. Nevertheleſs, I confeſs 'tis dangerous enough to give Copies of Letters or Verſes, when 'tis not deſir'd they ſhould be common. For the more loath you are to have them ſeen, the more they are ſhown; and which is worſt, ſuch Copies paſs through ignorant hands, who change and pervert the ſenſe of the Copies which they tranſcribe. I remember I one day made a Sonnet which I was unwilling ſhould goe abroad at that time; yet I gave it to a Lady who promis'd

promis'd me not to ſhew it to any perſon living : the firſt Stanza was this which I ſhall repeat to you, if my memory doe not deceive me.

Reaſon and Love are at perpetual ſtrife :
Whoſo with that partaker is,
Becomes an Enemy to this.
But without Love there's no content in life.

Nevertheleſs this faithful friend who ſhould not have ſhewn it to any one, gave it privately to a Friend of hers, that Friend to a Lover, that Lover to another Miſtreſs (for I am not the only man in the world that has more then one Miſtreſs at a time) that Miſtreſs to a Kinſwoman that ſung well, and that Kinſwoman to a Maſter that taught her Muſick, who immediately made an Air to it. But this miſerable Stanza having paſs'd through ſeveral hands, was ſo transform'd, that I could ſcarce own it: ſee how that ſimple fair one ſung it.

Deſtiny and Love are at perpetual ſtrife
Whoſo with that partaker is,
Becoms an Enemy to this.
But without cauſe to laugh's a pleaſant life.

Seriouſly (ſaid *Plotina* ſmiling) I think I like this non-ſenſe Stanza as well as the other, for the laſt Verſe ſeems to me perfectly pleaſant. Since it is ſo (ſaid *Amilcar*) I conſent that the Dialogue be given ; for perhaps it will be as pertinently chang'd to divert you, as the Stanza of my Sonnets, which nevertheleſs aſtoniſh'd me when I heard that fair ignorant ſing it, and account it the pleaſanteſt thing in the world. 'Tis true (ſaid *Anacreon*) this is a hard fortune. For my part, I remember I one day made an Ode, in the beginning of which I mention'd a Swallow ; and as this compoſition had the good fortune to pleaſe, it was talk'd of ſufficiently at the Court of *Polycrates* where I then was, and at length was ſo often repeated and ſo many Copies made of it, that I met with one of it, in which inſtead of the two firſt Verſes which might be thus tranſlated :

Thou in Spring-ſeaſon each year doſt return
Too happy Swallow ——

was put

Thou as a Locuſt each year doſt return
Too happy Turtle

So that this handſome Metamorphoſis being made of a Swallow into a Locuſt, my poor Ode became a ſtrange peece of non-ſenſe. But people that underſtand a little ſenſe (anſwered *Bereliſa*) perceive well that it was not made ſo. No doubt they do (reply'd *Herminius*) but ſometimes there are things whoſe meaning cannot be conjectur'd, and all that can be known of them is, that they are not underſtood. Wherefore the leſs a man can expoſe himſelf to theſe events, the better ; and yet they would be avoyded, if all the world were exact. 'Tis ſo troubleſome to be always exact (anſwer'd *Clidamira*) that nothing requires more pains. All other things have their bounds, but exactneſs has none : it is diffus'd every where, and there is ſcarce any thing in which it may not be found. When exactneſs is exceſſive (reply'd *Plotina*) I confeſs 'tis ſomething inconvenient ; and if you obſerve, they that profeſs it have a kind of a conſtrain'd Air, their complements ſavour of ceremony, their familiarity is ſo nice that the leaſt thing hurts it, and there is no quiet from them. He that is guided by true reaſon (anſwer'd *Herminius*) never addicts himſelf to any thing in the exceſs, but acquires a certain habit of being exact, which affords delight inſtead of trouble : for I conceive they who are exact, as vertuous perſons ought to be, cannot but always continue ſo. They are ſo, without perplexity, conſtraint, or ceremony ; and becauſe they underſtand exactneſs to be a point of elegancie, that it is neceſſary to Society, and finally, that without it a man can promiſe himſelf nothing from any other perſon. For when I tell a ſmall ſecret to a friend who promiſes

me

me not to reveal it; if I know he is not exact, I am always in fear. Moreover, for a man to comport himself rationally in friendship, it behoves him not only to conceal what he is desir'd to keep secret, but sometimes also not to divulge things which he is not requested to be silent of; because generosity requires him to have a certain charitable discretion, even towards those that are not wise enough to be absolutely discreet in their own concernments. For indeed, it is never commendable for a man to lose an occasion of testifying to himself that he has more prudence, goodness and vertue then another. He ought to make a secret delectation to himself by acting better then others doe, and account it a glory to supply the reasons of others by his own, and not be like those who frequently speak what they never ought so much as to think, then what is fitting to be spoken. I confess (said *Amilcar*) they who have no exactness, are sometimes injurious to others; for I remember I saw a man at *Carthage*, that through want of it committed the greatest extragavancies in the World. I remember one day he invited me to dine with him, but being invited himself about an hour after to another place, he made no scruple to goe thither, without so much as sending to advertise me of it. For my part (said *Plotina*) I shall never pardon a man who promis'd me a basket of Orange-flowers, and sent them not; and I shall remember another as long as I live, that sent twice to know whether I would be in my chamber that he might come to visit me. His messages were accompani'd with such earnestness, that imagining he desir'd to speak with me concerning a business relating to a friend of mine, of which he understood something, I broke off an appointment I had made, and sent him word, I would attend him. And so I did to no purpose, and that with very much regret. For it being a fair day, in which all the world went abroad to walk, no body came to visit me, and I was all the afternoon turning my head as often as my chamber door was open'd, thinking always 'twas he, that I waited for. And which was worst, I understood in the evening that this shuttle-brain'd friend had spent the day in walking with the Ladies which he met as he was coming to me. Judge therefore (said *Herminius*) whether the little exactness which troubled you in so inconsiderable matters, would not disgust you in more important occasions. Besides, 'tis certain, that when a person makes a custome of not being punctual in small things, he easily fails to be so in great, and consequently many times hazards the displeasure of his best friends. And therefore the surest course is to be punctual. In truth (said *Amilcar*) I am of opinion, all things are dubious, that there is no side but may be defended; and if I were to establish a Sect, I would have it lawful to doubt of every thing, except matters of Religion. For there is nothing we can be confident of. Many times we are ignorant of what we fancie we know, and know what we take our selves to be ignorant of. There are whole Nations which have Opinions, that pass for errors amongst others; and as all men have a constitution and temper particular to themselves, so every Kingdom, every Country, every City has its peculiar manners, customs, inclinations, and opinions too; so true it is, that reason varies according to the Climates and Nations. For the most part we beleeve what our Fathers beleev'd before us, without searching into the reason of our Beleef; only there are a few sublime Wits who pry into things in their Original, who seek to make a perfect discovery of their Opinions, and after all their pains find it almost impossible to be done. For indeed our Reason from the very first use of it is prepossest with the senti ents of others, and can't without violence clear it self from all that entangles it. In which respect I am perswaded, men are almost always deceiv'd, even in things wherein they think themselves erre least; and the surest course would be, as I said before, to doubt almost of every thing. And to prove what I say; is it not true, that till the days of *Pythagoras*, the most learned men beleev'd the Evening Star and the Morning-Star to be two distinct Stars? And nevertheless, that knowing Philosopher has discover'd to us, that the same Star which we behold so twinkling at the beginning of night, is the same which is so fair at break of day. All men before, judg'd of it in that manner; and two names were given it, which it bears still: and yet we see manifestly that all men were mistaken. That which you say is true (answer'd *Anacreon*) but the same man that could discover a truth that had been unknown before, teaches a ridiculous falshood in his Metempsychosis. 'Tis in that regard (reply'd *Amilcar*) that I have reason to affirm, 'tis best to doubt almost of every thing, since the greatest men are lyable to be deceiv'd in something. For my

part

part (said *Herminius*) I cannot conceive that that excellent man positively beleev'd that which his Disciples teach; for his Moral Precepts are so excellent, that 'tis hard to beleeve his Doctrine could have been so foolish. As for my particular (said *Berelisa*) I confess I cannot yet very well beleeve that he thought he remember'd he had been a Cock, and *Euphorbus* at the War of *Troy*, could be of any great judgment. Nevertheless 'tis certain (answer'd *Herminius*) that *Pythagoras* was one of the wisest men of the World. But what then (said *Plotina*) did he teach so Excellent? A thousand things, Madam (answer'd *Herminius*) and to tell you some of them, he commanded his Disciples to honour the Gods, and never to desire any particular thing of them; maintaining, that no man knows exactly what is fit for him, and that 'tis more respectful to submit totally to the order of Heaven, then to endeavor to alter the Decrees of Destiny according to ones humor. What you say, has no doubt something very excellent in it (reply'd *Valeria*) for I conceive indeed that all men know not what is proper for them, and that the cause of disorder, division, and Wars in the World, is, for that in general all men desire good, and know not what it is. But to return to the excellent man you speak of, I remember I once heard the Illustrious *Brutus* (who was an intimate friend of the wise *Damo*, daughter of *Pythagoras*) say, that this great man compos'd a thousand excellent Verses concerning heroical Friendship. 'Tis very probable (answer'd *Herminius*) and to the same purpose he establisht a Community amongst his Disciples; for he confidently maintain'd, that there ought not to be any distinct interest amongst true friends, and that where there was, there was no friendship but society: and it may be averr'd, that never any before him so well understood all the duties of true Friendship. But that which makes me love him the more, is, that he was a profest enemy to lying, which I hate more then can be imagin'd. No doubt Lying is an evil thing (reply'd *Amilcar*) but to say truth, it is sufficiently hard to renounce it absolutely; and upon due observation it would be found, that even they who hate it most, sometimes make use of it, notwithstanding their detesting it. At least I know that I doe upon some occasions, and shall do still many times in my life. Not that I love to lye, but it has certain little conveniencies in it very necessary. For example, is it possible to make a Story delightfully without lying, or adding some circumstance to render it more pleasant? Can one commend a woman, without speaking a little more good of her then she deserves? Can one speak ill of his enemy without aggravating his fault? Can one bemone himself in Love, without making his misery a little greater then it is? And to prosecute sincerity to the utmost, could I have compos'd the Dialogue of *sick Damon*, if I would have confin'd my self to the truth? All the company laught at this which *Amilcar* said; and as *Plotina* was going to answer him, *Æmilius* entred, and ask'd if they had heard the great news which he lately learnt. I assure you (answer'd *Plotina*) that we have heard none all this day. I inform you then (reply'd he) that I am just now assur'd, there is a great division between *Tarquin* and *Porsenna*, and that it may be an occasion of raising the Siege and delivering *Rome*. As things desir'd are easily beleev'd, this news was receiv'd with joy; and though *Herminius* made scruple at first of beleeving that *Tarquin* would fall out with a Prince without whose protection his case was desperate, yet he yeelded at length, and discours'd upon this surprising intelligence as the rest did. A little while after, *Flavia* enter'd, and having taken a seat, ask'd, whether they had heard tell of the apparition of the God of *Tyber*, who was reported to have threatned *Porsenna*'s Camp; and then making the description of that God, repeating the very words that were attributed to him, and indeed speaking as a person well perswaded of what she affirm'd was true. For my part (said *Amilcar* smiling) I have walk'd upon the banks of the facicst Rivers in the World, and also upon those of the River *Alphæus*, so famous for his love of the fair *Arethusa*; but none of the Deities that preside over them would never yet do me the honour to appear to me: and therefore Madam, (added he, looking upon *Flavia*) you must permit me to expect till the news you speak of be confirm'd, before I beleeve it. *Flavia* was going to answer, but *Merigenes* being enter'd hinder'd her; for beholding *Amilcar* in the company, he seem'd so surpris'd at it, that assoon as the first civilities were past, he could not but testifie his astonishment. I thought (said he to *Amilcar*) you had been gone disguis'd to the Enemies Camp, to foment the division which they say is between *Porsenna* and *Tarquin*; for I just now came from speaking

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with a man who confidently assur'd me he saw you depart thither. Well then (said *Æmilius*) you understand by *Merigenes*, that I am not the only person that have heard report of the division amongst the Enemies. But if it be no more true (answer'd *Herminius*) that they are divided, then it is that *Amilcar* is gone disguis'd to *Porsenna*'s Camp, there is not much ground to rejoyce at this great news. But, I beseech you (said *Plotina*) from whom did you learn it? From a man (answer'd *Æmilius*) that I seldome see but in the Publike places, where they talk of general affairs. He seems to be ingenious, speaks much and well, is not much to seek for what he would say, and affirms things so positively, that none dare doubt of what he delivers. 'Tis certainly the same (said *Merigenes*) that told me you were gone disguis'd to the Camp of the Enemies. May it not be the same man too (added *Plotina*, smiling) that acquainted *Flavia* with that wonderful Apparition she tells us of? To speak truth (answer'd *Flavia*) I think all our newes comes from the same place; for *Mutius* who inform'd me of what I have related to you, assur'd me, he heard it reported by an ingenious person in the Grand Court of *Hostilius*. 'Tis there I was told of the division of the Enemies (reply'd *Æmilius*.) And 'tis there also that I was assur'd (added *Merigenes*) *Amilcar* was gone out of *Rome* disguis'd, but with all the circumstances so precise, that any other besides my self would have been deceiv'd as well as I have been. Is he a *Roman*. (demanded *Berelisa* smiling) that told you all this News? No, Madam, (answer'd *Æmilius*) and I find his pronunciation manifests him to be a stranger. Certainly then (said *Clidamira* to *Berelisa*) tis a man whom we know, who accompani d us in our passage from *Sicily* to *Ostia*. I doubt no more of it then you doe (answered *Anacreon*) and accordingly describing that person to *Merigenes* and *Æmilius*, they understood 'twas he of whom he spoke. But what is this universal Impostor? (said *Plotina*.) He is a person of extraction good enough (answer'd *Berelisa*) born at *Lylibæum*; he spent his youth in *Africa*, and has got such a faculty of lying, that 'tis impossible to hinder him from it. So that I think I may safely affirm, he never spoke any truth in his life, but he thought he ly d. Nevertheless, as you were told, he is ingenious, speaks freely, and delights those sufficiently who know him not for a Lyar; for he always tells new things, his wit is never exhausted, and always forging matter of discourse; he talks all his life, and withal hath the art to contradict himself less then all other great Lyars. But for that I am a lover of truth, and very much abhor lying, I cannot endure him, and he comes no more to see me. For an hour or two (reply'd *Anacreon*) one may be diverted by him; but continuing longer, his conversation is insupportable; for what heed soever one takes, and what resolution soever one makes not to beleeve him, yet one is always circumvented by him; and he speaks things with so free and ingenious an air, that he is able to deceive as long as he lives. 'Tis remarkable (said *Clidamira*) that he has been so horribly encounter'd for his lying, at *Lilybæum*, that he dares live there no longer; and for that he is perswaded 'tis impossible to speak truth always, he is come hither with intention to goe to *Præneste*, to inquire, whether it be possible there should be a veracious man in the World. If he please (answer'd *Amilcar*) I will shorten his journy, for I will assure him sincerely, that no man always speaks truth, and moreover that there are as many great Lyars as speakers of truth. As for me (said *Herminius*) who make a particular profession to love truth and detest lying, I wish people would absolutely conclude that it behoves never to lye. How? never? (reply'd *Plotina*) I do not think it possible. For there are little Lyes of civility, which we cannot but sometimes make use of, and decencie does not oblige us to decline them. There are also Lyes of generosity (added *Amilcar*) which somtimes are very convenient to be us'd. As for the pleasant Lyes (said *Anacreon*) I beg favor in behalf of them. For my part (added *Clidamira*) I approve using a Lye in way of excuse. For that I fear death much (answered *Flavia*) when I am very sick, I am contented that people should Lye, and tell me always I shall recover, though they do not beleeve so. As for me (said *Valeria*) I will never use a Lye, unless when it may serve to save the life of some person. For my part (said *Merigenes*) I should extremely scruple to tell the least Lye in the world; but I confess, perhaps I might Lye, at the command of a Mistress. In good earnest (said *Berelisa*) there are more Lyars, then I imagin'd. Some there are too (answer'd *Æmilius*) who are Lyars, though they do not think themselves to be such. But since we are in the humor of

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ſpeaking truth (reply'd *Plotina*) I beſeech you let us eſtabliſh Laws which may inſtruct us how far 'tis lawful to Lye. I confeſs (ſaid *Herminius*) I am of opinion it behoves to have a general purpoſe of Lying at no time, and not to produce in our ſelves a habit of thoſe ſmall Lyes, which are not ſcrupl'd by any, and to which people inſenſibly become accuſtom'd. For ſince no crime is ſo eaſie to be committed, nor of more frequent conveniencie then a Lye, we ought to reſtrain our ſelves from it to our power, and look upon Lying as a cowardly, low, weak, and infamous thing, arguing a leſs fear of the Gods then of men. But on the other ſide, we ought to look upon Truth as the Soul of Honeſty, if I may ſo ſpeak. And foraſmuch as ſcarce any thing beſides Speech diſtinguiſhes Men from Brutes, as being the image of their Reaſon, whoſo falſifies it, renders himſelf unworthy to be a man. Beaſts have no deceitful cries, except thoſe terrible Animals that are bred upon the banks of *Nilus*; there is none but man, whoſe wickedneſs perverts the uſe of the Voice. Moreover, truth is the Univerſal bond, which maintains order in the World; the Publike-Faith, the Law of Nations, and Juſtice are founded upon it. It bears the ſupreme ſway in Love and Friendſhip; without it, the World would be nothing but confuſion, all men would be cheats, cowards, and impoſtors; and there would be neither honour nor pleaſure in the World, if truth were baniſht out of it. There is no greater inconvenience then a ſervant that is a Lyar, that aſſures you he has done what you commanded him, when he has not ſo much as thought of it. For my part, I confeſs to the ſhame of my Reaſon, I partly owe the hatred I bear againſt Lying, to a Lying ſlave that I had, who caus'd me to loſe my patience a hundred times, and ſpoyl'd the order of my affairs by his continual falſhoods. For he was ſo exceſſive at it, that ſometimes he affected as much to accuſe himſelf by lying, as to juſtifie himſelf by ſpeaking truth: But to return where I was; is there any thing more inſufferable then an Artiſan, who promiſes you what you have commanded him, and deceives you continually? Is there any thing more odious then the practiſe of thoſe Great perſons, who with favourable words cauſe a thouſand favours to be hop'd from them, which they have reſolv'd not to grant? Is there any thing more cruel, then to diſcover that a friend whom you love, did not tell you truth, when he told you, he lov'd you above all the reſt of the World? And laſtly, is there any thing more inſupportable, then to have a Miſtreſs that ſwears to love none but you, and nevertheleſs loves ſeveral other perſons, or (to ſpeak more properly) loves none? for a divided love is no love. A Lye ſerves for diſſimulation, fraud, perfidiouſneſs, cowardiſe, and almoſt all crimes, and 'tis only weakneſs or imprudence to make uſe of it. For a man continually incurs the commiſſion of a crime that can never be committed but in publike, and by indangering himſelf to be convinc'd of it. To Lye for nothing, is folly; to Lye for intereſt, is a great crime, ſince certainly there is nothing ſo contrary to the Gods as Lying; the Gods, I ſay, who are ſo true in the Oracles which they render. And moreover, doe not we ſee that the ſearch of Truth is the Univerſal deſigne of all men, and eſpecially of the wiſe? That which I find yet more pernitious in Lying (ſaid *Merigenes*) is, that it is a poyſon which ſpeedily communicates it ſelf, and whoſe effect is ſcarce poſſible to be afterwards ſtopt. For when any one relates a Lye in company, all that hear it, Lye after him with confidence, and cauſe all others to Lye, to whom they impart ſuch falſe relation; ſo that I conceive *Herminius* has reaſon in condemning Lying as much as he does. As for all great Lyes (anſwer'd *Amilcar*) I think no man can juſtifie the practiſe of them at any time. I condemn the middle ſort too (added *Plotina*) but as for thoſe ſmall ones which are in uſe all over the world, I think 'tis no eaſie matter to be able to diſclaim them. For my part (ſaid *Herminius*) I condemn all ſorts; yet perhaps I can pardon ſome; but if I might prevail; none at all ſhould be permitted. But then (ſaid *Plotina*) 'tis requiſite I ſhould be fully inſtructed in this point, and propound Queſtions to the Company, which may teach me and correct me for the future. In the firſt place (ſaid *Herminius*) it behoveth never to make either a great or a little Lye which may prejudice any perſon whatſoever; for ſince Juſtice and Generoſitie require men to ſpeak endammaging truths, they are far from permitting injurious Lyes. What you ſay, ſeems ſo equitable and generous (anſwered *Plotina*) that I will not contradict it: but however will you licenſe thoſe officious Lyes which turn to the benefit of our Friends, or ſerve to conceal their faults? I love my friends very well (reply'd *Herminius*)

minius) and I am very joyful at any occaſion to ſerve them; but if I ſhould be unable to doe them a courteſie except by Lying, I ſhould be extremely perplex'd. Then you would ſuffer me to die for want of a Lie? (ſaid *Valeria* ſmiling) I find I could not (anſwer'd *Herminius*) but I confeſs, I ſhould have very much regret to ſave your life by a way ſo little honorable; for, in brief, every Lye is a crime, and all I can do in favour of officious Lyes, is to account them excuſable in certain occaſions. But when a Lye injures none (ſaid *Amilcar*) and benefits ſome perſon, is it not innocent? A Lye (anſwer'd *Herminius*) never fails to hurt him that uſes it, though it ſhould injure no other perſon, and be only his own Lye; ſince it renders him leſs vertuous: and all that can be ſaid, is, that to hinder a Friend from falling into a great misfortune, kindneſs may prevail above truth. But as for what concerns me, I confeſs, I ſhould ſcruple to ſecure my ſelf from a very conſiderable miſchief by a Lye. Sincerely (reply'd *Plotina*) my generoſity does not goe ſo high as yours; for if I ly'd in behalf of another, I ſhould alſo Lye in favour of my ſelf. I am of your mind (ſaid *Amilcar*) Nevertheleſs, that which *Herminius* ſays is very noble and generous (anſwer'd *Merigenes*) for I think it ſhameful to Lye for ones ſelf in any occaſion; and it were better to undergoe the miſchief that threatens us, then avoyd it by ſuch a means: ſo that I conclude, a man may Lye to ſave his Friends life or liberty; but never for his own intereſts. I maintain too (ſaid *Herminius*) that Lying is always a crime, and that even when a man Lyes, to ſave his Friends life, he ought to doe it with reluctancie and ſorrow, becauſe all Lying is unworthy of a man of honour. Moreover, it ought not to be conceiv'd, that there is but one ſort of Lyers, ſince there are a hundred different kinds. 'Tis oftentimes to make a Lye, not to ſpeak a truth that is requiſite to be ſpoken; and diſſimulation is ſo dangerous a concomitant of Lying, that they may be confounded one with another. I confeſs (ſaid *Plotina*) I could ſometimes have juſtifi'd certain perſons, if I would have declar'd what I knew: but I care not to oppoſe what people ſpeak affirmatively, eſpecially when it concerns only indifferent perſons, and who are accus'd of no great crimes. But why will you by your ſilence (ſaid *Valeria*) charge your ſelf with a Lye which you doe not ſpeak? For if you can refute it, you are culpable of it; and I conceive well that *Herminius* has reaſon, when he ſays, there are ſeveral kinds of Lyes; for there are Lyes in deeds as well as in words, Lying looks, deceiving ſigns, diſſembling ſmiles, and a Lying ſilence. *Valeria* has reaſon (ſaid *Anacreon*) and I think too there are Lying civilities, and Lying courteſies; for ſometimes people doe ſervices to ſome perſons whom they hate, becauſe they have need of them in ſome occaſion, and to others out of fear and weakneſs; ſometimes alſo they make ſhew of being glad to ſee perſons that are extreamly diſtaſtful to them. I aſſure you (anſwer'd *Bereliſa*) *Clidamira* is the perſon that of all the world has moſt of this Lying civility you ſpeak of: for 'tis not three days ago, ſince a young ſlave came to tell her there was a man deſir'd to ſee her; *Clidamira* had no ſooner heard his name, but ſhe grew red with anger, becauſe the ſlave had not told him ſhe was not at home; then ſhe ſought all ways poſſible to cauſe him not to make his viſit long, and gave order that a quarter of an hour after his coming, word ſhould be brought her that ſhe was expected elſewhere. After which, changing her countenance, action, and ſpeech, it may be ſaid ſhe ly'd all the ways that can be in receiving this man. For ſhe ſaluted him with an obliging ſmile, ſhe caus'd him to ſit down with all imaginable civility, and began to entertain him with ſo pleaſing an air, that I am confident the poor man thought he ſhould paſs the whole afternoon with her, and that he did her the greateſt pleaſure in the world in viſiting her. Nevertheleſs it is certain his preſence was extreamly diſguſtful to her. I confeſs it (ſaid *Clidamira*) but how can we tell unwelcome perſons that they are ſo? It would be diſcourteous to tell them ſo (reply'd *Bereliſa*) but yet 'tis not neceſſary to make ſuch a falſe countenance to them; 'tis enough to ſhew them only a kind of cold civility, that is inoffenſive on the one ſide, and on the other is not treacherous, and does not attract people that are not lik'd. But does not all the world uſe to doe ſo? (ſaid *Clidamira*) For my part (anſwer'd *Valeria*) I could not. I confeſs ingenuouſly (ſaid *Plotina*) ſometimes I can Lye in this manner, but not ſo perfectly as *Clidamira*; for they that underſtand my glances and ſmiles, perceive well when they are feigned or ſincere. In earneſt (ſaid *Amilcar*) you could not deceive me with them. But I would know further (ſaid *Plotina*) whether *Herminius*, who

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loves truth ſo much, does not make complements, as others doe. Nevertheleſs, to ſpeak ſincerely, all complements are Lyes. I grant it (anſwer'd *Herminius*) but for that they are known to be ſuch, and no perſon layes any ſolid foundation upon complements, they are Lyes without malignity. People know well enough that no great credit will be given to them, they are return'd as they are receiv'd; and I conform to cuſtome without ſcruple, yet with ſuch moderation, that I make as few as I can. But as for pleaſant lyes (reply'd *Anacreon*) you doe as little condemn them; and ſhould I go about to make a delightful relation, you would allow me to add ſomething to the hiſtory; for truth has for the moſt part ſomewhat too ſerious in it, which does not delight ſo much as fiction. As for this ſort (ſaid *Herminius*) I think they may be permitted; for ſince ſtories are no more beleev'd then complements, I leave your fancie liberty to invent what pleaſes it; and moreover, it belongs properly to you to enjoy the priviledge of lying innocently. Indeed, to ſpeak ſtrictly, there are no lyes innocent but thoſe that are related for lyes, as all the ingenious Fables of the Poets; yet they ought to have the appearance and ſhew of truth; ſo true it is, that a lye is foul and unhandſome of it ſelf. Yet there is a ſort of lying (reply'd *Amilcar*) which is an inſeparable companion of vanity; and I ſhould be ſorry if there were none of it in the world: for the lyars that uſe it, ſometimes, give me ſufficient divertiſement. What lyars doe you ſpeak of? (ſaid *Plotina.*) Of thoſe (anſwer'd *Amilcar*) who commend themſelves, every one according to their fancie: for ſome people are guilty of the weakneſs to deſire the world would beleeve them to have a greater reputation then they have, and tell a thouſand lyes to make it beleev'd. There are Hectors who make long relations of dangerous enterpriſes, in which they never were; theſe are falſe Gallants, who pretend to good fortune, and ſpend the nights in deviſing amorous adventures, and the whole days in relating of them, as if they had hapned to themſelves. I know ſome ſuch, as well as you (reply'd *Plotina*) and I know others as very fools too: for I know a man that had the impudence to tell me he was deſcended in a direct line from *Danae*, and yet 'tis known he is of a very mean birth. However, he has made a long Pedegree, with which he tires ſuch as give him the hearing. As for falſe pretenders to Heraldry (ſaid *Anacreon*) they diſtaſte me as well as thoſe that would ſeem wealthy, and think to keep themſelves from being poor by lying. I aſſure you (anſwer'd *Æmilius*) I know ſome people very rich, that lye as ridiculouſly as theſe, who have a fancie to make it beleev'd, that all that belongs to them is dearer then it is really, and deviſe a hundred extragavant lyes to publiſh their falſe magnificence. There are ſome likewiſe (ſaid *Merigenes*) who have the boldneſs to ſay they have given things, which it would not be often in their power to beſtow. I know other lyars alſo (added *Anacreon*) that are ſufficiently extravagant, namely, ſuch as when they have been puzled by ſome perſon in diſcourſe, without knowing what to ſay, make the handſomeſt anſwers in the world at home, and which is more notorious, relate the ſame afterwards as if they made them upon the place. Moreover, there are ſome (added *Clidamira*) ſo vain as to report that perſons of quality write to them, and goe to ſee them, though they never ſo much as thought of them. The ſum of all is (ſaid *Herminius*) that there are many fools and lyars in the world, and that I have reaſon to hate lying perfectly. They that lye, to prejudice others (added *Anacreon*) are worſe then they that lye, to commend themſelves; but I look upon it as ſo ridiculous to tell lyes out of vanity, that I find my inclination would ſooner lead me to utter ſome lye a little malitious, then to commend my ſelf, like thoſe above mention'd. Yet ſome of thoſe that lye in their own commendation (anſwer'd *Amilcar*) cauſe me to pity them, becauſe they doe it according to their judgments, and having a better conceit of themſelves then there is reaſon for, lye innocently; but the worſt for them is, that though 'tis commonly ſaid, The way to deceive others, is to deceive ones ſelf, yet they doe not perſwade any to be of their opinion. But I beſeech you (ſaid *Plotina*) tell me further what you think of thoſe that write careſſing and lying Letters both together. I think the ſame of them (anſwer'd *Herminius*) as of thoſe who ſpeak lying civilities. In earneſt (reply'd ſhe after a little muſing) if truth were well eſtabliſh'd in the world, people would ſpeak almoſt nothing of what they uſe to ſpeak. This intimates (ſaid *Amilcar*) that we ought not to truſt too much in your words. For the future (anſwer'd ſhe) I promiſe you to be the trueſt perſon in the world; for

to ſpeak freely, all that *Herminius* has ſaid in behalf of truth, and againſt lying, hath ſo affected me, that I will never lye more at all. And to ſhew you that I have profited well by what he has ſaid, I conclude alſo with him, that every Lye is a crime, that if it were poſſible, lying ought in no caſe to be practis'd, that 'twere good never to employ a Lye to doe a benefit, that it is leſs criminal to lye for ſaving the life of ones Friend, then ones own; that lying good-turns argue weakneſs, that diſſimulation is a baſeneſs, that lying civilities are blameable, that to lye for ones own commendation is ridiculous, and that complements are lyes ſo known, that they do no miſchief to any; that there is an implicite lying in ſilence, which ought to be avoyded; that the cuſtome and habit of the leaſt lyes is a great fault, and that the Poets are the onely Lyars that deſerve to be commended. You have undoubtedly benefitted by the diſcourſe (ſaid *Valeria*) but methinks it might be further askt, whether a Lye be not more criminal in writings then in words? Do not doubt it, Madam (ſaid *Herminius*) and I wonder all the company has left this to be obſerv'd by *Valeria*. In brief (added *Anacreon*) I conceive that of all the manners in which lying can appear, there is none more criminal and unworthy then that of certain mean wits, all whoſe faculties and genius conſiſting in their own malignant humor, they employ themſelves only to heap falſities together, to the end to compoſe Satyrs of them. 'Tis poſſible no doubt, to make innocent Satyrs (ſaid *Herminius*) but they ought to be againſt vices in general; and ſuch as theſe doe not make uſe of lying, but altogether of truth. But as for ſuch as are made againſt particular perſons, lying and calumny are inſeparable from them, they are always the iſſues of hatred or envy; and the compoſers being never able to keep themſelves from Lying, are the moſt criminal of all other that practiſe it. For they endeavor to fix a Lye (if I may ſo ſpeak) to render it immortal if they could, to impoſe upon poſterity, and to accuſe people even when they ſhall be no longer in a condition to defend themſelves. But whereas the Gods are juſt, thoſe whoſe hearts are ſo ill temper'd as to affect making Satyrs, are always hated and deſpis'd, even by them that laugh moſt at their calumniating lyes. They are like Tygers and Panthers amongſt men; people deſire to ſee them out of curioſitie, but not to have them at their own houſes. They are fear'd even when they ſport themſelves, and no truſt can ever be put in them. And to ſpeak freely, there is reaſon not to deſire friends which are declared Enemies of Juſtice, Humanity, Vertue, and Truth. I ſee well (ſaid *Valeria*) that all the companie approves what *Herminius* has ſaid; but I know not whether a Lye may be excuſable in War and in Love, and whether equivocal and ambiguous anſwers which ſeem to be in the middle between truth and falſhood, may be permitted. As for equivocal anſwers (ſaid *Herminius*) as they are the products of ſubtlety and deceit, I have great inclination to condemn them abſolutely, ſaving in certain occaſions wherein out of goodneſs we deſire to avoyd ſpeaking truths that are diſadvantageous to any. Moreover, I ſhould not love to find my ſelf conſtrain'd to uſe them, and to ſpeak ſincerely; it behoves always to anſwer according to the intention or meaning of the perſon ſpoken to, and not to endeavour to deceive him. As for lyes which are made in War (ſaid *Anacreon*) I doe not account them criminal, becauſe aſſoon as War is proclaim'd, each party diſtruſts the other. I confeſs it (ſaid *Herminius*) but yet I am aſſur'd no Heroe would take upon him the office of a Spy, or get a Victory to his party, only by a lying ſpeech, without being otherwiſe inſtrumental to it. Wherefore without going about to examine whether in general a Lye be lawful in War, I confidently affirm, that I would never take a Commiſſion to lye, and I ſhould always chuſe rather to fight the Enemies, then to deceive them. But as for Lovers (ſaid *Amilcar*) if you abſolutely deprive them of the priviledge of lying, you take away all their ſtrength. For true Lovers (anſwer'd *Herminius*) I think that at utmoſt I ſhould but permit them to lye in Verſe, provided they always ſpeak truth in proſe. But the caſe is not the ſame in reference to light impertinent Lovers, for I licenſe them to ſpeak all they pleaſe; for ſince they are in no great danger of being beleev'd unleſs by Goſſips that deſerve to be gull'd, 'tis not needful to deny them their feigned ſighs, and deceitful tears, flattering lyes, diſſembled deſpairs, and a thouſand other counterfeit toyes. Should you have been all your life as very a flatterer as I (reply'd *Amilcar*) you would not better underſtand the practiſes of extragavant Lovers. If he has not been ſuch (ſaid *Valeria* ſmiling) he may be; and I know not

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if he follow'd his inclination, whether he would not be ſo a little. I deteſt lying ſo much (anſwer'd *Herminius*) that methinks I ought not to be ſuſpected to be lyable to become a fond Lover, eſpecially by the amiable *Valeria*, who is the fitteſt perſon in the world to cure thoſe that honour her particularly, of ſuch a malady. *Herminius* had ſcarce ended theſe words, but one came to advertiſe him, that *Publicola* deſir'd his preſence; wherefore he departing at the ſame inſtant, the diſcourſe was alter'd for a ſmall time, and ſoon after the Company ſeparated. Yet *Plotina* made an obſervation which caus'd her to judge it harder to ſpeak truth always, then it ſeem'd; for all the civilities made by theſe ſeveral perſons, were for the greateſt part more flattering then ſincere. *Herminius* was no ſooner arriv'd at *Publicola*'s houſe, but he underſtood it was requiſite to haſten that deſign of attaquing the two Forts of the Enemies, becauſe it was known they were making new entrenchments, which would render the taking of them impoſſible, if it were longer deferr'd. An hour after, a Council of War having been ſecretly held, at which the ſecond Conſul *Clelius*, *Horatius*, *Artemidorus*, *Themiſtus*, *Mutius*, *Octavius*, *Herminius*, *Æmilius*, and ſome others were preſent. It was reſolv'd not to attempt the taking both the Forts at the ſame time, becauſe the *Roman* Troops would be too weak, if they were divided; and therefore that only a falſe aſſault ſhould be made upon the Fort that was hardeſt to win, and in the mean time all the Troops ſhould march directly to the other Fort. To this end gabions, ſheds of boards, faggots, platforms, rams, and other engines neceſſary in like occaſions were provided; and for that the *Romans* would not be commanded but by a *Roman*, *Horatius* had the general command, and under him *Artemidorus*, *Themiſtus*, *Octavius*, *Herminius*, *Æmilius*, *Mutius*, and *Spurius* had the chief Offices. *Merigenes*, *Amilcar*, *Meleagenes*, *Acriſius*, *Damon*, *Sicinius*, and all the other gallants mingled themſelves amongſt the Bands, or ranked themſelves neer *Horatius*. As for the Conſuls, they ſtay'd in *Rome* for the ſecurity of the City, and to ſend relief to *Horatius* in caſe he needed it, or to ſuccour and receive him in caſe he were repell'd. But as a ſecret is the moſt difficult thing in the world to keep, when an enterpriſe of this nature is in agitation, *Porſenna* and *Tarquin* underſtanding the ſecret preparations that were making at *Rome*, did not doubt but they were intended for the ſtorming of one of the two Forts; wherefore their Army being very numerous, they provided likewiſe to ſuſtain both aſſaults. *Aronces* commanded on one ſide, and *Titus* on the other; the Prince of *Meſſine*, though a little inconvenienc'd with the ſlight wound he receiv'd at the attaque of the Bridge, did not fail to accompany *Aronces*. The brave *Lucilius*, brother of the generous *Melintha*, was alſo on that ſide, and ſo were *Mamilius Tarquin*'s ſon in-law, *Telanus*, *Theanor*, and ſeveral others; *Sextus* not daring to take any command, out of policy, for fear of incenſing the *Romans* too much, and making them more valiant by their hatred of him, continued neer *Tarquin*, who commanded the Body of the Reſerve, that he might ſuccour thoſe that ſhould need it. But at length the day appointed for this grand action being come, the one ſide prepar'd to make a ſtout aſſault, and the other to ſuſtain the force of the Aſſailants. Then it was that *Clelia* had an extreme great agitation of minde, for ſhe doubted not but that this would be a very dangerous encounter, and that *Aronces* would expoſe himſelf to the greateſt hazards of the day. And indeed this valiant Prince to comfort himſelf for not having fought in the moſt dangerous place when the Bridge was attaqu'd, reſolv'd to ſignalize his courage this day; eſpecially having underſtood that *Horatius* had the command of the *Roman* Troops for the execution of this enterpriſe. Not but that when he conſider'd that he ſerv'd *Tarquin* who was a Tyrant, who had uſed *Clelia* unworthily, and was ſtill amorous of her, and moreover when he reflected that he fought for *Sextus* who was the cauſe of *Lucretia*'s death, and afterwards of that of the Illuſtrious *Brutus*; he reſented an exceſſive grief, and judg'd it an intolerable cruelty to hinder proviſion from entring into a City where his Miſtreſs was enclos'd. It was alſo very hard for him to ſee himſelf with his ſword in his hand againſt his deareſt friends: but however, honour and nature tying him to the ſide of the King his father, and his hatred of *Horatius* animating him to a new deſire of glory, he diſpos'd himſelf to fight with a certain kind of boldneſs, which raiſing fierceneſs in his eyes, made him ſeem to have a more high aſpect when he was at the head of the Troops. The opinion of *Tarquin* was only to ſuſtain the charge of the *Romans* in the Fort, but that of *A-*

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ronces was to march out and meet them, and preſent them with battle. And this advice being follow'd, he went to take a ſtand between *Rome* and the Fort that was to be attaqu'd, and ſo marſhall'd the Troops he had with him, that one would have ſaid all *Porſenna*'s Army was in the place. When the *Romane* Forces which march'd in order, appear'd, the two Armies were ſoon in a poſture to joyn battle. *Horatius* beholding *Aronces* in the head of his Forces, was extreme joyful that he had an opportunity to draw his ſword againſt him without ingratitude; and *Aronces* knowing him, felt all the motions in his breaſt, that hatred, love, and glory are able to inſpire. The *Romans* being the Aſſailants, *Horatius* march'd up firſt to the Enemies, after having encourag'd them which were to follow him, both by his voice and action. Almoſt at the ſame time, *Aronces*, follow'd by all his party, advanc'd, and ſo bore up againſt the ſhock of the Enemies, that in ſtead of being broken by them, he broke their Forces. This is the day (cry'd *Aronces* ſpeaking to *Horatius*) that muſt end all our differences. At theſe words the valiant Prince redoubling his ordinary valour, charg'd his Rival with ſuch violence, that he gave him no time to deliberate what to doe, becauſe he was conſtrain'd to defend himſelf. Yet he did not forget himſelf in this conflict, but as he warded off *Aronces* firſt blows, ſince my deliverer (ſaid he) will take away my life, which he has ſav'd more then once, I muſt ſhew him at leaſt, that I know well how to defend it. Hereupon enſued a furious combate between theſe two valorous Rivals, and *Horatius* found himſelf in more danger by having to bear up againſt the ſingle valour of *Aronces*, then he had been when he alone ſuſtain'd the whole power of the Enemies in defending the *Sublician*-Bridge. At length, *Aronces*, having ſlightly wounded him in two places, wreſted his ſword away, took him priſoner, and deliver'd him to be guarded by ſome of his Souldiers, whilſt himſelf purſu'd his advantage. But when the *Romans* perceiv'd the taking of *Horatius*, they made ſo great a charge to diſingage him, that they recover'd him indeed, whilſt *Aronces* was fighting againſt many together, who having rallied, encompaſs'd him about. At another place the Prince of *Meſſene* who commanded the Cavalry, perceiving *Themiſtus* his Rival and fierceſt Enemy in the front of him, preparing himſelf to receive him, he ruſh'd forward with his Horſe at the ſame time that *Themiſtus* gave ſpeed to his; ſo that meeting with equal impetuoſity, the Prince was dangerouſly wounded in the breaſt, and *Themiſtus*'s right arm was run through. The former reeling with the blow he had receiv'd, was reliev'd by his Souldiers, who carried him off to a place of ſecurity: and *Themiſtus* being unable to bear his ſword with his wounded arm, put it into his left hand, and drawing back to the ſecond rank, did not ceaſe to give Orders till the end of the fight. In the mean time *Aronces* ſeeing the Victory was too long diſputed with him, caus'd *Titus* to advance, who fighting with ſeveral Intereſts that augmented his courage, ſeconded *Aronces* ſo well, that in ſpight of the *Romans* valour, they began to give ground on that ſide. *Artemidorus* ſeeing this diſorder, and obſerving *Titus* in the head of the *Romans*, which were of *Tarquin*'s party, made directly at him with his ſword; but that of *Titus* breaking as he warded off the blow, he retir'd into the midſt of his followers. But *Artemidorus* being unhappily carried forward by his valour in repelling the Enemies, receiv'd an Arrow into his flank, which was ſhot by a common Soldier, hid behind a buſh; whereupon falling down, the Enemies had taken him priſoner, if *Mutius* follow'd by the couragious *Merigenes* had not arriv'd there at the inſtant to reſcue him. Then it was that the valiant *Aronces* ſtood in need of all his courage and prudence; for he ſaw that notwithſtanding all his endeavors, the *Romans* on a ſudden taking heart again, had put their Troops in order; that *Octavius*, *Mutius*, and *Herminius* were advancing, and that his own Soldiers were ready to turn their backs to the Enemies. The Prince therefore taking up a daring and generous reſolution, commanded his guards which follow'd him to kill all ſuch of his party as offer'd to ſtir a foot, or refuſ'd to follow him. Whereupon joyning a great example of valour to this command, the fight was renew'd with more heat then before. *Horatius* on his part having reſum'd his place, notwithſtanding his wounds, perform'd his utmoſt either to overcome or die. So that in an inſtant all the forces being mix'd together, the perſons of Quality all came to handy-blows, and ſignaliz'd themſelves. *Mutius* perform'd admirable things, *Octavius* did no leſs. *Lucilius* on *Aronces*'s party ſignaliz'd himſelf highly; *Æmilius* fought like a brave and unhappy Lover, that hop'd for nothing, and fear'd

fear'd not death; and in a word, all acquitted themſelves courageouſly on both ſides. But *Aronces* having too few foot, and for that to goe towards a Batalion which flanked him there was a little Curtain to be paſs'd over, where his Cavalry would be unprofitable, and beſides, that his Infantry was extremely tir'd, he turn'd towards a party of his Horſe-men, and propounding to them to forſake their Horſes and follow him, they obey'd him, and furiouſly charg'd thoſe they were to encounter. Then *Aronces*'s Foot reſuming courage, and ſeeing thoſe of Quality become equal with them in the danger they were to overcome, perform'd incredible things. In concluſion, in ſpight of all the valour of *Horatius* and the brave perſons that accompani'd him, *Aronces* defeated them, and forc'd them to betake themſelves to a retreat. Whereupon the Cavalry which were become Foot, in a moment, reſuming their Horſes, purſu'd the *Romans* very neer to the City. Yet this retreat was made ſomewhat orderly; nevertheleſs it caus'd terror and confuſion in *Rome*; and had not the Conſuls acted with prudence and authority, the affrighted people had ſhut up the gates againſt the *Roman* Troops, for fear leſt the Conquerors ſhould have enter'd together with the Conquered. The great number of the wounded which were brought back all bloody, further augmented the fear amongſt the people; and if the love of Liberty had not been ſtrongly impreſs'd in their hearts, they had certainly enclin'd to a ſurrender. Nevertheleſs, in the midſt of the great tumult, no *Roman* was heard to propoſe the receiving of *Tarquin* in order to peace. On the contrary, their firſt fear turning into fury, nothing was heard but imprecations againſt him, and the fierce *Tullia*; and the moſt deſpairing amongſt them ſaid aloud, that they ought rather to ſet fire on the City ſpeedily, then deliver up themſelves; that it was better to periſh quickly and generouſly by the flames, then ſlowly and ſhamefully by famine. At length the diſorder became ſo great, that the like was never ſeen. There was a univerſal conſternation in the ſtreets and publike places. *Artemidorus* being brought in as the other wounded were, occaſion'd more rumors ſtill, becauſe he was a perſon of very high Quality, and extraordinary valour. The wound he had received was ſo dangerous, that the Chirurgians would not promiſe for his life. Whereupon all his friends were extremely troubled, and *Bereliſa* and *Clidamira* taking no care but for the preſervation of this Prince, employ'd themſelves in performing all ſervices he needed in this condition. As for *Themiſtus* and *Horatius*, their wounds were ſo little dangerous, that they were not neceſſitated to keep the chamber. *Clelia* had very different ſentiments in ſo great a diſorder; for ſhe lov'd her Country, ſhe pity'd all its calamities, and hated *Tarquin*: but for that ſhe affected not *Horatius*, and lov'd *Aronces*, it was ſomething troubleſome to her not to rejoyce that the latter had overcome the other. But judging this ſecret joy criminal, ſhe ſoon chang'd it into a lawful ſorrow. Juſt Gods! (ſaid ſhe to her ſelf, ſighing) wherefore doe you permit me the uſe of hatred and affection; ſince my fortune is diſpos'd in ſuch ſort, that I can neither love nor hate without a crime, nor grieve nor rejoyce innocently? If I hate *Horatius*, I am unworthy to be a *Romane*, ſince he is a *Romane* that has ſav'd *Rome*, that dayly hazards his life to defend it, and comes from ſhedding his own blood for the ſafety of my Country. On the other ſide, if I love *Aronces*, I love a Prince that beſieges *Rome*, whoſe valour is employ'd to ſubject it to the Tyrant, or reduce it to deſtruction. But again, if I love *Horatius*, I am perfidious, unfaithful, unworthy to live: and if I hate *Aronces*, I am perjur'd, and the moſt ungrateful perſon in the world. What then ſhall I doe, unfortunate as I am? (proceeded ſhe) I will ſubmit my ſelf to the will of the Gods (added this admirable Lady) and without arguing ſo much upon events, or deſiring to foreſee what is to come, I will have reſpect towards my Father, pity for my Country, eſteem for *Horatius*, affection and fidelity to *Aronces*, and innocence in all my actions. In the mean time the Conſuls and the Senate were in a very great perplexity; for what courſe ſoever they could take, all things neceſſary for the ſubſiſtence of the people became ſo dear, that this further increas'd the repinings of the multitude. The Enemies who were advertis'd of this diſorder, taking advantage of it, ſtreightned the City more then before, ſo that nothing at all enter'd into it. They dar'd not ſo much as drive the little remainder of Cattle in *Rome*, out of the walls of the City to feed; and all the Inhabitants were in extreme deſperation. All ſorts of divertiſements were laid aſide, even Lovers ſcarce ſpoke any longer of Love to their Miſtreſſes;

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converſation was alike every where; and *Amilcar* and *Anacreon* who could not live without joy, profeſs'd they were more likely to dye of diſcontent then famine, if the ſtate of things did not ſuddenly change. Nothing was ſeen every day but Funerals, either of thoſe that had been wounded in the late fight, or whom the neceſſity of Fate cut off. There was a mortal paleneſs in moſt faces, and the fear of famine anticipating ſad effects, caus'd the people to beleeve they ſuffer'd the miſery already which they did but apprehend. Things being in this condition, that which more exaſperated the peoples minds was, that they underſtood the fierce and cruel *Tullia* was arriv'd in the Camp of *Porſenna*, and demanded to live at a Caſtle, near that wherein *Galerita* was, till the end of the ſiege. But *Mutius* who had long ſought to ſignalize himſelf by ſome eminent ſervice to his Country, and to compel *Valeria* to eſteem him above his Rivals, went to wait upon her one morning; and ſaluting her with a countenance that diſcover'd he had ſome grand deſign in his mind, Suffer me, Madam, (ſaid he to her) to take leave of you alone, and to reveal a ſecret to you of higheſt importance. I have long agoe known that the paſſion I have for you is diſpleaſing to you, and that of four Lovers which adore you, at preſent *Herminius* is the only affected, *Æmilius* the pity, *Spurius* the hate, and you are inſenſible towards me. Nevertheleſs, Madam, in ſpight of my unhappineſs, I have taken a fancie to have a ſhare in your compaſſion, ſince I can have none in your affection. Prepare your ſelf therefore, Madam, to beſtow a few tears upon me, when you ſhall underſtand my death: for I aſſure you, you have more intereſt then my Country in the Deſign which I have laid to deliver it. I cannot ſpeak more clearly to you, time will inform you further, and let you know that bidding you adieu this day, I beleeve 'tis the laſt time I ever ſhall do ſo: but leſt your anſwer ſhould weaken my reſolution (added he) I chuſe rather humbly to take leave without expecting it. And accordingly without giving her time to anſwer a word, he went forthwith to the Senate, having firſt intimated to the Conſuls he had ſomething of importance to acquaint them with. When he came before the Aſſembly, beginning to ſpeak with a heroical ſtoutneſs and a firm voice, My Lords (ſaid he) I come to deſire two favours of you: the firſt, that you would permit me to goe out of the City diſguis'd in a *Tuſcan* habit; the other, that you would not require me to declare what way I intend to attempt the deliverance of *Rome*. Secrecie is ſo abſolutely neceſſary to the execution of my deſign, that I ought not to impart it to a great Aſſembly; and withal I have ſo high an eſteem of your vertue in general, that I conceive I ſhould doe you injury, if I offer'd to ſelect any particular perſon of the company with whom to intruſt it. Let it ſuffice that I aſſure you it is great, and may prove happy; and moreover, that if I dye, I ſhall account my life very gloriouſly beſtow'd, ſince I ſhall looſe it in recovering Liberty to my Country. *Mutius* having done ſpeaking, the Senate deliberated upon what he had ſaid; and though there was little probability to think a ſingle man could effect the raiſing of the Siege, nevertheleſs matters were in ſo bad a condition, that knowing him for a perſon of illuſtrious extraction, high courage, very zealous for Liberty, of a reſolute minde, and much affected with a powerful deſire of glory, they granted him what he requeſted. Upon which, without loſs of time, that very evening he diſguis'd himſelf like a plain *Tuſcan* Soldier, and taking advantage of the darkeſt time of the night to paſs out of the City into the Enemies Camp, went forth of *Rome* with a Ponyard hidden in his cloaths, none beſides himſelf knowing the great deſign, which affection to his Country, and love of the vertuous daughter of *Publicola* had together excited him to. *Mutius*'s Nurſe having been a *Tuſcan*-woman, he ſpoke *Tuſcan* well enough not to fear being diſcover'd by his language. So he paſs'd over the *Tyber* at midnight, and was ſo fortunate as to arrive at *Porſenna*'s Quarter without being ſtopt. When he was there, he thruſt himſelf into the company of a great number of Soldiers whom he beheld gather'd together before a Tribunal rais'd only two ſteps high, upon which ſtood a man of a good aſpect, giving orders neceſſary for the pay of the Soldiers, and who ſeem'd to have all the marks of Royaltie; for he had a robe of purple on, and guards about him. *Mutius* approacht as neer him as he deſir'd; for appearing to have no arms, and being clad in a *Tuſcan* garb, no body had any diſtruſt of him. So he approacht the Tribunal, and apprehending the perſon upon it was *Porſenna*, not daring to inquire for fear of being diſcover'd, and doubting he ſhould not find another opportunity ſo favorable to his purpoſe, on a

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ſudden conſidering this man as the Enemy of *Rome*, the Protector of *Tarquin*, and finally as a Prince whoſe death was neceſſary for the deliverance of his Country, in a moment he divides the preſs, draws his Ponyard, falls upon him, and ſheaths it in his heart, with ſuch ſpeed, that it was not ſeen till he had drawn it all bloody out of the body of him whom he took for *Porſenna*. This deſperate act ſo ſurpris'd all that beheld it, that he that committed it might perhaps have ſav'd himſelf in ſpight of thoſe that encompaſs'd him, if *Porſenna* coming at that time forth of his Tent, which was hard by, and underſtanding the matter, had not commanded his guards to bring the man before him either alive or dead. And accordingly *Mutius*, though he eaſily enough eſcap'd with his Ponyard in his hand out of the throng of the terrifi'd Soldiers who beheld his fact, was conſtrain'd to yeeld himſelf to be conducted before *Porſenna* by the guards he had ſent to take him. This Prince was at that time before his Tent, where he beheld the preparations of a Sacrifice which he caus'd to be offer'd to the Gods every morning, and had ſtanding about him *Aronces*, *Telanus*, *Lucilius*, *Theanor*, and diverſe other perſons of Quality. *Mutius*'s Ponyard wherewith he had committed that bold act being wreſted from him, he appear'd without arms before *Porſenna*, but with a countenance full of fierceneſs, that ſpoke his regret for having fail'd in his enterpriſe, but no fear of the death which he could not but beleeve was prepar'd for him. Aſſoon as he was come before the King, the enraged Prince frowning upon him, Who are you? (ſaid he to him) whence come you? tell me, who ſent you? who put you upon this? who are your Complices? and whether your aim was only againſt him you have ſlain, or you intended to take away my life too? I am a *Roman* Citizen (anſwer'd he fiercely) my extraction is noble, I am call'd *Mutius*, and the action I have newly done may prove to you that I want not courage. Conſidering you as the moſt dangerous Enemy of *Rome*, I reſolv'd to take away your life; but to the end you may not think your ſelf ſafe, when you have put me to death, know, I am not the onely perſon that has layd this deſign, but there are three hundred of us that have ſworn your deſtruction, of whom I am the moſt inconſiderable in greatneſs of courage. The lot is fallen upon me firſt, but I hope ſome of the reſt will be more fortunate then I have been, and that by your death all the *Romans* ſhall be reveng'd for the wrong you commit in protecting an infamous Tyrant. But wherefore (reply'd *Porſenna*) have not the three hundred Conſpirators you ſpeak of, rather deſig'nd to aſſaſſinate *Tarquin* then me? Becauſe (anſwer'd *Mutius*) if the Tyrant were dead, your party would rather become ſtronger then weaker thereby; but if you were remov'd out of the world, *Tarquin*'s party would be deſtroy'd. *Porſenna* being then more incens'd againſt *Mutius*, and deſiring to know the names of thoſe, he ſaid, had conjur'd againſt his life, commanded his guards to compel him by force to diſcover what he deſir'd to underſtand. But *Mutius*, to hinder them from executing his order, ſtept ſuddenly towards the fire that was prepar'd for the Sacrifice, and putting his hand into the midſt of the flames, See (ſaid he to him without changing his countenance) by the ſtedfaſtneſs I have to endure the rigour of the fire, how little they fear that ardently love glory; and judge by what I doe, whether I am likely to tell by force of torments what you deſire to know of me. *Mutius* ſpoke this with ſo undaunted and bold an aſpect, and beheld his hand burn with ſo calm a countenance, that *Porſenna* and all about him were ſo aſtoniſh'd with this action, that they expreſt their amazement in ſhouts which they were unable to contain. *Porſenna* himſelf advanc'd towards *Mutius*, and commanded his guards to withdraw his hand out of the fire. That which you doe againſt your ſelf (ſaid the King to him then, beholding him with admiration) is far greater then what you deſign'd to doe againſt me; and if I had a ſubject that had done as much for my ſervice, there is no reward ſo high, but the greatneſs of his courage ought to expect it from me. Yet it were more noble, my Lord, (anſwer'd *Aronces*,) to eſteem greatneſs of courage in the perſon of an enemy then of a Subject. I grant it (reply'd *Porſenna*) and to evidence to you that I am of that mind, I give *Mutius* his life. I thank you for it in his name, my Lord (anſwer'd *Aronces* generouſly) for he ſeems to me ſo fierce as not to care for having a good render'd to him which he was willing to looſe; and I thank you in my own, for having given me ſo great an example to follow. 'Tis true, my Lord (ſaid *Mutius*) life is very indifferent to me; but for that 'tis an obligation, that the King is pleas'd to give me a thing which he beleeves

ought to be acceptable to me, I will testifie my gratitude to him, by telling him once again, that his life cannot be in safety, unless he give peace to *Rome*, and desert the interest of *Tarquin*, who is too unjust to prosper long. For, in brief, I am the least courageous of the three hundred that have sworn his destruction. Ah! *Mutius* (cry'd *Porsennia*) if I am so hated by three hundred such brave men as you are, that they resolve to destroy my life, an Army of a hundred thousand men could not preserve it; and to testifie to you how highly I esteem your courage, I will adde liberty to the life which I have already granted you. Since that is a thousand times dearer to me then life (answer'd he) I thank you for it, my Lord: but I cannot dissemble my sentiments; know, that as great a benefit as it is, I cannot accept it, if it be on condition to cease being your Enemy, in case you continue to be one to *Rome*. For inasmuch as I can never cease to be a *Roman*, so I can never dispense with hating those that would subdue my Country. Therefore doe not grant me liberty, if you intend thereby to ingage me in your interests. For, 'tis certain (added he fiercely) I can never be absolv'd from the Oath I have made with those three hundred *Romans*, who have sworn your ruine. *Porsenna* being still more astonish'd at the boldness of *Mutius*, commanded he should be led into a Tent, that his hand should be dresst, that he should be treated very well, and secur'd till further Order. After which *Tarquin* being arriv'd, express'd to *Porsenna* very much animosity against *Mutius*, and ask'd him what punishments he determin'd to inflict upon him. You ought rather to ask (answer'd *Porsenna*) what way I can secure my self from those three hundred resolute persons, who for your interests have conspir'd against my life onely. That which I speak, my Lord (reply'd *Tarquin*) agrees with what you say: for is there any other means to avoid the effect of that Conspiracie, but by striking a terror into the Complices by the dreadful punishments you shall cause *Mutius* to endure? But what can a man be made to suffer (said *Porsenna*) that comes in a manner to seek a certain death, that comes with a Ponyard onely, into the midst of an Army to kill me; that endures the fire without changing countenance, and will not accept either of life or liberty on condition to cease being my Enemy? Voluntary punishments (answer'd *Tarquin*) are no punishments at all: but if you force *Mutius* to suffer, you will see him change his language; especially if the torments, you put him to, be long and often repeated. For when all is done (added the cruel Tyraut) fear is the surest guard of Kings in such cases. For my part (said *Aronces*, who could not endure *Porsenna* should hear the Tyrants Counsels) I conceive that in stead of seeking which way the King may be secur'd from so many generous Enemies, it would be the best and surest course to seek the means to have no occasion to be secur'd from them. But how can that be? (said *Tarquin* roughly.) The matter would be very easie (answer'd *Aronces* generously) if the King would but make Friends of his Enemies. That Counsel (reply'd the Tyrant fiercely) must be extended further, and it should have been added also, that 'tis requisite for the King of *Hetruria* to make Enemies of his Friends. The Counsel of *Aronces* (said *Porsenna*, not permitting *Tarquin* to continue his discourse) is worthy of himself and of me; and when my friends betake themselves to consider only their own interests without considering mine, it will concern me a little if they become my Enemies; I shall then be more strong by having fastned generous Enemies to my Interests, then by loosing self-ended Friends, who care only for their own. *Aronces*, *Lucilius*, *Telanus*, *Theanor*, and all the other Commanders that were present, having a confus'd noise, testifi'd their approbation of what *Porsenna* spoke; *Tarquin* became extremely amaz'd and perplex'd: yet being a Prince whom Policie had taught to conform himself readily according to the most unexpected events, he made no long hesitation, but addressing to the King, My Lord (said he) to testifie to you that I have regarded only the preservation of your life, I will without passion receive what you spoke last, and also advise you to clemencie, though according to my judgment, that vertue ought to be practis'd but seldome, when a Prince intends to make himself fear'd and respected. Pardon *Mutius* therefore since you have such a desire; but doe not loose the opportunity of taking *Rome*, which it cannot avoid, if you will wait but a small time longer. It will not cost you the life of one of your Soldiers; famine is ready to destroy three hundred thousand men, and force them to yeeld without conditions, or make a great bonefire of their City, to avoid falling into your power. Every one

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has his Maxims and his reasons (answered *Porsenna*) and the business is important enough to be consider'd of at leasure. In the mean time (added the Prince) 'tis best to cause the Sacrifice which is prepar'd to be offer'd to the Gods in thankfulness to them for my deliverance from the danger intended to me, and to ask Counsel of them, which they alone can give me. *Tarquin* durst not contradict *Porsenna*; but instead of being present at the Sacrifice, he withdrew, and went to consult with the cruel *Tullia* what was fitting to be done. Assoon as he was gone, *Aronces* causing all his Friends to be assistant, continued the King his Father in the generous sentiments he had possess'd him with; but for that this Prince was scrupulous to make an absolute resolution, he required two days to consider. In the mean time, by reason of those three hundred *Romans Mutius* spoke of, the Kings guards were doubled, none were suffer'd to come neer his person without first knowing what they were; all that approacht him were searcht, for fear they might have Ponyards hidden about them, as *Mutius* had; and so great care was taken for the guarding of this Prince, that he judg'd this inquietude worse then death. In the evening he went to the Castle where *Galerita* and the Princess of the *Leontines* were, who understanding what had hapn'd, and desiring to incline him to peace, commended him much for having given *Mutius* his life, and caus'd him to be advis'd by his principal Ministers, to send to offer peace to *Rome*. At first he refus'd it, alledging, that having undertaken the Protection of *Tarquin*, honour would not suffer him to desert him; adding also, that it might be thought the fear of being assassinated had induc'd him to take this resolution, though it was principally because the action of *Mutius* recalling into his memory all the great exploits that had been done since the War, by *Brutus*, *Publicola*, *Herminius*, *Horatius*, and all the other *Romans*, he began to know that *Rome* was protected by the Gods, and *Tarquin* abandon'd by them. Wherefore having some kind of remorse for having protected a Prince so unjust, against People of so eminent vertue, he would willingly have granted peace to *Rome*, if he had thought it consistent with his honour. His mind being thus dispos'd, he understood that *Mutius*'s act render'd the valour of the *Romans* so formidable to his Soldiers, that forgetting the last advantage they obtain'd, a pannick fear seiz'd upon their minds in such sort, that at the least noise their Sentinels heard, they imagin'd they beheld the three hundred companions of *Mutius* coming to fall upon them. *Porsenna* understood at the same time, that *Tarquin* had drawn all his own Soldiers to his Quarter, which was on the other side the River; that he had had consultations with the fierce *Tullia*, that he had sent privily to the Cities of *Ceres*, *Cumæ*, and *Tarquinia*, and lastly, that *Tullia* was coming towards his Castle. Wherefore the proceeding of *Tarquin* incensing him further, he was easily brought to have such sentiments as *Aronces* desir'd he should. But for that *Galerita* fear'd the subtlety of *Tullia*, she took upon her self to receive her, whilst the King going another way return'd to the Camp. When that cruel Queen arriv'd, she was receiv'd by *Galerita* with the civility due to her condition. She seem'd surpris'd not finding the King there, with whom she desir'd to speak; but having a bold spirit, not easie to be daunted, she discours'd with *Galerita* as a person ingag'd in her interests would have done. She conjur'd her to hinder *Porsenna* from deserting the Siege of *Rome*; for in fine (said she to her) should *Porsenna* desire to keep his Conquest, I should consent to it, and ingage my self to cause *Tarquin* to consent also; there being nothing which I would not rather chuse, then to see *Rome* in liberty. But whereas it may be (added she) that the King of *Hetruria* desires not to usurp the State of a Prince, whose Protection he hath undertaken; when *Rome* shall be taken, I offer to take my daughter from *Manilius*, and to give her to *Aronces*, and afterwards to bring it about that *Sextus* shall be contented to reign in *Tarquinia*. For my part, Madam (answer'd *Galerita*) I have nothing to say to the propositals you make to me, but only that 'tis easie for you to judge that the *Romans* will never suffer *Tarquin* to be King of *Rome*, that 'tis absolutely impossible to establish him by reason of the horrible hatred they bear against him; and consequently, *Porsenna* being unable to make War advantageously for *Tarquin*, may make peace honorably for him. Nevertheless I know (added this wise Princess) the King will make what instance he can in favour of your interests: but however, I am of opinion, it is not to cause the destruction of a great City and a great Army, for a thing that is well known can never be brought to pass; especially (continued the Princess)

when it is attempted in behalf of a Prince who conſiders only his own grandeur, and takes no care for the intereſts of thoſe that hazard all for his. *Tullia* had much ado to reſtrain from returning *Galerita* a ſharp anſwer; but for that ſhe would not make an abſolute breach, to the end ſhe might have more opportunity to prejudice *Aronces* and *Clelia*, ſhe diſſembled her reſentment, and told the Queen that it was neceſſary for her to goe and ſatisfie the King of *Hetruria* that he ſhould not think ſtrange that *Tarquin* ſtay'd at his Quarter till he had made his reſolutions, for fear leſt his Enemies ſhould induce him alwell to deliver him up to the *Romans*, as to abandon the Siege of *Rome*. And ſo taking leave of *Galerita*, ſhe went forthwith to the Princeſs of the *Leontines*, and handſomely intimated to her, that if ſhe could bring it ſo to paſs, that *Porſenna* took *Rome* and re-eſtabliſht *Tarquin*, ſhe would cauſe her to be married to the Prince *Titus*; after which ſhe returned to her Chariot. Which ſhe had no ſooner done, but ſhe was informed that the Soldiers that ſaw her paſs along, murmur'd openly in the Camp, becauſe their courage was employ'd to replace a woman upon the Throne, who had driven her Chariot over the body of her Father, and who ought rather to think of rendring an account to the Gods of all her Crimes, then reigning in a City where ſo many brave people were. This plain advice which ſhe receiv'd by the Captain of her guards, cauſ'd her to change her reſolution. So that in ſtead of going to find *Porſenna*, ſhe return'd to *Tarquin*'s Quarter, and endeavour'd to perſwade him to ſurpriſe the King of *Hetruria*'s Camp by night; or ſince he could not take *Rome*, to employ ſome correſpondents ſhe had in the City to ſet it on fire. In the mean time the proceedings of *Tarquin* having exaſperated *Porſenna*, the Siege being not likely to goe on well longer between two divided Camps, and *Mutius*'s courage, together with *Aronces*'s counſel having prevail'd upon the heart of the King of *Hetruria*, he ſent *Mutius* back again to *Rome* by *Lucilius*, who had Order to offer the *Romans* peace upon reaſonable conditions. *Telanus* alſo accompani'd *Lucilius* to negotiate this grand affair. Their inſtructions were; Firſt, to demand once more the reſtoration of *Tarquin*, yet without much inſiſting upon an Article which was known could never be granted: Secondly, to obtain at leaſt, that all he had by Succeſſion from the firſt *Tarquin*, and all he had gotten ſince, ſhould be deliver'd to him: and thirdly, that a ſmall Territory neer the *Veientines* ſhould be reſtor'd to *Porſenna*, the *Romans* having uſurp'd it from him ever ſince the laſt War. Upon theſe Conditions they were to offer up the *Janiculum*, and withdraw the Army out of the *Romane* Territories. Moreover, to the end all acts of hoſtility might ſooner ceaſe, he enjoyn'd the Embaſſadors to demand twenty Virgins of Quality for hoſtages, and twenty youths of condition, till the perfect concluſion of the peace: refuſing abſolutely to yeeld up the *Janiculum* or withdraw his Army without this condition. *Lucilius* and *Telanus* being well inſtructed what they ſhould doe, departed with *Mutius*, whoſe heart was poſſeſs'd with extreme joy to ſee his deſign ſo happily ſucceed, and that his Lye was as ſerviceable to the deliverance of *Rome*, as his valour: for it was not true, that three hundred *Romans* had ſworn the death of *Porſenna*, and he ſpoke in this manner only to induce the King to raiſe his ſiege. As for *Aronces*, he was ſo joyful with the hope of ſeeing Peace, that he could not contain from going to declare it to the Princeſs of the *Leontines*, and the generous *Melintha*. He was alſo much pleas'd that he could ſend that old man to *Rome*, whom *Galerita* promis'd him to procure deliver'd, and *Plotina* ſo ardently wiſht to ſee, to the end ſhe might learn her extraction, of which ſhe was ſtill ignorant. Wherefore to make uſe of this favourable opportunity of giving *Clelia* intelligence of himſelf, he writ to her by *Telanus*, and to *Artemidorus*, *Herminius*, *Octavius*, and ſeveral other Friends, to oblige them to be diligent in promoting the peace. When *Lucilius* & *Telanus* approacht the Walls, and the people beheld them coming with Palms in their hands to ſignifie their bringing propoſitions of Peace, they ſent forth ſhouts of joy, they run haſtily to the gate at which they were to enter, and expreſs'd ſuch earneſtneſs to know what they had to ſay, that 'twas eaſie to judge they would be favourably heard. So they were immediately conducted before the Senate, to whom *Lucilius* preſented *Mutius*; after which, relating in few words what had paſs'd, and had handſomly magnifi'd *Porſenna*'s generoſity, who was capable not only to give life and liberty to a man that had reſolv'd upon his death, but alſo to ſend to offer peace at a time when he might hope a happy event of the War; he dextrouſly diſpos'd the minds of the Senators to hear the

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Propoſitions he had to make. Yet he was ſtopt at the firſt Article which he ſpoke of the re-eſtabliſhment of *Tarquin*, and the Senate all with one voice ſaid that death being eligible before ſervitude, no peace was to be hop'd, if it could not be made otherwiſe. Whereupon *Lucilius* having order not to inſiſt upon that Article, he ſaid according to his inſtructions, that at leaſt it was fit to reſtore the *Tarquins* what belong'd to them, as ordinary Citizens; ſo that this qualification calming their minds, they agreed the reſtitution of what could be yet found had belong'd to them, not as if juſtice requir'd it, but only in conſideration that *Porſenna* had reſtor'd *Mutius*. After which *Lucilius* demanded that a ſmall compaſs of Territory which had been uſurp'd from *Porſenna*'s Dominions ſhould be reſtored to him; that twenty Virgins of Quality, and twenty youths of condition ſhould be delivered to him in hoſtage; and told them then, that his Maſter would withdraw his Forces out of *Janiculum*, open the paſſages, free the River, and cauſe all acts of hoſtility to ceaſe, without ingaging more in the affairs of *Tarquin*. *Lucilius* having lay'd open his Kings demands did not long withdraw, but all thoſe that compos'd the Senate unanimouſly declar'd, they found no difficulty in granting what *Porſenna* required. Yet there were ſome that ſcrupled the Article concerning Hoſtages; but *Publicola* underſtanding how important that peace was, and that they who ſtuck at it could not but have ſome ſecret inclination for *Tarquin* (becauſe having no children themſelves, they were unconcern'd in this Article) he oppos'd their judgment; No, no, (ſaid he haſtily) we ought not to ſtick at a juſt thing; for, it is equitable that *Porſenna* reſtoring the *Janiculum* before the final execution of the Treaty that is to be made, have Hoſtages for ſecurity; and it is not to be fear'd, that a Prince who ſends back an Enemy whom he might with juſtice retain, will keep back Hoſtages, which he cannot withhold without violating the Publike-Faith. But how is it intended (anſwer'd a Senator roughly that was of the contrary opinion) that thoſe twenty Virgins of Quality ſhall be choſen out? To teſtifie to the Publike (reply'd *Publicola*) that I have no intention to except my own daughter from the general rule, and that all that is mine is the Commonwealths, my advice is, that the choice be made by order of Lot without any deceit, and that all the names of Youths of Quality in general be put into one Urne, and thoſe of Virgins of condition into another; and that in the middle of the Temple of *Janus*, which ought to be ſhut up aſſoon as theſe Hoſtages ſhall be delivered, a young Child draw twenty of theſe Tickets which ſhall be well mingled before hand, after which without any conteſt they whoſe names ſhall be found in the twenty Tickets to be ſent to *Porſenna*. *Publicola*'s opinion ſeeming juſt and generous, they who had offered to obſtruct the peace, durſt not contradict it. But before they broke up, the Senate Voted to give *Mutius* the Meadow in which he had done that great action of enduring the fire with ſuch extraordinary conſtancy. And accordingly that peece of Land was from that time called, The *Mutian-Meadows*, and he himſelf was term'd *Mutius Scævola* by reaſon of his burnt hand. After this reſult had been taken, it was ſignifi'd to *Lucilius* and *Telanus*, who nevertheleſs could not return till the day following, becauſe the Senate would not abſolutely conclude the buſineſs without the ſuffrages of the people. 'Tis true, it was eaſie to judge they would approve the deliberations that were made, for they had ſuffered far more then thoſe of the better Quality. *Telanus* after he came out of the Senate delivered *Aronce*'s Letters to *Clelia* and the reſt he writ to; he intended alſo to carry the old man who accompanied him to *Plotina*; but he requeſted him to leave him at *Clelius*'s houſe. However *Telanus* deſir'd at leaſt to ſignifie to that fair Virgin, of whom he was ſtill amorous, that *Aronces* had kept his word which he had paſs'd; and to that purpoſe he went to wait upon her, where he found good company; for *Valeria*, *Bereliſa*, *Anacreon*, *Amilcar*, *Herminius*, *Acriſius*, and *Spurius* were with her, as alſo *Octavius*, and *Horatius*. The action of *Mutius*, and the Peace being two matters new and important, they were talked of alone in all companies, every one magnifying or diminiſhing the merit of *Mutius*'s act according to their own judgments or inclinations. For that *Telanus* was eſteemed by all the World, he was received with joy; he was askt tidings concerning *Aronces*, he was thanked for the peace as if he had made it, and a thouſand careſſes were made to him. For my part (ſaid *Plotina* pleaſantly) I beleeve *Bereliſa*, *Clidamira* and my ſelf ſee *Telanus* again with more joy then *Valeria*; for being they are not of *Rome*, and I think my ſelf no *Romane*, (though

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I know not preciſely what I am) we are not in the ſame fear that ſhe is of going as Hoſtage to *Porſenna*'s Camp. That which you do not fear (anſwered *Telanus*) is that which diſcontents me; for I ſhould be ſufficiently joyful that you were in a place where I could render you any ſervice. 'Tis true (ſaid *Valeria* with a melancholy aſpect) my joy for the peace is not abſolutely pure, and fear leſt the Lot fall upon me, ſufficiently diſturbs me. Confeſs the truth (ſaid *Bereliſa* to her with a low voice) 'tis not that alone that cauſes the ſadneſs in your eyes; but you fear leſt *Mutius*'s action which produces peace to *Rome*, cauſe *Publicola* to change his mind, and be prejudicial to *Herminius*, occaſions your diſcontent. 'Tis true (reply'd *Valeria* bluſhing) my Father is ſo accuſtomed to Sacrifice all things to the Publike-good, that I cannot but fear becoming one of the Victims of the Peace. Whilſt *Bereliſa* and *Valeria* were ſpeaking low, *Plotina* not being able to contain from turning the moſt ſerious matters to raillery: for my part (ſaid ſhe) I confeſs I have at preſent the greateſt ardency in the world to know who were the three hundred men which 'tis ſaid *Mutius* affirmed had conſpir'd to kill *Porſenna*. I know at leaſt I am none of them (anſwer'd *Herminius*.) I ſhould be very ſorry to be ſuſpected for one (added *Horatius*.) I am of your mind (purſu'd *Octavius*.) *Anacreon* and I (ſaid *Amilcar*) being not born at *Rome*, we have no concernment in it, ſince *Mutius* ſaid they were three hundred young *Romans* that had conſpir'd againſt *Porſenna*'s life. As for me (ſaid *Spurius*) whereas *Mutius* and I have not the ſame intimacie as heretofore, it cannot be beleev'd that he communicated his deſign to me. And for my part (added *Acriſius*) I have ſeveral reaſons for which I cannot be accuſed for one; as firſt, I was not born in *Rome*: Secondly, —— Oh! I beſeech you (interrupted *Plotina* laughing, and knowing how much *Acriſius* affected to ſpeak) ſtop there, for I hate nothing more then thoſe people who in a great company where every one has right to ſay ſomething, begin to ſpeak with Firſt, and proceed to Secondly, and Thirdly, and I am ready to dye with fear, leaſt they ſhould goe on till they come to Fiftiethly. All the company laughing at the manner in which *Plotina* interrupted *Acriſius*, he was a little abaſhed; but yet he was conſtrained to bear the raillery whether he would or no, for fear of offending *Plotina*, of whom he was highly enamoured. However, this fair Virgin that ſhe might not give him leaſure to be angry, chang'd the diſcourſe, and beholding all thoſe that had ſpoken, But according as you all ſpeak (ſaid ſhe) it might ſeem an injury to you to accuſe you of being any of thoſe three hundred Conſpirators. To ſave you the trouble of ſearching for ſo great a number of them (ſaid *Telanus* then) I ſhall aſſure you I beleeve *Mutius* was the ſole perſon, and made uſe of that untruth to induce *Porſenna* to what he deſir'd; for by the way as he came hither, he ſpoke certain things which ſuffer me not to doubt of it at all. If it be ſo (ſaid *Plotina*) I think this happy adventure ought to reconcile *Herminius* to lying. 'Tis ſo far from it (anſwer'd he) that I ſhall hate it the more: for though I am zealous for my Country, yet I confeſs I ſhould not like to deliver it either by a Lye or an Aſſaſſination; and if I were to chuſe either *Horatius*'s action or that of *Mutius*, I ſhould not deliberate a moment, notwithſtanding the ſucceſs of the laſt is far more conſiderable then of the former. But that it may not be thought I ſpeak as a Rival or as an envious perſon, I ſhall commend *Mutius* for the conſtancie wherewith he endur'd the torment of the flames that burnt his hand, and for his courage in attempting a thing in which it was probable he would periſh: but as for the Lye and Aſſaſſination, I confeſs to you, I cannot find any thing in them that does not claſh with my inclination. For according to my judgment, to doe an action perfectly Heroical, not only the motive to it ought to be juſt, but likewiſe the means noble and innocent. Indeed (added *Valeria*) ſuppoſe an indifferent cauſe in the action of *Mutius*, he will be the greateſt Criminal of all mankind, and the moſt inconſiderate; and he cannot be commended ſaving for a happy raſhneſs. Should you ſpeak this at preſent in the Court of the Capitol (anſwer'd *Plotina*) the people would look upon you as an Enemy of *Rome*. Nevertheleſs *Valeria* has reaſon (reply'd *Octavius*.) But however (ſaid *Amilcar*) 'tis good that there be Heroes of all ſorts, that is, ſuch as are ſcrupulous ſcarce of any thing, raſh and Lyers; for in brief, without *Mutius* you had had no peace: wherefore I conclude, that the Lye he made uſe of, be put in the rank of thoſe innocent Lyes of which we ſpoke ſo much here one day. It will be enough (anſwer'd *Herminius*) to put it in the rank of happy Lyes.

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In truth (said *Plotina* then) I perceive there are scarce any pleasures how great soever, but are mix'd with some sorrow. Peace which is so great a good, perhaps will shortly cause several displeasures to me: for I apprehend *Berelisa*, *Clidamira*, and *Anacreon* will speedily goe from us; and besides, I am in great fear lest the Lot which is to appoint those twenty Virgins of Quality that are to be given in Hostage, should cruelly deprive me of all those I love best. As *Plotina* had done speaking, *Clelia* enter'd, who came to seek *Valeria* there. A little while after *Cesonia* brought *Clelius* into *Plotina*'s chamber, with the same old man whom she had seen once before, and who was to inform her of her true extraction. Assoon as she beheld him, she chang'd colour, out of fear it might be less honourable then she imagin'd. But she was not long in this incertainty; for *Clelius* in the midst of the company embrac'd her very affectionately, and presenting her to *Horatius*, You know, generous *Horatius* (said he to him) I have treated you as one resolv'd to give you my daughter at the end of the War, but in the mean time before I make that promise good, I must give you a sister, who is a person unquestionably worthy of that Relation. Receive therefore *Plotina* as a generous brother ought to receive her. But Moreover (added he, turning towards *Clelia*) I must give my daughter as well as *Horatius* a sister; and therefore (proceeded he, directing his speech to *Clelia*) embrace *Plotina*, as a person united to you by blood: and you, *Octavius* (added he) doe the same. The discourse of *Clelius* so amaz'd all the Company, and chiefly *Clelia*, *Horatius*, *Octavius*, and *Plotina*, that they beheld one another silently, and even without making the civilities to one another which this discovery requir'd. But at length *Plotina* began to speak, and addressing to *Clelius*, It is so little advantageous to you, my Lord (said she) to give such a person as I am, sister to *Clelia*, that I doubt not you are my Father, since you profess it your self: but I confess I doe not apprehend how I can be sister both to *Horatius* and *Clelia*. Since 'tis a thing which must become publike (reply'd *Clelius*) it is not unfit to begin the publishing of it before such a Company as this is. For my part (said *Horatius*) I am so impatient to know how it comes that I have the happiness to be *Plotina*'s Brother, and brother to a daughter of *Clelius*, and a sister of *Clelia*, that you cannot more sensibly oblige me then by declaring to me what I vehemently desire to understand. Know then (answer'd *Clelius*) that you were son of a woman of very great wit and vertue, for whom I had almost from my childhood the most respectful affection that ever was, and whose memory is still extreme dear to me. You know she lost her husband during her banishment, that I was exil'd aswell as she, that I have been so thrice in my life by the cruel *Tarquin*. During this banishment I became more charm'd with her constancy; and whereas melancholy had rendred her health very infirm, she fear'd to leave you without a careful guardian. Wherefore this consideration rather then that of the affection I had for her, oblig'd her to marry me secretly, as you may know of an ancient Priest still living, who is at present here amongst the *Salians*; for you were not then with her. Our marriage was thought fit to be conceal'd, because if *Tarquin* had known it, it had been impossible for us to hope ever to return to *Rome*, since hating us severally, he would have hated us more if he had understood our interests were united. During this secret Marriage, and whilst we were at *Ardea*, *Plotina* came into the world, and we conceal'd her birth. But eight dayes after, her mother and yours dy'd; and this prudent old man whom you see, being our intimate Friend, tooke care of *Plotina*, whom he caus'd for some time after to pass for his own daughter, and that easily enough; because having one near of the same age that dy'd in the Country, he conceal'd her death, and substituted *Plotina* in her stead, without my knowing any thing of it, because I continued not long in that place. Your Mother before her death writ a scroll with her own hand that she left a daughter, and oblig'd me to deliver that writing to the Grand Vestal, who dy'd some days since, and was her intimate friend, to the end it might remain in her hands as an indubitable testimony of the birth of *Plotina*. Shortly after I was oblig'd to depart from *Ardea*, and came back to *Rome*, where for the interest of my affairs I married *Sulpicia*; since which, you know I was compell'd to fly and goe seek a Sanctuary at *Carthage*. At my departure I writ to that Friend I had at *Ardea*, but I had no answer from him. When I return'd, I inquir'd of him, and was inform'd it was not known what was become of him since the War *Tarquin* made against the *Tuscans*. I understood indeed he left a

daughter

daughter, but for that it was after my departure that his dy'd, I did not imagine it was mine. Nevertheless the Gods have been pleas'd that this prudent old man whom you behold, became first a prisoner of War, and afterwards a prisoner of State for a great many yeers, without being known where he was: and the same Gods have also permitted that by *Aronces*'s means he understood tidings of me, came hither first with that Prince, and has at length been set at liberty by his procurement, to come and oblige the wise *Octavia*, who is at this day chief of the Vestals, to cause the writing to be sought out which was entrusted with her predecessor, who at her death intended certainly to speak concerning *Plotina* when she began to declare a thing which she did not finish, as all the world knows. Thus there is no doubt but *Plotina* is your sister; you know your Mothers writing, since you cannot but have many things by you written with her hand. The quality and vertue of him that brought up *Plotina* is not unknown to any, and I conceive you are sufficiently perswaded of my honesty not to doubt of what I say. In the mean time I declare to you, I doe not intend *Plotina* shall diminish any thing of your estate, I charge my self with her portion; and this sage old man before you, desirous not to cease altogether to be her father, tells me, he gives her all he has. *Clelius* spoke this with an air that took away all ground to doubt of what he said; and moreover, *Horatius* was so joyful to find he had a sister that was able to doe him good offices with *Clelia*, that he was wholly dispos'd to beleeve himself her brother. *Plotina* was also very much satisfied to understand she was a *Romane*, daughter of *Clelius*, and sister of *Octavius* and *Clelia*. Not but that I could have wish'd (said she, smiling) I had not understood this till four days hence, to the end my name might not be put amongst those which are to be drawn by Lot to give Hostages to *Porsenna*. The case is now otherwise, daughter (answer'd *Clelius*) and it concerns you it were not; but I hope the Gods will exempt you from that trouble, as well as *Clelia*, who I ardently wish prove not one of the number of the Hostages. After this, *Octavius* made a complement to *Plotina*, *Clelia* did the same, and, in brief, all congratulated her for the discovery. *Amilcar* in particular us'd a thousand pleasant expressions to her, whilst *Clelius* and the old man of *Ardea* drawing *Horatius* aside, shew'd him his Mothers Letter to the Grand Vestal, and so manifested the business to him, that he could not doubt of so advantageous a truth. Indeed he did no longer doubt at all, but that now he had cause to redouble his hopes. The end of the War was neer, he knew *Porsenna* had not changed his mind concerning *Aronces*'s love; he understood *Clelius* was already his Father-in-law, that he had a sister who was an intimate friend to *Clelia*, and was sister also to that fair Virgin as well as to himself. Wherefore he abandon'd his heart to joy, and testifi'd it both by his actions and words. As for *Clelia* though she had great affection for *Plotina*, yet she was inwardly troubled at this adventure; because she perceived *Horatius* had still more power in the mind of *Clelius*, and fear'd left knowing her self sister to *Horatius*, she should ingage in his interests. But that lovely Virgin made not that use of her affinity; but on the contrary observing part of *Clelia*'s thoughts in her eyes, she handsomely separated her from the rest of the Company, and embracing her with tenderness, I beseech you, my dear sister (said she with a low voice) doe not look coldly upon me as a sister of *Horatius* that intends to undertake his interests against you; for I declare to you, that by becoming his sister, I doe not cease to be *Aronces*'s friend, and that I will not employ the right given me by nature of speaking freely to him, only to tell him that since he cannot be lov'd by you, he ought not to seek his own happiness with the prejudice of yours; and I ingage my self also to tell my Father whatever you dare not. And now after this, love me as before, and if possible a little more. I had long since so great an affection for you (answered *Clelia*) that it would be hard for me to augment it: but after what you have said, I assure you, my dear sister, that if I cannot adde to my affection, I will increase my esteem, and will serve you in reference to *Sulpicia* as ardently as you shall me in respect of *Horatius*. As *Clelia* ended these words, *Horatius* approacht the two fair Virgings, and looking upon *Plotina*, Well, my dear sister (said he to her) will not you assist me to overcome the obstinate constancie of *Clelia*? No, brother (answer'd she) but to give you the Counsel of a good sister, I will advise you to endeavor to overcome your self. She would have proceeded, but *Amilcar* imagining he should do a pleasure both to *Clelia* and *Plotina*, by insinuating himself into the con-

versation

verſation of *Horatius*, went to them, and ſo did *Anacreon*; whilſt *Clelius* was manifeſting to *Ceſonia*, *Bereliſa*, and *Clidamira* the adventure he had related. *Plotina* not having chang'd her humor with her condition, ſmil'd after having mus'd a little while, and addreſſing to *Clelia*, I aſſure you (ſaid ſhe to her) I gain an advantage this day above you, which I much fear will be diſadvantageous to me in *Amilcar*'s opinion: for at the ſame time I know I am your elder ſiſter, as being of the firſt Marriage; I alſo learn that I am at leaſt four or five years older then I thought my looking-glaſs intimated to me, and I almoſt beleev'd it, that I was only nineteen yeers of age; but I conceive by what *Clelius* has related, I am twenty four. Oh! amiable *Plotina* (anſwer'd *Amilcar*) you will never be above ſeventeen to me; for as long as a woman pleaſes me, I account her young. And on the contrary, I know ſome Virgins of fifteen yeers, who ſeem to me above an Age old, becauſe they doe not pleaſe me. Moreover, to ſpeak the truth of things, twenty four years are oftentimes the age of perfect beauty, and in which reaſon and beauty may moſt frequently be found together; for uſually when reaſon comes, beauty departs: but at that time they are exactly together. Nevertheleſs, there is no general rule; for ſome women are more beautiful in the middle of their lives then in the prime of their youth; others too, more fools at the end of their days then at the beginning of their lives; and there are ſome in whom reaſon is found from their very childhood. For my part (ſaid *Plotina*) I am of this latter ſort, and I doe not remember that I ever was without reaſon: for from my tendereſt youth, I knew I ſhould one day be no longer young. I know above a hundred women (ſaid *Amilcar*) that are not of your mind. You have reaſon (reply'd ſhe) but I wonder all the fair ones doe not foreſee the end of their beauty. Yet I know ſome as well as you, that beleeve they ſhall never be above eighteen as long as they live; although 'tis eaſie enough to judge that time paſſes away very ſwiftly. Methinks, 'tis but a moment ſince I was a child; and if I ſhould conſider the future in the ſame manner as I doe the time paſs'd, I ſhould think I ſhould ſoon ceaſe to be young. Beleeve me, amiable *Plotina* (ſaid *Amilcar*) the paſs'd and the future are not alike regarded. But how can that be which you ſay? (demanded *Plotina*) We ſee things paſs'd clearly (anſwer'd *Amilcar*) but there is ſo great obſcurity in the future, that the imagination not being able to penetrate into it, deceives it ſelf, and beleeves that that which it does not ſee, is very remote; ſo that whereas people always love to beguile themſelves to their own advantage, they look upon old age as ſo remote, and flatter themſelves ſo pleaſingly, that they doe not fear even the things which muſt undoubtedly happen. That which further has perſwaded me (reply'd *Plotina*) that I had the uſe of reaſon betimes, is, that from my firſt youth I extremely hated ſadneſs, and lov'd every thing that was capable to pleaſe me. That ſentiment is ſo natural (ſaid *Clelia*) that I conceive you ought not to boaſt of it, and on the contrary I apprehend it to be the practiſe of reaſon oftentimes to accuſtome ones ſelf to ſadneſs, and to refuſe delightful things. If what you ſay be true (anſwer'd *Plotina*) I ſhall never be wiſe as long as I live; for I cannot much refuſe that which pleaſes me, nor accuſtome my ſelf to that which does not. After this, *Clelius* calling *Clelia*, commanded her to goe and prepare *Sulpicia* to receive her ſiſter, aſſuring her he had acquainted her with the matter before he came. Then he requeſted *Ceſonia* that ſhe would pleaſe to lead *Plotina* to his houſe; and accordingly that amiable Lady accompanied with *Bereliſa*, *Clidamira*, and *Plotina*, and conducted by *Clelius*, went to *Sulpicia*'s houſe, where *Clelia* was arriv'd before. But although *Sulpicia* very much reſpected her husband, and eſteemed *Plotina* infinitely, and although *Clelia* had inform'd her of the generous and noble minde of this fair Virgin: yet it was eaſie to obſerve that ſhe had a ſecret regret in the bottom of her heart, to ſee that *Clelius* had heretofore married a perſon whom ſhe hated, and had a daughter by her. Nevertheleſs ſhe receiv'd very civilly all that *Plotina* ſpoke at her arrival at her houſe, and this interview paſs'd as it ought among perſons of honour and prudence. Moreover, he that had been inſtrumental to the owning of *Plotina*, continu'd alſo at *Clelius*'s houſe, who to teſtifie more favour to *Horatius*, took *Plotina* by the hand, and beholding *Clelia* with authority in his countenance, 'Tis your part now (ſaid he to *Plotina*) to promote the happineſs of your brother, and to induce your ſiſter to obey me willingly when the Peace ſhall be concluded. After which he left theſe two fair Virgins, without giving them leave to anſwer. The next morn-

ing the people being assembled, confirm'd the Senate's Votes with a thousand acclamations: which gave *Lucilius* and *Telanus* all the contentment they could desire. The people also would not consent that both of them should return to *Porsenna*, and therefore it was resolv'd that *Lucilius* should goe to the Camp, and *Telanus* should stay at *Rome* to be present at the choice which was to be made of Hostages by Lot. The multitude, on whom the hardship of the Siege had fallen, being impatient to see the passages open, and the *Janiculum* restor'd into the power of the *Romans*, according to the conclusion of the Treaty, there was necessity of making hast, for fear of some sedition. Wherefore the Consuls caus'd notice to be given to all women of Quality to bring their daughters into the Temple of *Janus*. Things standing thus, *Horatius* being led by his passion, and forgetting what he one day promis'd *Clelia*, went to visit her Father, and addressing to him, My Lord (said he) I come to make a Proposal to you, which I know indeed contains something that may displease you; but being I act for your interest, and the quiet of my whole life, you ought to pardon me. You know (added he) that you have promis'd *Clelia* to me at the end of the War; and that Lots are to be drawn for the Hostages which *Porsenna* demands. Now if it pleases fortune to chuse *Clelia*, she will not be long in your power, since the little Territory which is to be render'd to the King of *Hetruria* will not be so soon restor'd; for besides that such like Articles are never perform'd speedily, Policie also requires, that *Porsenna*'s party be not strengthned till *Tarquin* be absolutely discarded by him. Therefore, my Lord, to prevent *Clelia*'s going to a place whither you would be sorry she should goe, cause her to change her condition; for if I marry her to day, she will not be to morrow expos'd to the inconvenience of the Lot, since it concerns only Virgins, and wives are exempted from it. I wish with all my heart (answer'd *Clelius*) I could grant that which you desire; but I cannot doe it with honour: for it would clearly appear that I hastned the match on purpose not to expose my daughter to the hazard of being given in Hostage; which were unworthy of a true *Roman*. But hoping I shall be more happy then to become oblig'd to let her goe into *Porsenna*'s hands, I promise to make her your wife assoon as the Treaty shall be accomplisht. And so let us speak no more of this matter; for I will not be liable to the reproach of intending to effect an especial priviledge to my self to exempt my daughter from a troublesome chance in which all others of her condition are concern'd. In fine, the business was perform'd the very next morning, and some *Romane* Ladies desirous out of generosity to testifie their willingness to sacrifice all for their Country, brought their daughters though sick to the Temple of *Janus*, for fear of being suspected of intending to exempt them from this ceremonie. The generous *Racilia* led thither the fair *Hermilia* her niece, whose countenance expreſt all the grief she resented for the death of her illustrious brother and her Lover; and her sorrow renuing more in this occasion, appear'd so affecting an object, that it touch'd the hearts of all that beheld her. Indeed she was not the only person that appear'd sad; for the Lot being promiscuously contingent to all, there was none but fear'd it might fall upon her self, and accounted it a hard fate to goe to the Camp. *Clelia*, for her part, was not a little apprehensive of being under *Porsenna*'s power, *Valeria* fear'd to be remov'd from *Herminius*, *Plotina* to leave *Rome*, and her Friends, and all in general, to goe alone into the hands of an Enemy Prince. But all these fair Victims being at length ranked in the middle of the Temple of *Janus*, which was enlightned with a hundred magnificent Lamps, the Grand Vestal came, follow'd with three of her companions to render the ceremony more solemn, and that with such majesty and grace, that she drew the eyes of the whole Assembly upon her. The Consuls plac'd themselves beneath her in this place. But *Clelia* transcended all the other fair ones in beauty; *Valeria*, though less fair, yet did not seem much less amiable; *Hermilia*, notwithstanding her sadness, wholly gain'd the heart of *Octavius*; *Colatinia* also appear'd very fair to all that beheld her, and *Plotina* with her free, natural, and pleasant aspect, and the amiable freshness of her countenance, augmented the love of *Amilcar*, *Telanus*, *Acrisius*, and *Damon* too, who presently departed. *Valeria* likewise increased the passion of *Herminius*, *Æmilius*, *Spurius*, and *Mutius*. But to be brief, the Priest having taken the names of all the Virgins of Quality, whose number was very great, put them into a large Urne, and having mingled them together, plac'd it at the foot of the Altar; after which offering a Sacrifice only of Incense and Flowers,

ers, the Grand Vestal in the name of all the fair Virgins tender'd their acquiescence to the Gods, to the end that all submitting themselves to the Orders of Lot, all might have a share in the merit of the action, and in the Liberty of *Rome*. *Octavia* perform'd this with so noble an air, that she excited the admiration of all the Spectators. This being done, a young childe approaching to the Urne wherein all the names were confusedly mingled, drew forth twenty of them one after another. The first was that of *Plotina*, who seem'd not to be discover'd for a *Romane*, but only that she might be presently given in Hostage. The second was of a sister of *Flavia*; the third of a niece of *Spurius*, who was very fair; the fourth of *Hermilia*, who could not hear herself nam'd without tears in her eyes; the fifth, of *Valeria*, who blusht when she heard her name; the sixth, of a daughter of the second Consul; the seventh, of *Colatina*; the eighth, of a Cozen of *Salomina*; and the ninth, of a niece of *Clelius*. After this ten more were drawn. So that there remaining onely one more to be drawn, it was thought *Clelia* would have escap'd. But at length the twentieth Ticket being drawn and open'd, *Clelia*'s name was found in it. *Clelius* was very much troubled at it, but he conceaied his discontent; which *Horatius* was not able to doe, but it was apparent enough in his eyes that he was extremely afflicted for *Clelia*'s going to *Porsenna*'s Camp, because he fear'd her vertue would mollifie the Kings mind; or if it did not, she would not be well treated. *Octavius* heart was mov'd to see *Hermilia*, so afflicted as she was, goe into a Victorious Army which would always bring into her memory the death both of her Brother and her Lover. As for *Mutius*, he was not very sorry that *Valeria* was to goe to *Porsenna*, by whom he hop'd to be protected, though he had intended an attempt upon his life; but *Herminius* and *Æmilius* were so afflicted at it, that their sorrow serv'd to comfort *Spurius* for that grief he would have resented if he had been ignorant of their affliction. As for *Amilcar*, perceiving no very great sadness in *Plotina*'s eyes, and being free to see her in *Porsenna*'s Camp as well as at *Rome*, he thought to himself this change of life would give him a new affection without being oblig'd to change his Mistress. *Telanus* was very glad of this adventure; but *Acrisius*, *Sicinius*, and *Damon* much afflicted. As for *Clelia*, she did not certainly know what sentiments she ought to have: by reason of her natural modesty she could not but regret at her going to *Porsenna*'s Camp; but otherwise her interests were so intricate, that she could not well disintangle them. She was not sorry to be remov'd from *Horatius*, and glad to think she should see *Aronces*; but she was to leave *Sulpicia*, and goe into the power of *Porsenna*, with whom she conceiv'd *Tarquin* and *Sextus* were not likely to make a total breach, and who she knew well did not approve the love *Aronces* had for her. Yet it was a consolation to her to have *Valeria*, *Plotina*, and *Hermilia* for her companions: but for all this, she was very sad as well as the rest of her Friends. All the influence the Publike interest had in the minds of these fair Virgins, only caus'd them to constrain themselves as much as they could, that they might not seem much afflicted for a thing that conduc'd to confirm the peace. Assoon as their names were drawn, crowns of flowers were put upon their heads, and they were oblig'd to thank the Gods for chusing them to establish the liberty of *Rome*. Moreover, the names of twenty young youths of Quality were drawn by Lot; after which it was resolv'd to send the Hostages assoon as *Lucilius* was return'd, and *Porsenna* had confirm'd the Articles of Peace carry'd to him; and every one departed home. Then the fair Virgins prepared for their departure, and receiv'd the Adieus of their Lovers and Friends of both Sexes. *Horatius* express'd himself to *Clelia* in the most pathetical words the most violent love could dictate, and the most nice jealousie suggest to him. *Mutius* spoke to *Valeria* with more fierceness then ordinary, and like a man that thought nothing could be refus'd him after having procur'd peace to *Rome*. I know well, cruel *Valeria* (said he to her) that you look upon what I have done for *Rome*, as if I had done it against you; but perhaps you will change your thoughts during your absence; in the mean time you must permit me to hope that *Publicola*, who is more sensible of the Publike-good then you, will thank me for what I have done for it, and be unwilling you should render me miserable. If my Father could render you happy (answer'd she) without violating his own word, and forcing my will, without doubt he would doe it; and were it in my power to hinder you from being miserable, I would doe it out of gratitude. But, *Mutius*, you require a thing absolutely

lutely impoſſible, therefore preſerve no ill-grounded hope in your breaſt; *Herminius* is the only man in the world that I can love; and if I could ceaſe to be his, I ought then to favour *Æmilius*, and not you. Ah! cruel *Valeria* (cry'd *Mutius*) conſider what the Lover you deſpiſe is capable of doing, and fear leſt he act that againſt his own Enemies which he has done againſt the Enemies of *Rome*. As you pretend to have perform'd a brave action (anſwer'd ſhe) ſo there is reaſon to beleeve you will not blemiſh it by an ignoble one; and beſides, to tell you freely, threatnings never cauſe any fear in me. You intend then (added he) that I muſt dye with deſpair, and burn eternally without hoping a moment of releaſe in my torments. You can endure the fire ſo conſtantly (reply'd ſhe with a little too ſharp raillery) that you are leſs to be pityed then another. But, in brief, *Mutius* (added ſhe) content your ſelf with the glory you have acquired, doe not blemiſh it with unjuſt menaces, addict your ſelf rather to ambition then love, and leave me in quiet. I ſhall obey you, Madam (ſaid he to her) and if I cannot leave you in quiet as you deſire, I ſhall employ the ſame hand againſt my ſelf that has lately given peace to *Rome*. Since I am always alike equitable (anſwer'd *Valeria*) I oppoſe that which you intend to doe againſt your ſelf, as I would oppoſe that which you ſhould offer to attempt againſt another. No, no, Madam (ſaid he to her) I have nothing to doe with your equity; and when the fancie takes me, I ſhall know well how to doe my ſelf juſtice. In this manner *Mutius* parted from *Valeria*. *Æmilius* bid her Adieu like an unhappy Lover that dar'd not hope any thing, *Spurius* like a man that never deſpair'd of any thing, but always beleev'd what could not be obtain'd by merit or force, might be by ſubtlety. As for *Octavius*, his farewell to *Hermilia* was ſo reſpectful a declaration of Love, that this fair Virgin, as ſad as ſhe was, could not be offended at it. *Sicinius* following his own humor, bid *Plotina* Adieu in two words; *Acriſius* on the contrary employ'd a thouſand in ſaying almoſt nothing to her. *Damon* who knew of the Dialogue *Amilcar* made while he was ſick, ſpoke to her more againſt his Rival then of his own paſſion; and as for *Amilcar*, he told her he would conduct her to the Camp, and aſſiſt *Telanus* to convoy her. *Colatina* had no Lover at *Rome* whom ſhe regreted, and ſo was not troubled to bid adieu to any but her friends. *Bereliſa* and *Clidamira* were much afflicted to ſee all theſe fair perſons depart, and ſo was *Anacreon*. Indeed *Artemidorus*'s ſickneſs moſt of all took up their care, they went to viſit him very frequently, ſometimes with *Sulpicia*, *Racilia*, or *Ceſonia*, but with this advantage to *Bereliſa*, that the Prince notwithſtanding his weakneſs, obſerved this fair Virgin was more troubled for his wounds then *Clidamira*. He perceiv'd her more ſad and dejected, and beheld in the other more pretence then true ſorrow.

Lucilius being at length return'd, and having brought back the confirmation of the Peace, notwithſtanding the negotiations of *Tarquin* and *Tullia* to break it, preparation was made to ſend away the Hoſtages. Accordingly the next morning all the young Youths that were to be given in Hoſtage, were led to the foot of the *Janiculum*, and the twenty fair Virgins conducted by their relations were put into the hands of the Conſuls, who having caus'd magnificent Chariots to be prepar'd for them, caus'd them to be convoy'd by *Horatius*, *Octavius*, and *Herminius* with the Troops that accompani'd them to the foot of the *Janiculum*. By the way as they went, all the people made a thouſand vows for their preſervation; and being come to that place, *Lucilius* and *Telanus* ſent *Porſenna*'s Orders to cauſe the paſſages to be quitted, and did the like to thoſe that kept the *Janiculum*. Whereupon the forces that kept this place began to draw off towards the King of *Hetruria*'s Camp, at the ſame time that thoſe which follow'd *Horatius*, *Octavius*, and *Herminius* poſſeſs'd themſelves of the Poſt which the other abandon'd. Then the twenty Youths and the twenty fair Virgins, being put under the power of *Lucilius* and *Telanus*, began to march to a place where the Forces of *Porſenna* that relinquiſht the *Janiculum* made a halt till theſe Hoſtages were arriv'd. *Horatius* ſeparating himſelf from the *Roman* Troops, approacht to the Chariot wherein *Clelia* was; ſo did *Herminius* to that of *Valeria*, *Octavius* to that of *Hermilia*, and the other Lovers, that follow'd, to the Chariots wherein the perſons they lov'd were. But *Amilcar* follow'd *Lucilius* and *Telanus*, and was always neer the Chariot of *Clelia* wherein *Plotina* was. But for that there needed a good time for *Porſenna*'s Forces to break up their Camp, and the *Romans* to

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take poſſeſſion of the Poſt they deſerted, all the Chariots wherein the Virgins were, ſtay'd in a Meadow at the head of thoſe Troops, who put themſelves in Battalia as they deſcended. In the mean time the fair Virgins diſcours'd together amongſt themſelves or with *Amilcar*, who ſometimes went to one and ſometimes to another. They had purpos'd to be negligently enough attir'd, but they were enjoyn'd to adorn themſelves, to the end they might draw more reſpect, and be more fitting to be preſented to the King of *Hetruria*, with whom it was not doubted, but *Galerita* and the Princeſs of the *Leontines* would be, when they ſhould be preſented to him; ſo that they never ſeem'd more fair then now. *Clelia*, *Valeria*, and *Plotina* were in the ſame Chariot; *Hermilia* and *Colatina* in another, every one having follow'd their own inclination. *Amilcar* being neer *Clelia*, *Valeria*, and *Plotina*, told them he had a great advantage in being an *African* at this time; for I may now accompany you throughout (ſaid he) whereas, if I were a *Roman*, I durſt not follow you this day, becauſe the *Roman* gravity would not permit me to goe into the Enemies Camp till matters were compleatly pacifi'd. But ſince I take ſpecial priviledges to my ſelf where-ever I am, I goe boldly to *Porſenna*, as if I were an Hoſtage. In good earneſt (anſwer'd *Plotina*) you are ſo more then you imagine; for to ſpeak ſincerely, as often as you give your heart to any fair one, 'tis always on condition that ſhe ſhall reſtore it to you. Ah! perverſe *Plotina* (cry'd he) if you were as long in *Porſenna*'s hands, as my heart ſhall be in yours, you would never return to *Rome*. I aſſure you (ſaid ſhe to him) that though I hope reſtitution will ſhortly be made to *Porſenna* of that little corner of Territory that has been heretofore uſurp'd from him, and conſequently the Treaty being accompliſht, he will ſoon remit us back to *Rome*, yet I would not ſwear your heart ſhould not goe out of my power before I goe out of that of *Porſenna*. But however that be (continued ſhe) 'tis not the thing in Queſtion at preſent, and only tell me, whether you know a man on Horſe-back whom I ſee coming here, who methinks has a very blockiſh aſpect, and is follow'd by five or ſix others that appear not much wiſer. *Clelia* and *Valeria* turning their heads on that ſide, perceiv'd it was the infamous *Sextus*, who led by his own inclination, which always carri'd him where women were, came inſolently from his Quarter to ſee who they were that Lot had choſen out. For though *Tarquin* was much diſcontented with *Porſenna*, yet he did not manifeſt it, and forbore to break wholly with him, hoping always ſomething would happen to diſturb the Peace. Aſſoon as *Clelia* and *Valeria* knew *Sextus*, they gave a great ſhreek, and turn'd away their eyes. But *Telanius* who was in the head of the Forces, whilſt *Lucilius* gave Orders in other places, encourag'd them a little, judging it was not in *Sextus*'s power to attempt any thing againſt them. Whereupon they took heart a little, and were contented to ſalute him with a ſullen and cold aſpect, which made it apparent that if he had not been ſon of the King, they would not have render'd him that civility. On the other ſide, *Sextus* who never conſider'd any thing beſides his own pleaſure, jud'gd *Clelia* ſo fair at this inſtant, that his old paſſion reviv'd in his heart for this excellent perſon. He beheld her with agitation of mind; and approaching to her Chariot with earneſtneſs, he addreſs'd his ſpeech to *Amilcar* with the ſame cheerfulneſs he could have done at the time when he was in *Rome*. I confeſs (ſaid he to *Amilcar*) I was in an error when heretofore I preferr'd brown beauties before the fair, ſince 'tis certain I never ſaw nor never ſhall ſee any perſon ſo beautiful as *Clelia*. This ſpeech of *Sextus* minding *Clelia* and *Valeria* of the lamentable death of *Lucretia* (becauſe it was in maintaining the beauty of that vertuous woman that he had ſpoken againſt the fair) they bluſht with indignation, and *Clelia* ſpeaking to him, No, no, my Lord (ſaid ſhe) doe not give your ſelf the trouble to commend me, but know there is no ſurer way to make me diſpleaſing to my ſelf, then to ſignifie to me that I pleaſe you. Therefore, if you beleeve me, depart from hence; beſides (added ſhe) I conceive 'tis no great pleaſure to you to ſee the *Janiculum* deliver'd to the *Romans*. Your aſpect, Madam (reply'd *Sextus*) makes them that behold it unmindful of their own infelicities. But, my Lord (interrupted *Amilcar*) I know not whether it be not a new unhappineſs to you, to ſee *Clelia* according to the preſent poſture of affairs; and therefore I think it would be good you ſatisfi'd her deſire. Goe, my Lord, goe (interrupted *Valeria*, who could not contain her ſelf) goe hide your crimes in ſome place ſo remote from *Rome*, that you may never there meet a friend of *Lucretia*. But

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to what place ſoever you goe, remember there is not a moment wherein a hundred thouſand perſons doe not hate you. I ſhould laugh at their hatred (anſwer'd he, without being mov'd) were I lov'd but by one perſon. If you deſire to be ſo by any one (reply'd *Valeria*) goe into ſome place where you are not known, and where you may change all your inclinations; for if you doe not, you will be driven out every where, as you are from *Rome*: and remember, 'tis the moſt faithful friend of *Lucretia* that foretels you this day, you will always be as unfortunate as you are criminal. Since there are pleaſures in all places (reply'd he) I make no great reckoning of baniſhment. Pleaſures (ſaid *Plotina*) are not many to thoſe that are exil'd. Not to ſuch as are covetous and ambitious (anſwer'd he) but they are to be found every where by thoſe that ſeek after them, and prefer them above all things. Whilſt *Sextus* was ſpeaking thus, *Amilcar* made a ſign to *Telanus* of the diſguſt his preſence gave to theſe fair Virgins; wherefore to deliver them from it, he commanded the Chariots to advance; for juſt about that time alſo all the forces of the *Janiculum* were arriv'd. So *Telanus* cauſing the Chariots to be drawn into the midſt of them, *Sextus* was conſtrain'd to return to his own Quarter. But before he parted from *Clelia*'s Chariot, Know (ſaid he to her with unparallel'd boldneſs) I looſe not the hope to be happy; and having loſt *Rome* for *Lucretia*, I ſhould be ſtill ready to looſe a hundred Kingdoms for you, if I had them. After this, *Lucilius* coming up to joyn with *Telanus*, the whole body marcht towards the Quarter of *Porſenna*. Where when the fair Virgins were arriv'd, *Lucilius* went to know the Kings pleaſure concerning preſenting them before him. But *Porſenna* having underſtood *Clelia* was amongſt them, would not ſee them, and ſent to ſeek the Prince his ſon, to the end he might not entertain them, giving order they ſhould be put into Tents, ſerv'd well, and guarded diligently. Nevertheleſs *Aronces* who had been advertis'd by *Telanus* that *Clelia* was amongſt the Hoſtages, us'd his intereſt with the Princeſs of the *Leontines* to oblige *Galerita* to come that day to the Camp; and he cauſ'd ſuch diligent notice to be given him when the Chariots would arrive, that he was preciſely at the place where they made a halt, whilſt *Lucilius* went to receive *Porſenna*'s Orders. He was habited this day more ſplendidly then ordinary, though in a military attire. His Horſe was of a dapple-gray, his Feathers were white, *Iſabella*, black, and sky-colour, he had a ſcarf of the ſame colours buckled upon his ſhoulder with the muzzle of a golden Lyon inrich'd with great Diamonds. The guard of his Sword was of the ſame; and in ſhort, his garb was ſo magnificent, that he drew the eyes of all. He was alſo lookt upon very favourably by *Clelia*, who made it very apparent that the ſight of the perſon lov'd embelliſhes, at the firſt appearance after abſence; for aſſoon as *Clelia* perceiv'd *Aronces*, her eyes became more ſparkling, her complexion had a fuller tincture of carnation, joy augmented the gracefulneſs of her mouth, and all the charms of her countenance became thereby more inevitable. *Aronces* on his part, could not at that moment reflect on all the conſequences that might follow upon this interview, but ſo gave up himſelf to joy, that alighting from his Horſe, he went directly to *Clelia*, who deſcended from her Chariot, together with her Companions; and it hapned to be in a place where ſhe could doe it conveniently, for there was a large and thick-ſpread tree about ten paces from her Chariot. Ah! Madam (ſaid he to her, after having ſaluted her and thoſe that follow'd her) is it lawful for me to rejoyce to ſee you in a place where I am not Maſter? yet you would forbid me in vain to doe ſo; for 'tis impoſſible for me to ſee you without reſenting a pleaſure which I am unable to expreſs. That which I have to ſee you, my Lord (anſwer'd ſhe) teaches me ſufficiently, that the firſt ſentiments of the heart are not in a peoples diſpoſing according as the condition of their fortune requires; for though I am always very unhappy, yet I am extreme joyful that I can alſo tell you I am always the ſame, provided you be not changed. Ah! Madam (cry'd *Aronces*) that which you ſay is not obliging, and you have too little eſteem of me, if you doe not repent of it. After this, *Clelia* told *Aronces* that *Plotina* was her ſiſter, and that though *Horatius* was her brother, yet ſhe was always his friend: ſo that there was a very ſweet and ingenious converſation among theſe amiable perſons. As they were in it, *Lucilius* came to bring *Porſenna*'s Orders; but they ſo ſtrict, that out of friendſhip he counſel'd the Prince not to oppoſe them, nor provoke the King. This Order ſenſibly afflicted *Aronces*, *Clelia*, her Companions, and *Amilcar*, who was come to them; but

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yet it was necessary to obey it. So *Clelia*, *Valeria*, and *Plotina* re-entred into their Chariot, after *Aronces* accompani'd by *Amilcar* had told the admirable person he lov'd, that she ought to fear nothing, and that he would dye rather then be wanting in fidelity to her. *Aronces* being mounted on Horse-back, and the Chariots beginning to march in order to conduct the fair Virgins to the Tents which were appointed for them, they beheld a Troop of Ladies appear on Horse-back, in very great gallantry, and following a stately Chariot that went very slowly, which was the Queen of *Hetruria*, and with her *Melintha*, and a very fair and amiable person nam'd *Herfilia*. She that rid in the head of these Ladies was the Princess of the *Leontines*, her Horse being white with a black star in the forehead; her attire was of a flying stuff, silver and blue, and the shape of it very agreeable and advantageous; she wore hanging at a rich scarf that was fastned with a knot of Diamonds, a little Bowe of Ebony garnisht with gold, and a Quiver of the same adorn'd with jewels. Her hair curl'd in half rings was carelessly spread upon her shoulders. So that having upon her head a great Plume of Feathers, the colours of which were pleasing and well suited, and the order irregular (as I may so speak) made an agreeable confusion, this Princess never appear'd more beautiful then she did this day. She was follow'd by *Aurelisa*, *Terentia*, *Amiclea*, and several other Ladies very handsome and gallantly clothed. Assoon as *Aronces* beheld this fair Troop, he left *Clelia* and went to meet the Queen of *Hetruria* and the Princess of the *Leontines*, to the end to desire their protection of that excellent Virgin. In the mean time the Chariots of the twenty fair *Romans*, whom Lot had chosen for Hostages, turning to the right hand towards the *Tyber*, were not so distant but *Clelia* could discern the magnificent garb of the Princess of the *Leontines*, and with what a respectful gesture *Aronces* saluted her; for indeed out of his desire to induce her to protect *Clelia*, he approacht to her with extraordinary respect. Upon which *Clelia* having her heart inflam'd with new affection towards *Aronces*, whom she lately saw, and affected with discontent occasion'd by the rigorous order of *Porsenna*, her mind became so troubled, that she could not hinder her self from giving some signs of her inquietude. She chang'd colour several times, she had her head always turn'd toward the side where the Princess of the *Leontines* was, as long as she was in sight, and moreover she sigh'd very heavily. But that which compleated her anxiety, was, that putting forth her heard; she heard one of those that guarded her, saying to another as they beheld *Aronces*, See, our Prince there is much taken up with his new Mistress. These words were no sooner understood by *Clelia*, but jealousie as suddenly seiz'd upon her heart, as an hour before Love did upon that of *Sextus*. But whilst this secret trouble was exciting in her breast, *Plotina* and *Valeria* were reasoning concerning *Porsenna*'s Order. Nevertheless the change hapned in *Clelia*'s fair eyes did not escape their observation; whereupon *Valeria* addressing to this admirable person, Whence arises this new sadness? (said she) and what thought has come into your minde? Though *Porsenna*'s Order be something severe, yet we are delivered from an unpleasing ceremony, in that we shall not be presented to him. Therefore since I beleeve he dares not violate the Law of Nations, nor treat you ill, I see no cause for the excessive melancholy that appears in your eyes. For my part (added *Plotina*) I am of *Valeria*'s mind; and therefore let me intreat you, my dear sister, not to abandon your self to sadness. When the heart is possess'd with jealousie (answer'd she blushing) it is not possible but that it should also be abandon'd to sadness. But how can you become jealous in so short a time? (said *Plotina*.) *Clelia* seeing her self urg'd by her friends, told them what she heard, and what she observ'd. But doe you not know (said *Valeria*) *Aronces* suffers it to be beleev'd that he is amorous of the Princess of the *Leontines*, to the end *Porsenna* might not propound to him the marriage of the Prince of *Ceres* daughter? I know it (answer'd *Clelia*) but I know too that the Princess of the *Leontines* is infinitely charming, that I am unfortunate, and that it is not impossible but that *Aronces* conceiving he cannot marry me, has suffer'd his heart to be touch't with the beauty of that Princess; for, for my own part, I find that were I a man, I could not chuse but love her. Ah! my dear sister (cry'd *Plotina*) you think you should love this Princess if you were a man, only because you have at present a great disposition not to love her. That is, in brief, the jealousie which will cause you to hate her, makes her appear more lovely then really she is, though she is so in a high degree.

degree. But however, you are unjuſt; for after all *Aronces* has done for you, you ſuſpect him upon too light an occaſion. No, no, (reply'd *Valeria*) blame not *Clelia* ſo much; for when a perſon loves ardently and is unfortunate, it is very eaſie for jealouſie to ariſe without cauſe; and certainly only ſuch as know not how to love, are wholly free from jealouſie. Theſe fair Virgins ſpoke many things more to this purpoſe, till they arriv'd at the Tents prepar'd for them, where they were receiv'd with magnificence and reſpect. *Lucilius* and *Telanus* caus'd them to be attended with all imaginable care, and omitted nothing that might ſerve to evidence themſelves the moſt honorable perſons in the World. Nevertheleſs at the ſame time, not daring to diſobey *Porſenna*'s Order, they caus'd them to be guarded diligently. This King (imagining there had been ſome deceit in the choice of the Hoſtages, and that *Clelia* was purpoſely ſent to his Camp out of hope to mollifie him, and to augment *Aronces*'s love by her preſence) was much diſpleas'd about it both againſt the *Romans* and againſt *Aronces*, whom he ſuſpected to have had ſome influence in the buſineſe. Yet ſeeing him arrive with the Princeſs of the *Leontines*, he knew not what to think of it. But *Galerita* and the Princeſs being much ſolicitous to ſerve *Aronces*, aſſoon as they came to *Porſenna*'s preſence, they declar'd the joy they reſented in ſeeing the peace ſo well advanc'd, and askt him wherefore he did not ſee the Hoſtages. Becauſe (anſwer'd he) the perſon is ſent amongſt them who of all the world undoubtedly hates me moſt. And therefore (added, he looking upon *Aronces*) I abſolutely forbid you to ſeeher, or have any correſpondence with her. My Lord (ſaid the dejected Prince) the order you have given for the guarding of the fair *Romans*, is ſo ſtrict, that it will be no merit to obey you; but if it be lawfull for me to anſwer ſomething that is contrary to your ſentiments, I ſhall beſeech you to conſider that nothing ought to be more ſacred then the perſons of Hoſtages. I grant it (reply'd *Porſenna*) and 'tis to that end that I require they be diligently guarded. *Aronces* judging then that *Galerita* and the Princeſs of the *Leontines* would doe him more ſervice if himſelf were not preſent then if he were, he withdrew, and left them in effect the liberty to protect himſelf in protecting *Clelia*. Yet they durſt not ſpeak to *Porſenna* concerning that admirable Lady in particular, but only of her and all her Companions in general. At firſt the King of *Hetruria* would not allow that any perſons ſhould ſee them: but the two Princeſſes ſo earneſtly repreſented to him that that would cauſe an ill rumor in *Rome*, as if they were kept Priſoners, that he yeelded to their Counſel, being contented only to prohibit the Prince his ſon the liberty of ſeeing them; but he granted the Princeſſes permiſſion to goe and viſit them. In the mean time the Prince *Titus* who always lov'd *Colatina* paſſionately, went from *Tarquin*'s Quarter to that of *Porſenna*, to endeavour to get liberty to ſee her; *Sextus* who was become violently amorous of *Clelia*, went thither too with the ſame purpoſe; and the fierce *Tullia*, whoſe mind was always bent to doe miſchief to ſome or other, and to make all things ſubſervient to her revenge, or ambition, deviſ'd in her mind (ſo fertile in inventions of wickedneſs) what ſhe ſhould doe to hinder the accompliſhment of the peace, or at leaſt to torment *Clelia*. *Tarquin* for his part, in the midſt of his misfortunes had his thoughts imploy'd upon *Clelia*, and was ſomething pleas'd, to hear *Aronces* was deny'd liberty to viſit her. The day after the fair *Romans* came to *Porſenna*'s Camp, the Queen of *Hetruria* and the Princeſs of the *Leontines* went to ſee them; but by the way they met with *Sextus*, and could not hinder him from accompanying them, though they urg'd him as much as they could to forbear. As for the Prince *Titus*, he was ſo belov'd by both parties, that they did not ſcruple to take him into this viſit; and the curioſity to ſee theſe twenty fair *Romans* being almoſt general, the Princeſſes were accompany'd by the generous *Melintha*, the amiable *Herſilia*, *Amiclea*, *Aureliſa*, *Terentia*, and ſeveral men of Quality. The *Romane* Ladies having been advertis'd by *Lucilius* and *Telanus* of the viſit they were to receive, they adorned themſelves more ſpeedily this day; and *Clelia* out of a jealous conceit, and to pleaſe the Queen of *Hetruria*, omitted nothing that conduc'd to make her appear amiable. Only *Hermilia* was in a negligent dreſs, which teſtifi'd ſhe did not care to pleaſe: yet being fair, young, and tall, ſhe did not ceaſe to be very graceful. It may be ſaid, there was never a more glorious ſight, then when theſe twenty fair Virgins went to receive the Queen of *Hetruria* at the entry of their Tents. For the Lot had ſo happily choſen them out, that there was not one of them but was extremely handſome and agreeable.

greeable. *Valeria*, *Clelia*, and *Plotina* being in the front of this fair Company, the firſt as being daughter of the firſt Conſul ſpoke thus in the name of all her Companions, when ſhe ſaluted *Galerita*. Had my Companions and my ſelf had liberty to doe our duty, Madam (ſaid ſhe very gracefully) we ſhould have had the honour to have gone and ſaluted your Majeſty aſſoon as we ſaw you arrive in the Camp: But, Madam, ſince we are not in our own power, no doubt you are ſo equitable as not to accuſe us of being deficient in the reſpect we owe you. The Queen of *Hetruria* very civilly receiv'd that which *Valeria* ſpoke to her, and alſo made an anſwer to it; but it was almoſt without thinking what ſhe was doing; for the Princeſs of the *Leontines* having before caus'd her to take notice of *Clelia*, ſhe beheld her with ſo great admiration that ſhe could not refrain from giving advantageous ſigns of what ſhe thought of her. Aſſoon as ſhe had done anſwering *Valeria*, ſhe turned her ſelf towards the Princeſs of the *Leontines* and ſpeaking to her, Report is injurious to *Clelia*'s beauty (ſaid ſhe) for certainly it tranſcends all the praiſes that are publiſh'd of it, and I beleeve it can never be ſufficiently extoll'd. *Galerita* had ſcarce ſpoke this, but all that accompani'd her, perceiving it was free for them to ſpeak what they thought, commended *Clelia* ſo highly, that ſhe bluſhit at it; whereby modeſty imbelliſhing her more, ſhe confirm'd all the applauſes that were given her. After which *Galerita*, having commended all theſe fair Virgins in general, ſeparated *Clelia* from the reſt and talkt with her for ſome time, whilſt the Princeſs of the *Leontines*, *Melintha*, *Herſilia*, and the other Ladies were ſpeaking to *Valeria*, *Plotina*, and their companions. As for Prince *Titus*, he entertain'd *Colatina*, whom he had not ſeen ſince his leaving *Rome*; but *Sextus* was wholly ſilent, and only beheld *Clelia* ſo attentively, that it was eaſie to perceive that he had not lov'd the unfortunate *Lucretia* more ardently. *Amilcar*, who had follow'd the Queen of *Hetruria*, joyn'd in the diſcourſe with the Princeſs of the *Leontines* and *Plotina*; *Tullus* did the like; *Aureliſa* and *Terentia* admir'd theſe fair *Romans*; and *Valeria* and her companions returning them commendations for thoſe they gave, this firſt converſation paſs'd in reciprocal civilities. But *Clelia* ſpoke ſo handſomely to *Galerita*, that ſhe was as much charm'd with her wit, as her beauty; yet ſhe would not mention any thing to her concerning *Aronces*, but aſſur'd her in general, ſhe would protect her in all things, and omit no opportunity to doe her good offices. After which turning her ſelf towards the other *Romane* Ladies, the Princeſs of the *Leontines* approacht to *Clelia*, with intention to aſſure her ſhe would ſerve her with all her heart, and give her an account of the ſentiments *Aronces* had for her. But *Sextus* coming to her at the ſame moment, it was impoſſible for her to execute her purpoſe; beſides, that *Clelia* appear'd to her with ſo cold an aſpect, that this did ſufficiently amuſe her. Nevertheleſs, ſoon after ſhe thought *Sextus*'s preſence caus'd that coldneſs of hers, ſo that hoping to ſee her often, ſhe was not very earneſt to diſcourſe with her apart. On the contrary beleeving ſhe ſhould doe her a pleaſure in taking off *Sextus*, ſhe pretended to have ſomething to ſay to this Prince, and accordingly whiſper'd a little to him; but preſently after, the Queen of *Hetruria* being retir'd, ſhe could doe no more but tell *Clelia*, ſhe would ſee her again ſpeedily. Notwithſtanding ſhe ſpoke this with a very obliging air, yet the ſecret jealouſie this fair Virgin had in her breaſt caus'd her to anſwer her with ſome coldneſs, though with ſufficient civility. The Queen of *Hetruria* as ſhe return'd ſpoke of nothing but the beauty of *Clelia*, and the charms of her mind. *Sextus* ſeem'd ſo tranſported with it, that he could not refrain from ſpeaking things which made it apparent he was deeply enamour'd of her; and all that accompani d *Galerita* were ſo taken with her, that they contended who ſhould extol her moſt. Her companions were alſo much commended, and though fair Ladies love not very much to applaud thoſe that own that advantageous quality, yet *Aureliſa*, *Terentia*, and all the reſt acknowledg'd nothing could be ſeen ſo handſome as *Clelia*, and that next her, *Valeria*, *Plotina*, *Hermilia*, and *Colatina* were the moſt charming perſons in the world. When *Galerita* arriv'd at her Tent, ſhe underſtood that the cruel *Tullia* was in private conference with *Porſenna*, and ſhe was told of it by *Aronces*, who was extremely troubled at it. And ſo was ſhe too; for ſhe knew well of what dangerous artifices this perſon was capable. But to comfort him, ſhe talk'd with him ſo advantageouſly of *Clelia*, that it gave him ſatisfaction in ſome meaſure. You have reaſon *Aronces* (ſaid *Galerita* to him) to prefer *Clelia* above all the reſt

of the world; for being noble, vertuous, ingenious, and the greateſt beauty that ever liv'd, and having an affection for you, I conceive nothing is to be deſir'd for your happineſs but the conſent of *Porſenna*. Ah! Madam (cry'd *Aronces*) that conſent is hard to be obtain'd. I confeſs it (anſwer'd the Queen) but nevertheleſs I am perſwaded, if the King ſaw *Clelia*, it would be more eaſie to prevail with him; and I purpoſe to continue ſome dayes in the Camp, that I may endeavour to bring him to reſolve upon it. *Aronces* thanked *Galerita* for this deſign of hers, and afterwards requeſted the Princeſs of the *Leontines*, to aſſiſt her in moving *Porſenna* to ſee *Clelia*. As he left the Queen, he ſaw his Father the King, who ſeem'd to be ſufficiently penſive; he underſtood by ſome of the Officers that were faithful to him, that when *Tullia* departed from *Porſenna*, he told her, he would keep his word, provided ſhe kept hers; and that this Princeſs went away with an aſpect ſufficiently ſatisfi'd. But the unfortunate *Aronces* not being able to ſee *Clelia*, writ to her in the moſt paſſionate manner in the world, and oblig'd *Titus*, *Telanus*, and *Amilcar* to tell her a hundred things every day in his name. At the ſame time, liberty of intercourſe between *Rome* and the Camp being ratifi'd, excepting for ſuch *Romans* as had follow'd *Tarquin*, the Princeſs of the *Leontines* went to ſee the Prince her Brother, who was a little recover'd; and *Herminius*, *Horatius*, *Octavius*, *Æmilius*, *Zenocrates*, *Anacreon*, and many others caus'd themſelves to be preſented to *Porſenna*, to the end they might have liberty to viſit the twenty fair Virgins that were given as Hoſtages. By this means the converſation became very delightful both at the Tents of the Queen of *Hetruria*, the Princeſs of the *Leontines*, and thoſe in which the fair *Romans* were. As for *Mutius*, his mind was ſo incenſed with the laſt converſation he had with *Valeria*, that he would not goe thither; and he was obſerv'd to avoyd almoſt all the world, and to be diſcontented and penſive, though the glory he had acquir'd ought to have afforded him very great ſatisfaction. About this time the Prince of *Meſſene* found himſelf reduc'd to extremity; but at his death he caus'd *Themiſtus* to be advertis'd that he might goe and receive the recompence of his fidelity, and that ſome dayes before he had ſtopt a man that had order to deliver a Letter to him from the Prince of *Syracuſa*, and another from the Princeſs *Lindamira*, which inform'd him that he might return. And accordingly *Themiſtus* underſtanding this agreeable news, and ſeeing the War ended, fitted himſelf to depart aſſoon as the wound in his arm ſhould be cured. The Prince of *Meſſene*'s death, and the happineſs of his Rival, ſerving then for diſcourſe to all the world, it hapned that *Clelia* and *Plotina* obſerving *Zenocrates* very melancholy, the latter askt him if he had any particular intereſt in that adventure. Alas! Madam (anſwer'd he, ſighing) I am concern'd only with my own miſeries, of which both the felicity and misfortunes of others doe alike reduce the remembrance into my minde. Yet ſome troubleſome thing muſt needs have befallen you within this little while (ſaid *Clelia*) for the bare remembrance of remote unhappineſſes does not produce the melancholy which I perceive in your eyes. 'Tis eaſie to appear ſad, (reply'd *Zenocrates*) when greater are apprehended to come. But *Valeria* interrupting this diſcourſe by ſpeaking ſomething apart to *Clelia*, *Plotina* continu'd, and ſo urg'd *Zenocrates* to tell her the cauſe of his diſcontent, that he confeſt to her he was extremely jealous, but would not diſcover to her who was the perſon he lov'd. After which *Plotina* told *Clelia* what *Zenocrates* had confeſt to her. An hour after the Princeſs of the *Leontines* being arriv'd, *Clelia* heard *Amiclea* ſay to *Zenocrates*, as ſhe paſs'd by him, You are to blame, and more then you can imagine. She alſo obſerv'd that the Princeſs of the *Leontines* bluſht as ſhe lookt upon *Zenocrates*, and that *Zenocrates*'s dejectedneſs increas'd by beholding the Princeſs. So that comparing all theſe circumſtances, ſhe conjectur'd that *Zenocrates* lov'd the Princeſs, and that *Aronces* was the cauſe of his jealouſie. Which thought ſo augmented her own, that ſhe was forc'd to pretend her ſelf a little indiſpos'd, for fear leſt the alteration of her humor ſhould be taken notice of. Nevertheleſs ſhe had ſo great curioſity to know perfectly the Adventures of the Princeſs of the *Leontines*, that ſhe requeſted *Plotina* and *Valeria* to ingage her to relate them; and theſe two fair Ladies acted with ſuch addreſs, after *Zenocrates* was gone, that they prevail'd with her to grant that which *Clelia* deſir'd. That which you requeſt of me (ſaid this charming Princeſs to them) is harder to grant you then you imagine; but I cannot refuſe a thing that is poſſible, to three ſuch amiable perſons as you; moreover,

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to ſpeak freely, I foreſee that within a few dayes, that will be known which I have hitherto ſo carefully conceal'd. However (added ſhe) *Amiclea* muſt relate to you what you deſire to know; for I confeſs to you that I ſhould not be able to tell you divers things, the bare remembrance of which makes me bluſh, though they be not criminal. *Clelia*, *Valeria*, and *Plotina* having conſented to what ſhe deſir'd, ſhe went away, and left *Amiclea* with theſe three fair Virgins, who being alone in their Tent, beſeech'd her to give them a full Relation of all that concern'd the Princeſs of the *Leontines*. And thereupon according to the order ſhe had receiv'd from her, ſhe began to ſpeak in this manner.

The History of the Princeſs Lysimena.

IF you did not know the Princeſs of the *Leontines*, I ſhould begin her Hiſtory with her Elogium, thereby to intereſs you in her misfortunes; but ſince you are not ignorant that ſhe is very beautiful and very amiable, that ſhe is a perſon of extraordinary wit and merit, and that nevertheleſs her vertue ſurpaſſes all her charms; it remains only that I acquaint you with her infelicities, to the end to excite your compaſſion to her, and to relate her Adventures to you, thereby to increaſe your admiration of her. I will not take much pains to deſcribe to you how the Court of *Leontium* ſtood when we were there; I ſhall only tell you by the way, that there was none more delightful in all *Sicily*, though (as you know) there be a great number there, and it be at this day one of the places moſt fam'd for ſplendor and politeneſs in the world. The Country being very handſome and fertile, the air agreeable, and liberty ſufficient, it is undoubtedly extreme pleaſant living there. But it muſt be confeſs'd, that during the firſt yeers of the Princeſs *Lyſimena*'s life, the Court of *Leontium* was more delightful then it can be at this day. For when the principal Perſons of a Court have well-temper'd minds, their example renders all their inferiors more civilis'd and vertuous. The late Prince of *Leontium* was certainly a very accompliſht Prince; and the Princeſs of *Leontium*, his wife, was indu'd with all the Qualities that can cauſe a Perſon of Honour to be admir'd. Moreover, it may be aſſur'd that the Princeſs *Lyſimena* reſembles her as much, as *Artemidorus* does the late Prince, his Father. He that reigns at this day, has unqueſtionably ſome Qualities that ought to be commended; for he is indu'd with wit and courage: but he is naturally diſtruſtful, exceſſively jealous of his Authority, when he need not, and beſides has ſome inclination to cruelty. But to return to the Princeſs *Lyſimena*, you ſhall know, that from her infancie ſhe was very amiable, and that at twelve yeers old ſhe was the greateſt ornament of the Court. It was beleev'd at that time, that ſhe had but one Brother; for you muſt know, *Artemidorus* at the age of ten yeers was taken by *Pyrates*, as the Prince of *Leontium* ſent him to *Greece* under the conduct of a wiſe Governor called *Cleanthus*, to be brought up there till he ſhould come to the age of eighteen yeers; after which no tidings had been heard of him. So that when the Prince his Father dy'd, *Lyſimena* remain'd under the Authority of the Prince of *Leontium* her Brother who Reigns at this day. Whilſt the Princeſs her mother was alive, ſhe was not without ſome conſolation; beſides, being then but ſixteen yeers old, grief more eaſily wore out of her mind, and ſhe became capable of all the joy that can be found in a ſplendid Court by a Perſon that holds the chief rank there in all things, and ſees her ſelf as much ſuperior to all about her both in beauty, wit, and Quality. The Princeſs *Lyſmena* has always had the advantage to be free from one of thoſe defects which are ſufficiently common in thoſe of her rank; for ſhe had never any of that intolerable pride, through which ſuch as are poſſeſs'd with it, think they doe too much honour to thoſe that ſerve them, when they only take notice of the reſpect they bear to them; who deſpiſe all that are not of a very conſiderable rank; who are not oblig'd by any thing whatſoever, who will be lov'd without loving again; who ſcorn gratitude, who will be yeelded to in every thing, who underſtand nothing of liberality, and who have not ſo much as the art to chuſe their own pleaſures well. On the contrary, I can aſſure you, ſhe has always very well known how to diſcern the truth of all things, ſhe has lov'd thoſe that lov'd her perſon more then ſuch as reſpected her condition, and has been as diligent to render her

ſelf worthy to be lov'd, as if her birth and beauty had afforded her no advantage. And to ſpeak truth, the diligence ſhe has us'd has admirably ſucceeded. I was ſome yeers elder then the Princeſs; but ſhe attaining to an early prudence, lov'd rather to converſe with ſuch as exceeded her in age, then ſuch as were younger: ſo that my mother being very much belov'd by the late Princeſs of *Leontium*, I went frequently to the Palace, where I had the good fortune to be choſen amongſt a hundred more amiable Virgins then my ſelf, to be the Princeſſes favorite. At that time a very neer Kinſman of the Prince of *Syracuſa* who dwelt at *Leontium*, became extremely amorous of *Lyſimena*; his name was *Meleontus*, and he is a perſon of undoubted courage, wit, and magnificence; but he is naturally diſtruſtful; and though he be very noble, yet he is ſo little maſter of himſelf when he is in choler, that he is at ſuch times capable of many things which he would not have done when his choler is paſs'd. Moreover, *Meleontus* is a very goodly Perſon, and has a kind of noble boldneſs in the air of his countenance, which ſutes both with his Quality and humor. Being uſually a partaker in all the pleaſures of the Prince, he had the freedom to ſee the Princeſs *Lyſimena*, very often. Whereby it is not to be wondred, if ſeeing a moſt amiable perſon every day, he could not hinder himſelf from loving her. Beſides, to ſpeak truth, it was ſo much the mode to love *Lyſimena*, that it was ſaid at Court, She had not one ſlave that was not amorous of her. It was diſcover'd that a Painter, as he drew her Picture, became her Lover; and one of the Gardeners of the Palace, to whom ſhe had ſpoken very often (becauſe ſhe much delights in flowers) loſt his reaſon through the exceſs of love he had for her. Moreover, it was for this cauſe that ſhe was ſtil'd ſo as ſhe is at this day; for a certain perſon ſaying one day pleaſantly, that to diſtinguiſh her from the Princeſs her Mother, who was call'd the Princeſs of *Leontium*, ſhe ought to be term'd the Princeſs of the *Leontines*, ſince ſhe reign'd in the hearts of all the Prince her Brothers Subjects; the conceit was taken up, and ſhe came by degrees to be generally ſtil'd ſo. Nevertheleſs, this univerſal love caus'd her to be hated and envy'd by ſeveral beauties: *Clidamira* whom you know, was certainly a little envious at her, but amongſt others there was a woman of Quality, that thought her ſelf more beautiful then *Lyſimena*, who proceeded ſo far to wiſh her as much miſchief as if the Princeſs had undone her in her fortune, though ſhe was guilty of no other crime but being as amiable as you ſee. This woman, who is call'd *Amerintha*, is indeed very fair, and has no common temper of mind, as you ſhall know in the ſequel of my diſcourſe. *Meleontus* having been her ſervant for ſome time, and afterwards forſaking her to adore *Lyſimena*, ſhe thereupon began to hate the Princeſs (as I told you) although ſhe diſſembled it as much as ſhe could. In the mean time *Meleontus* omitted nothing which he judg'd might ſerve to make his paſſion known to *Lyſimena*, who had no inclination at all towards him. But becauſe the Prince her Brother did not diſapprove this affection, ſhe durſt not treat him unkindly: but her particular humor was ſo averſe from all Courtſhip, that upon all occaſions ſhe commended Friendſhip above Love, maintaining that there is nothing more delightful then to have Friends, and nothing more troubleſome then to have Lovers, whether they be lov'd again or no. And accordingly ſhe was very ſevere to the former, and very gentle to the latter. *Zenocrates* was at this time at *Leontium*, where having been very amorous of an amiable Lady nam'd *Andromira*, his love at length turn'd into friendſhip. Which, beſides, was a Friendſhip without ardour, and not much pleaſing; ſo that he ſaid ſometimes laughing, That there is far more pleaſure in having a Friend of a Lady that had always been a Friend, then in having one that had been conſidered as a Miſtreſs, and is no longer lookt upon but as a Friend. *Andromira* being a little related to me, I frequently reproacht *Zenocrates* with his change, and this was no unuſual ſubject of our converſation. If you did not know him, I ſhould tell you of the goodlineſs of his perſonage, the vivacity of his wit, and all the good qualities he is indu'd with; but it will be ſufficient to let you know that he is of a very noble extraction, that he is originally a *Greek*, though he was born at a City call'd *Herbeſa* which was his Fathers, and is not far from *Leontium*; I ſhall adde further, that he was at that time of great eſteem in this Court. That which hapned between him and *Andromira* being a very rare caſe, all the world talk'd of it, and *Lyſimena* making advantage of it in reference to her own ſentiments, ſaid, it was eaſie to perceive thereby the expedience of returning to Friendſhip. For

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my part (said I to her one day in the presence of *Meleontus* and *Zenocrates*) I doe not conceive how any one is capable of Friendship towards another that has been lov'd; for if I had once had an affection for a man, I think I could not desist from it without hating him, or at least without having an indifference for him, which could never become Friendship. I a- of *Amicle*'s minde (said *Meleontus*) and I doe not think it possible for me ever to be Friend to my Mistress. For my part (said *Lysimena*) Friendship is so high in my esteem, that I account it good at all times. But how is it possible (said *Meleontus*) for Love to become Friendship? What becomes of the desires, impatiencies, melancholies, fears, transports, little and great pleasures, suspitions, hope, jealousie, and all the other passions that are inseparable from Love? In truth (said *Zenocrates*) I cannot tell you what is become of all these, but I know that at present I have the greatest tranquility of the world in reference to *Andromira*, and that she cannot give me either great trouble or great pleasure. I behold her without desires and without hopes, I should serve her if it were in my power, I esteem her, I love her, and I visit her also very often: but for the most part, our conversation is but luke-warm, and our Friendship has nothing in it that affords much inquietude or great delight. But did you ever love that person? (said *Meleontus*.) More then you can imagine (answer'd *Zenocrates*.) I can witness (reply'd I) that he has made very amorous Verses upon her, and I have seen him inquieted, jealous, and much solicitous concerning her. But that which I admire most (said *Lysimena*) is, that *Andromira* should be capable of returning to Friendship as well as he. Ah! Madam (said *Meleontus*) *Zenocrates* must needs have lov'd but weakly when he was amorous, since he could become a Friend of a Lover; however, I am well assur'd (said he with a lower voice) I finde I shall never have any Friendship for the admirable *Lysimena*. That which you speak is so disobliging to me (answer'd the Princess) that you deserve I should give you a sharp answer. That which I said is so true and so passionate, Madam (reply'd he) that I cannot beleeve it possible for you to be so unjust as to hate me for it. After this, other Ladies being arriv'd, the discourse was chang'd. Nevertheless, from that day *Meleontus* became more confident to speak to *Lysimena* concerning his Love, although she always forbid him, and *Zenocrates* became so intimate a friend to her, that no man in the Court was so high in her favour, nor had so much liberty to see her. For *Zenocrates* had in a short time got such a reputation of being inconstant, that not fearing he would become her Lover, she was joyful that he was her Friend. We oftentimes reproach him that he had only the beginnings of love; and he was so expert at raillery thereupon, that it render'd our conversation very delightful. *Meleontus*'s love in the mean time augmented to the higheſt degree he was capable of, he being a person more inclin'd to this passion then to Friendship. These two persons were often together, and seem'd to be considerably intimate, though indeed they communicated nothing of importance one to another; for *Zenocrates* loves not to declare his secrets, and *Meleontus* is so distrustful, that he car'd not to put confidence in him, especially in what concern'd *Lysimena*. 'Tis true, he had no great secrets to tell of in this respect, for though he had the most violent passion for the Princess, that ever was, yet she answer'd it so little, that she afforded him no great matter for secrecie. Nevertheless, he was not discourag'd; for though the Princess of *Leontium* did not much approve his pretensions to the Princess her daughter, yet the Prince her Son so upheld him in them, that he was not destitute of hope. In the mean time there were made continual feasts, at which *Zenocrates* was always present as *Lysimena*'s friend. This Quality was no doubt very advantageous to him, and gave him many occasions of conversing with her, which otherwise he could not have had, if his inconstancie had not secur'd him from being apprehended by *Lysimena* as a man that was amorous of her. So that by degrees she came to have a very dear friendship for *Zenocrates*; who on the other side lov'd her no doubt as much as he could, and often told her, that he lov'd her more then four of his Mistresses. Thus *Lysimena* taking much delight in the amity of such an agreeable Friend, and (if I dare say it) in mine, dayly confirm'd her self in the opinion she then had, That Love is less sweet then Friendship. *Zenocrates* in the mean time was better treated as her Friend, then *Meleontus* was as her Lover. *Andromira* was sometimes present in their conversations, and one day the Princess ask'd her, Whether *Zenocrates* were a more agreeable

Friend

Friend then a Lover. In truth, Madam (anſwer'd *Andromira*, ſmiling) I cannot well reſolve your Queſtion; all that I can tell you, is, that when our affection was a little more tender then friendſhip, we had more pain and more pleaſure; but at this day when it has chang'd its nature, we doe not divert our ſelves much in our familiarity. That anſwer of *Andromira* to *Lyſimena* ſeem'd to her ſo remarkable, that being alone the next day in her Cloſet, ſhe made a deſcription of that perſons ſentiments, ſhe painted her out to the life, and did me the favour to ſhew me what ſhe writ upon this ſubject, which was extremely pleaſant. For without pencil or colours, ſhe made ſo exact a picture of *Andromira*, that none could but know it. At firſt the Princeſs would have conceal'd this Portraiture; but telling *Zenocrates* of it, and *Zenocrates* not being able to hide a thing made for the honour of the Princeſs's wit, told it to the Prince, the Prince to *Meleontus*, and *Meleontus* to the whole Court. Upon which, as all the world is full of imitators, good or bad, in a few days all the men of the Court became Painters, and all the women made their own Pourtraits, without conſidering that it is very difficult to ſpeak handſomely of ones ſelf: for if a perſon ſet forth his own commendations, he becomes ridiculous and inſufferable; if he blame himſelf juſtly, he would doe better to amend his faults then publiſh them; and if he ſpeak neither good nor ill of himſelf, he is ſufficiently tedious.

But, in brief, a Conſtellation ſtronger then Reaſon put all the World into this vain. The moſt excuſable were ſuch as overcommended themſelves, for they delineated themſelves according to their ſelf-conceit; and the moſt faulty were ſuch as made Satyrical Pourtraitures againſt perſons whoſe goodneſs and vertue ought to have exempted them from envy. Though indeed the Authors injur'd themſelves, by deſcribing themſelves amongſt all the worthy perſons, and did no hurt to thoſe they intended to injure. Upon this occaſion all diſcourſes were only concerning Pourtraitures, every one had ſome in their Pockets, and the end of the Compoſers was only to give Copies from one to another. One day, amongſt an honourable Company, at the Palace of the Princeſs of *Leontium* where *Lyſimena* was at that time, ariſe a diſcourſe concerning the Portraitures in faſhion. For my part (ſaid *Meleontus*) I like not this ardency of doing that always which others doe, and that becauſe ſome one perſon has made a handſome Portrait, therefore all the world ſhould betake themſelves to make bad. In truth (added I) I beleeve there is not a perſon at *Leontium* that has a Looking-glaſs, but has made their own picture, excepting my ſelf who could never reſolve to ſpeak either good or ill in my own behalf. After this, *Lyſimena* ask'd if there were any new Portraiture, and *Zenocrates* told her two were made of the ſame perſon by no ordinary invention; which the Princeſs deſiring to ſee, *Zenocrates*, who had them, gave them to her to read, telling her, the firſt of them ſeem'd to be made by ſome Lover or ſome friend of *Amerintha*. I eaſily beleeve (anſwer'd *Lyſimena*) it might be made by a Lover; but as for a Friend, I doubt it: for *Amerintha* loves not to have Friends, and I am perſwaded few people have many, againſt their own wills. After this *Lyſimena* began to read that which follows.

The PORTRAITURE of AMERINTHA.

AMerintha *is of a tall and handſome ſtature, of a good Aſpect, and has all the luſtre of a great Beauty: her eyes are ſparkling and ſweet, they excite Love, Fear, and Hope, all at the ſame time. They are the faireſt azure in the World, and her hair is of the moſt goodly flaxen, that ever was ſeen. She has a little mouth, ruddy and ſmiling, and a thouſand charms in the air of her countenance. Her complexion is clear even to admiration, and ſhe has ſuch an agreeable mind, in which ſweetneſs and confidence, modeſty, and gallantry, cheerfulneſs, and ſometimes penſiveneſe appear together. She is obliging and civil; ſhe ſpeaks well, ſhe has a good grace, ſhe pleaſes all that ſee her; and whoever is not in love the firſt time he ſees her, is incapable of ever being ſo. Her heart is reſolute enough to undertake difficult things without ſcruple, nothing perplexes or aſtoniſhes her, ſhe truſts always either to her beauty or to her addreſs. And indeed ſhe has*

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Reaſon to confide in them, ſince to this hour ſhe has almoſt always done whatever ſhe deſired to doe, nothing being able to reſiſt her; and I beleeve ſhe will perpetually doe her own pleaſure.

It muſt be confeſs'd (ſaid *Lyſimena* after ſhe had done reading) that *Amerintha* has all that this Portraiture attributes to her. I acknowledge it (anſwer'd *Meleontus*) but ſhe has ſome things that are not expreſsd in it. Nevertheleſs (added I) there is none but would know her by this deſcription. If it be ſo (ſaid *Zenocrates*) you will not judge the other Portrait made of her to be very like. There are Pictures ſometimes (anſwer'd *Lyſimena*) that doe not reſemble one another, and yet are very like the perſons for whom they were made: but to judge whether this be ſo, let us ſee it. After which ſhe began to read the Second

PORTRAITURE of AMERINTHA.

AMerintha *is a Perſon* (*you think perhaps I am going to ſay, Wonderful, but it is more juſt to ſay*) *Incomprehenſible; and no doubt you will agree with me by that time I have made her Picture. Her Beauty is gay, her Complexion pale, her Eyes ſufficiently terrible, and her words paſs through one of the handſomeſt mouths in the World. Her Hair is fair, and the air of her whole Perſon noble enough; but her Hands are not made to catch Hearts, for they are ſo deform'd, that ſhe always hides them in a corner of a great vail ſhe wears, for fear ſhe ſhould ſhew them either to her Lovers or her ſelf. Nor are her Arms more handſome; her neck too is ſufficiently ill-ſhap'd: and for my part, I confeſs, my imagination perſwades me, that all which I doe not ſee, more reſembles that which diſpleaſes me then that which ſeems agreeable to me. But, which is ſtrange, that which is handſome in this Perſon ſerves only to injure her; ſince ſhe does not attract Lovers but to make her ſelf Enemies; and it may be ſaid ſhe never cauſes her ſelf to be lov'd, but the better to render her ſelf hated. For they that doe not love her, admire her more then they that doe; becauſe aſſoon as any one has had time enough to know her, he finds that ſhe loves none but her ſelf, that her heart is full of diſſimulation, and that ſhe uſes a certain falſe goodneſs only the better to deceive ſuch as ſhe deſires to deſtroy; that her Wit only ſerves her to frame intrigues, and to perplex all thoſe ſhe calls Friends; that her confidence is ſeldome employ'd but to perform actions worthy to be repented of; that ſhe does Civilities to none but thoſe from whom ſhe knows ſhe ſhall receive greater; that ſhe imploys craft in all things, and underſtands not true Prudence. She is expert enough in diſguiſing truth, though in ſome occaſions ſhe has been liable to conviction of falſhood; ſhe loves liberality in another, and never practiſes it; ſhe would have it beleev'd that ſhe knows how to love, though ſhe never lov'd any. In the mean time, ſhe does many things which nothing but love ſeems to be able to cauſe them to doe whom it abſolutely poſſeſſes. But laſtly, The greateſt truth that can be ſaid of her, is, that no other Perſon ever excited ſo much love and hatred, or attracted ſo many prayſes and reproaches: and that which troubles her moſt of all, is, that all perſons begin with admiration, and always end with contempt.*

Ah! *Zenocrates* (ſaid *Lyſimena*) if there were any ſtranger here, I would ſay this does not much reſemble *Amerintha*; but ſince I conceive none can contradict what is here ſaid of her, I muſt acknowledge this ſecond Portraiture reſembles *Amerintha* as much as the firſt; for though one extols her, and the other blames her, yet both are like her. The firſt would ſeem admirably well made to a man that had ſeen her but eight dayes; and the latter to thoſe that have lov'd her a long time. He that made this Picture (anſwer'd *Zenocrates*) calls theſe Pourtraits, two-fac'd Pourtraits;

traits; becauſe in the one he ſpeaks all the good, and in the other all the evil. This malitious invention has no doubt ſome wit in it (reply'd *Lyſimena*) but for that it may prejudice virtuous perſons, I will not commend it. Not but that *Amerintha* deſerves her picture ſhould be made in ſuch manner, that it may pleaſe every one; but however, 'tis better to conceal the defects of others, then to diſcover them, althongh it be never ſo ingeniouſly done. That which you ſay, is very generous, Madam (anſwer'd I) but above all things it behoves not to reproach any perſon for want of Beauty, or for bad fortune, unleſs people deſire to be accounted malitious or ſcurrilous; and if it be lawful to ſpeak diſadvantageous truths, it ought to be againſt ſuch as are wicked, back-biters, ſlanderers, cheaters, envious at others glory; becauſe ſometimes well drawing the Character of a bad man, vice may be render'd odious. But, withall, theſe deſcriptions ought to be general, and not to point at any one in particular unleſs it be neceſſary to make perfidious perſons known, for fear they deceive ſuch as are not ſo. For as in certain places of great Rivers, marks are ſet up, to advertiſe ſuch as paſs that way, of Rocks hid under the water, which might occaſion Shipwrack; ſo ſometimes dangerous perſons may be made known, to the end the virtuous may more eaſily avoid them. That which you ſay is extreme reaſonable (reply'd *Zenocrates*) and whereas ſo many unprofitable Pourtraitures are made, I wiſh ſome were compos'd that might be of good uſe. I would have an envious man painted forth, that ſo envy might be hated; a detractor, to the end to cauſe detraction to be deteſted; a deceiver, that perfidiouſneſs might be render'd odious; and in like manner many other evil qualities. But as for an inconſtant perſon (interrupted *Lyſimena* ſmiling) you ſay nothing of him. Though I am perhaps leſs ſuch then I am taken to be (anſwer'd he) yet I ſhall not at preſent offer to ſay I am not ſuch at all; but only, that for the moſt part inconſtant perſons are rather reckon'd amongſt the giddy-brain'd, then the wicked; and for that reaſon I did not think to mention them in this occaſion. But as for *Amerintha*'s two-fac'd Portrait, it was compos'd by one that deſires not to make a ſecret of it; all the Court has ſeen it, and many have ſince attempted the like. Nevertheleſs, the Princeſs ſo openly profeſt her ſelf an Enemy to all that made ſuch kinde of things, that in a very few days none dar'd to write in that manner; and this is a great inſtance, that 'tis extremely important for perſons of the principal rank in Courts never to approve of thoſe that wound the reputation of others. And it concerns them ſufficiently; for, by not permitting the glory of their inferiors to be blemiſht, they preſerve their own, and place a Bar between calumny and themſelves. Yet this diſcourſe of *Lyſimena* did not hinder but that *Amerintha* underſtanding by *Andromira* (who told her of it unwittingly) that her Portraiture had been read in the Princeſſes lodgings, was extremely inrag'd at it, and deſign'd to doe her ſome miſchief, though in truth ſhe had no cauſe to complain of *Lyſimena*. But diſſimulation being neceſſary to all ſuch as would doe an injury, ſhe made no ſhew of any diſguſt at all; but contrarily ſhe viſited *Lyſimena* more frequently, ſhe ſought my friendſhip and abſolutely gain'd that of a Virgin who at that time belong'd to the Princeſs of the *Leontines*. In the mean time *Meleontus* was infinitly amorous of *Lyſimena*, and *Zenocrates* thinking himſelf her friend, was her Lover; though indeed he ſhortly perceiv'd that he deceiv'd himſelf. As for the Princeſs, ſhe thought nothing of it, and was ſo pleas'd with his friendſhip, that ſhe boaſted of it to all the World. But as one day ſhe was ſpeaking of it to him, he found himſelf ſufficiently perplex'd. For you muſt know, *Zenocrates* having deſerted all his Miſtreſſes for ſome time before, ſeem'd to have nothing elſe to doe, but to render his devoirs to *Lyſimena*. Upon which the Princeſs not deſiring that her friendſhip ſhould reſtrain him, told him one day pleaſantly, that ſhe in no manner pretended to ingroſs him; and though ſhe ſometimes jeſted with him about his inconſtancie, yet ſhe would not hinder him from having ſome of thoſe half Miſtreſſes, who without poſſeſſing his whole heart, might afford him divertiſement, and occaſion him to write pleaſant Letters, and delightful Verſes. *Zenocrates* bluſht at this ſpeech of *Lyſimena*, and was much puzzled how to anſwer to it. For according to the thoughts he then had, he lookt upon the permiſſion the Princeſs gave him, as the moſt cruel in the World. Yet he durſt not give her any ſign of his paſſion, of which he ſaw well ſhe had not the leaſt ſuſpition; nor was he willing to ſpeak any thing that altogether oppos'd her Counſel. But anſwering ambiguouſly to that which ſhe ſaid to him, The

Friend-

Friendſhip wherewith you honour me, Madam (ſaid he to her) muſt needs be very weak, ſince in ſtead of correcting my faults, you adviſe me to abandon my ſelf to them. You have a hundred times reproacht me for my beginnings of Love, but I ſee now you would have me have three or four Miſtreſſes at once? Is it, Madam (added he) becauſe my frequent converſe is diſtaſteful to you? In no wiſe (anſwer'd ſhe ſmiling) but 'tis only becauſe I have an extreme fear leſt Friendſhip ſhould become faſtidious to you. As *Zenocrates* was going to reply, *Meleontus* enter'd; whereupon not being able to hide his diſcompoſedneſs of mind, he withdrew ſufficiently penſive. *Meleontus* had opportunity ſo ſeldome to ſpeak to the Princeſs apart, that he would not looſe this; and aſſoon as *Zenocrates* was gone forth, he began to ſpeak to her of his paſſion. I know well, Madam (ſaid he to her) that I am going to diſpleaſe you; but I know alſo, that if I doe not ſpeak to you of my love, I muſt needs looſe either my life or my reaſon. Not but that I am perſwaded (added he without giving her leaſure to interrupt him) that you know I love you as much as I am able to love. All my looks, my words, and my actions declare it to you; the Prince likewiſe being my Protector, ſpeaks to you to my advantage; and your own merit being favourable to me in this caſe, does not permit you to doubt of my paſſion. Yes, Madam, not ſo much but your looking-glaſs tells you I adore you; but, however, I will declare it to your ſelf, at the hazard of ſeeing as much anger in your eyes, as there is love in my heart. I know well, *Meleontus* (anſwer'd *Lyſimena*) that the Prince my Brother ſpeaking to me in your favour, and approving your affection for me, I ought not to anſwer you ſharply, and that I cannot be offended at what you tell me, without offending him. Therefore I will anſwer you like a good friend, rather then as an incenſed Miſtreſs. I tell you then, with much ſincerity, I find no diſpoſition in my heart ever to love any perſon; and if I did, it would not be your ſelf. Not but that if the Prince my Brother went about to conſtrain me to marry you, I ſhould be capable to obey him, rather then to make a great noiſe in the world: but, *Meleontus*, you would be more unhappy thereby, and I ſhould be more miſerable too; for, certainly, the love you have for me would ſoon be chang'd into averſion, when you obſerv'd the indifferencie I have for you turn'd into hatred. For, indeed, if after what I have ſaid to you, you ſhould oblige the Prince my Brother to force my will, I ſhould beleeve I had cauſe to hate you. Ah! Madam (cry'd *Meleontus*) what you ſay is extreme rigorous to me to hear, and ſufficient to induce me to reſolve to be reveng'd upon you, by marrying you againſt your will. For, although, Madam, I ſhould be enforc'd to hate you after having marry'd you, yet I ſhould be more happy then I am in loving you without being lov'd, or hoping to be ſo by you. Hatred has its pleaſures as well as Love; there is contempt and revenge in it: whereas when a perſon loves, though he be ill-treated, nevertheleſs he cannot refrain from adoring the perſon by whom he is ſo receiv'd. But, Madam, let us not proceed to ſuch hard extremities; doe juſtice to my love, ſuffer your ſelf to be prevail'd upon by my conſtancie; and I aſſure you, aſſoon as you reſolve to pity my unhappineſs, you will account me leſs worthy of hatred then you doe, and your ſelf leſs unhappy.

Lyſimena was going to anſwer, when the Prince of *Leontium* enter'd, who obſerving *Meleontus*'s diſſatisfaction in his countenance, drew the Princeſs aſide, and told her ſo earneſtly, that ſhe would diſoblige him if ſhe did not regard *Meleontus* as a man deſerving to pretend to marry her, that ſhe was extremely afflicted at it. Nevertheleſs, ſhe ingag'd her ſelf to nothing, and yet did not abſolutely tell the Prince, ſhe was incapable to obey him. In the mean time, the fair and dangerous *Amerintha*, being incenſed in her mind againſt *Lyſimena*, both becauſe ſhe had drawn away *Meleontus* from her, and becauſe ſhe beleev'd ſhe had took pleaſure in reading that humorous Portraiture at her chamber, diligently ſet her ſelf to obſerve her. Whereby, having a cunning wit, ſhe came to know that the Princeſs had a very great averſion for *Meleontus*, and as violent an inclination for *Zenocrates*. Wherefore imploying both theſe paſſions for her revenge, ſhe endeavour'd to cauſe *Meleontus* to marry *Lyſimena*, and to cauſe her ſelf to be lov'd by *Zenocrates*, only to the end to hinder the Princeſs from being lov'd by him. And indeed within a ſhort time her revenge became more eaſie, becauſe the Prince fell in love with her. This induc'd her to give over the deſign of getting *Zenocrates* for her Lover; and ſhe did all ſhe could to augment the Prince's paſſion, that ſhe might conſequently more eaſily obtain the end ſhe propos'd

to her ſelf. And though ſhe hated *Meleontus* as well as *Lyſimena*, yet out of a malitious craft, ſhe acted as if ſhe deſir'd to render him happy, with a ſecret intention to make him miſerable. For being perſwaded *Lyſimena* hated him, and had a very tender affection for *Zenocrates*, ſhe well ſaw, that ſhe could do nothing more diſadvantageous either for him or for her, then to oblige the Prince to force *Lyſimena* to marry *Meleontus*, though the paſſion he had in his Soul ſuggeſted to him, that a greater felicity could not befal him. To this purpoſe a great reconciliation was made between *Meleontus* and *Amerintha*, who paſs'd mutual promiſes to ſerve one another in all things. *Zenocrates* all this while was very amorous of *Lyſimena*, but dar'd not intimate the leaſt ſigne of it to her; and having experienc'd that in loving *Amerintha* his love turn'd into friendſhip, he found that in loving *Lyſimena*, his friendſhip was become love. As for the Princeſs, ſhe ſtill thought her affection to *Zenocrates* was only friendſhip; ſo that ſhe imparted all her diſcontents to him as well as to me: by which means he had the ſatisfaction to know that ſhe had a great averſion for his Rival, but the grief too, to underſtand that the Prince highly promoted his intereſts, and to obſerve the intimacy between *Meleontus* and *Amerintha*, whom the Prince was paſſionately enamour'd of. *Amerintha*'s purpoſe on the other ſide being only to torment *Meleontus*, ſhe told him, ſhe beleev'd *Zenocrates* was in love with *Lyſimena*, and that *Lyſimena* took no notice of his boldneſs. But all the Court talkes of it (added ſhe maliciouſly) and I doubt not but 'tis very important to advertiſe her of it. Nevertheleſs, becauſe ſhe would receive this intelligence very ill, if I gave it her, I ſhall not meddle with the buſineſs. *Amerintha* had no ſooner ſpoke this, but *Meleontus* wonder'd he had not ſuſpected *Zenocrates* of loving *Lyſimena*; and as jealouſie takes things always in the extremity, he beleev'd at the ſame time that poſſibly *Lyſimena* was in love with *Zenocrates*. Which thought taking deep impreſſion in his mind, he reſolv'd to be ſatisfi'd in the matter, thank'd *Amerintha* for the information ſhe gave him, though it render'd him more unhappy. Within a few days after, he went to the Princeſs, and finding her alone, I know not, Madam (ſaid he to her) how you will receive a matter which I have to tell you, but I know the reſpect alone I have to your glory, induces me to advertiſe you, that *Zenocrates* deports himſelf in ſuch a manner, that it is beleev'd he is extremely amorous of you, and that you cannot but perceive it. Becauſe you beleeve jealouſie is an indubitable proof of love (anſwer'd *Lyſimena* with a cold aſpect) no queſtion you would make a Rival to your ſelf, on purpoſe to have a pretext to act like a jealous Lover. But, *Meleontus*, have not recourſe to ſuch an extravagant device; for I have but too certain a beleef that you love me: but to my unhappineſs, the knowledge I have of your affection cannot produce the like in me; ſince to tell you ſincerely (added ſhe) I have done all I could to love you, but in vain. 'However, for what concerns *Zenocrates*, I anſwer you, that he is no more but my friend, and as long as he comports himſelf only as ſuch, I will not be brought to treat him ill as a lover. The Princeſs had ſcarce ended theſe words, but *Zenocrates* enter'd: aſſoon as he appear'd, *Lyſimena* bluſh'd; of which *Zenocrates* not knowing the cauſe, the inquietude it gave him caus'd him to doe the like. But he ſoon recover'd himſelf, and advertis'd *Meleontus* that the Prince enquir'd for him; ſo that this Favorite was conſtrain'd to leave his Rival with his Miſtreſs. Aſſoon as he was gone, *Zenocrates* perceiving ſome diſcontent in the fair eyes of *Lyſimena*, conjur'd her to tell him what ſhe had in her minde. In truth, *Zenocrates* (ſaid ſhe to him) I wiſh you knew, but I think I have not the power to tell you. It muſt be ſome ſtrange thing then (anſwer'd he) and I fear (added this ſecret Lover) 'tis ſome artifice of *Amerintha*. I doe not doubt (reply'd *Lyſimena*.) But I beſeech you, Madam (ſaid *Zenocrates*, who is naturally very curious) tell me whether I am concern'd in that which you wiſh I knew. You are as much as my ſelf (anſwer'd *Lyſimena*.) 'Tis then ſome horrid wickedneſs I am accuſed of (reply'd he) if it be, I conjure you, Madam, to beleeve that I am perfectly innocent. I beleeve ſo (anſwer'd ſhe) and to teſtifie ſo much to you (proceeded the Princeſs, bluſhing) I will at this inſtant reſolve to acquaint you with what *Meleontus* has told me. I ſhall be oblig'd to you for it, Madam (reply'd *Zenocrates*) ſpeak therefore I conjure you, and tell me exactly all that *Meleontus* ſaid to you againſt me. He told me (anſwer'd *Lyſimena*, not imagining really that *Zenocrates* was in love with her) that all the Court beleeves you have an affection for me, and that I underſtand it without taking

king it ill. I leave you to judge (added she) whether this be well-pleasing to me to hear. Alas Madam (cry'd he) I am unhappy. No, no, *Zenocrates* (answer'd *Lysimena*) doe not fear that this accident shall deprive you of my friendship; for though I am much troubled at the rumor, yet I will not punish you for a crime which you have not committed. Alas! Madam (reply'd he) you ill interpret my words. For, in brief (added he out of a transport of love) that which causes me to account my self unhappy, is, that the whole Court knows I almost dye for love of you, and you alone are ignorant of it. Yes, Divine Princess (proceeded *Zenocrates* with the most passionate looks in the world) I have not power to tell you that I doe not love you. I acknowledge, that without this occasion, perhaps I should never have told you that I love you, and I had almost resolv'd to dye without giving you any testimonies of my affection; but finding a necessity upon me to declare my self exactly, I am too sincere, Madam, to offer to excuse my self of a crime, which I esteem glorious to commit. For in truth, Madam, the seemingly inconstant *Zenocrates* is the most faithful Lover that ever liv'd; and moreover, you might have observ'd that for some time agoe I have chang'd my manner of acting. But *Zenocrates* (answer'd the Princess much surpriz'd) you doe not consider what you speak; for if you perswade me that you are amorous of me, you hazard the losing of my friendship. Should you deprive me of your friendship, Madam (reply'd he) you would take nothing from me that could render me happy. No, Madam, that friendship as precious as it is, can no longer content me; I am a rash person, and have desires more ambitious. Nevertheless, I promise you to keep them secret for fear of offending you. But is it possible, *Zenocrates* (interrupted the Princess) that there should be any truth in your words, and that you will force me to banish you? I permit you still to contradict your self (added she) for I have so tender a friendship for you, that I will doe all things to preserve it. Were I assur'd to dye at this very moment (answer'd *Zenocrates*) I could not resolve to contradict the most certain truth in the world. But Madam, I conjure you by that friendship wherewith you have honor'd me, have pity upon an unhappy Friend that has lov'd you in spight of himself, that has receiv'd love into his heart under the appearances of friendship; and doe not destroy him, for perhaps you would regret him after you had destroy'd him (added he sighing.) But, *Zenocrates* (reply'd *Lysimena*) what can I doe for you in this case without acting against my self? Is it not true, Madam (said he) that if you had not discover'd I lov'd the Princess of *Syracusa*, or some other person that probably could not render me happy, you would have pity'd me, comforted me, and given me counsel? I confess it (answer'd *Lysimena.*) Then I beseech you (reply'd he) comfort me, and counsel the unhappy *Zenocrates.* He desires no more of you, he has really ceas'd being your Friend, to become your Lover; but being thereby more unhappy, does not he deserve your compassion? I know I have told you, your friendship could render me happy no longer; but however, in the deplorable condition I am, become at least my Friend, though I am no longer yours. I promise you, Madam, to doe exactly whatever you please; you shall be Mistress of all my actions, looks, and words. Suffer me therefore to love you as I am able to love you, and love me also as you —— But what say I? (added he.) No, no, Madam, I know not what I would say; and should I have said it, I should have repented of it the next moment. Hate me then, and banish me; for I see but too well, that I can never be happy. No doubt you deserve never to be so (said *Lysimena*) but the interest of my Honor, requires me not to make any stir in the world, that might be to my disadvantage; therefore, *Zenocrates*, since you desire me to act like a friend still, I counsel you to cure your self, to become inconstant again, and to get a new Mistress to morrow, to whom you may be so diligent a servant as to extinguish the unpleasing rumor *Meleontus* has told me of. Moreover, I forbid you ever to speak to me of your love, as you tender the enjoying the liberty to see me. But yet once more, *Zenocrates*, resume your accustomed manner of acting, be a servant to all the Beauties, one after another, till you finde your self perfectly cured. *Zenocrates* endeavour'd at first to oppose this advise of *Lysimena*; but the Princess becoming angry, and speaking to him with an air that intimated there was no other course to be taken but obedience, he crav'd her pardon for having resisted her, he submitted absolutely to her pleasure, and he engag'd never to speak to her

of his paſſion, to be cur'd of it, and to appear a Lover of ſome fair one of the Court. And accordingly within a few dayes after, *Zenocrates* accuſtom'd himſelf to viſit a Kinſwoman of *Clidamira*, who is ſufficiently fair. But for that he would not have the Princeſs ſuſpect him of being become amorous of this Lady, he ſhortly after deſerted her for another, and that other for a third. And thus he ſeem'd inconſtant in the eyes of all the Court, that he might ſeem conſtant in thoſe of *Lyſimena*, to whom he ſufficiently teſtifi'd by his looks, that his heart was not chang'd in reference to her, and that his inconſtancie was imputable to her as the cauſe. In the mean time he ſuffer'd more then can be imagin'd; for he talk'd eternally of love to women whom he did not affect, and never ſpoke of it to the perſon whom alone he could love. When he made Verſes, he avoyded putting any thing into them, that might particularly ſute to the perſon for whom he pretended to compoſe them, becauſe he would have the Princeſs attribute them all to her ſelf. And indeed he contriv'd them ſo ingeniouſly, that without any ones obſervance he always accommodated them to the Princeſs, who having ſuch a wit as ſhe has, underſtood well enough what *Zenocrates* deſir'd ſhe ſhould. But being very prudent too, ſhe took no notice to him of any thing.

In the mean time *Amerintha* (who made poyſon of all occurrences) perceiving ſhe had no longer any ground to tell *Meleontus* that *Zenocrates* was amorous of *Lyſimena*, made divers railleries upon her, beleeving that *Zenocrates* had given over loving her as well as his other Miſtreſſes. 'Tis true, all the world had ſo great reſpect for *Lyſimena*, that her railleries were ill taken, and ſerv'd only to manifeſt her malice. As for *Meleontus*, he no longer knew whom to accuſe as the cauſe of *Lyſimena*'s averſion, and continued to ſerve her with much aſſiduouſneſs, omitting nothing that might pleaſe her. His magnificence was conſpicuous in all things, ſhe had more divertiſement then ſhe deſir'd, and he viſited her continually: but being of a violent and unequal temper, he ſometimes ſpoke to her with extraordinary ſubmiſſiveneſs, and ſometimes imperiouſly, relying upon the Prince's favor, who ſtill continued his Courtſhip to *Amerintha*, though ſhe was not much more faithful to him then another; for an humorſome woman can never be determin'd to any perſon, how much ſoever it concerns her to be ſo.

But the Princeſs having honored me already with a tender affection, made me privy to all that befell her; ſhe declar'd to me her averſion for *Meleontus*, and *Zenocrates*'s love to her ſelf, with the new cauſe of his inconſtancie. About this time *Zenocrates* finding ſcarce any Lady in the Court to whom he had not made ſome profeſſions of devotion, was a little longer ſervant to a Kinſwoman of *Amerintha* then he had been to all others. Which *Lyſimena* obſerving, ſpoke to me one day concerning it, after a manner that evidenc'd to me ſhe had a greater kindneſs for him then ſhe imagin'd. But before I tell you what ſhe ſaid to me thereupon, I muſt deſcribe the place to you, where ſhe ſpoke of it, becauſe 'tis ſomething pertinent to my diſcourſe, and becauſe I naturally love Gardens ſo well, that I cannot reſolve to mention them meerly by the way. Wherefore as I willingly uſe to make ſome ſtay in traverſing a garden, ſo my mind as readily ſtays to deſcribe a handſome place when I have occaſion to ſpeak ſomething of any ſuch. Know then, that there's a man at *Leontium* called *Adimantus*, who is look'd upon as a very happy man. His Lineage is noble; when he was young he was handſome, and well-ſhap'd, dextrous at all things, and very prudent in all affairs he takes in hand; at preſent he is of a great age, but has a comely ſtature ſtill, and a very noble and becoming aſpect. He has riches even in abundance, as perfect health as a young man, inclinations to love pleaſures, and wherewith to enjoy them, a Wife handſome and prudent, many goodly and ingenious children, and amongſt the reſt an elder Son, who is known and eſteem'd by the whole Court. He has likewiſe a Daughter, whom I account handſomer then *Amerintha*, though *Amerintha* is one of the handſomeſt perſons in the world; but with this difference, that ſhe I ſpeak of has as much wiſdom as beauty, and the other yeelds in virtue almoſt to thoſe that have the leaſt; Moreover, *Adimantus* is happy too in the Wives of his Children, and I know one of them that has a pretty agreeable and delicate air which renders her infinitely lovely. But *Adimantus* being a prudent man in his pleaſures, he took care in the beginning of his life to chuſe ſuch as might laſt him till death. To which purpoſe beyond one of the ſuburbs of *Leontium*, he has a garden that is one of the moſt handſome and delightful in the World, and it is made uſe of to walk in

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by all People of Quality in *Leontium*, of either Sex; for *Adimantus*, who is of a magnificent inclination, permits free entrance to all Persons of Condition. The way that leads to it is plain and not long; there are certain Walks before the Gate, the Architecture of which is not curious, but sufficiently handsome. The first entrance is into a fair Court, which has in the upper end a large Balustrade of Iron, beyond which is seen a spacious and stately Garden-Plot, with a goodly fountain in the middle, and beyond that a long Walk, which endeth in a great Arch'd-Porch, where there is a gate made with grates. Through which one may see another Walk which reaches to a little Terrass, from whence is a prospect of all the Country about, and of part of *Leontium* at a distance. But the better to describe this excellent place, you must know, that on the right and left sides of the Gate that enters into the Court, there are two other grated ones, which open into two Courts separated from the first. On each side are Pavilions both alike, of handsome structure, the apartments of which are no less comely then convenient. The first Balustrade I spoke of, being pass'd, and two little green plats inclos'd with small pillars of Marble being cross'd, upon which are seen sundry Garden-plots with emboss'd and carved work, you enter into a spatious Plot border'd about with Pyramidal Cypresses, and having a fountain in the midst. Which being pass'd over into a Walk beyond, there is a concourse of eight large and very pleasant Walks, and there is one that lies on the left hand, the whole length of the Garden, which is admirably handsome. But to the end *Adimantus* might leave more freedome to those that walk there, and have more himself; you must know, he has several Walks that are only for his own use. Beyond the Grated gate which is at the end of the great Walk, there is the Terrass I spoke of, very pleasant Vines, and a handsome Orchard. On the other side there is also another spacious Orchard, which is only for himself; there is a particular Garden for Orenge-trees, wherein are seen the rarest Flowers and Plants in the World. So that in all seasons, admirable Fruits and Flowers are found in this delicious place: many times there is Musick there, and almost continually good Company. But to come to the place which belongs to my Story, you must know, that descending from this fair Garden, there is a long walk enclos'd with quicksets which has two Banquetting-Houses at the two ends, on the one side whereof along the wall, and on the other side along the hedge, are the goodliest Fruit-trees that ever were seen. The Pavilion that is toward the Terrass serves only for shelter from the Sun and the rain, or to repose upon the Seats that are in it, as well as in the other two Pavilions that are in the same row. But as for that which is on the side towards the entrance, 'tis the most lovely Cabinet that ever I beheld. For, conceive, Madam, that it is square, made with a round loover roof, pav'd with Marble, having a Balustrade round about it, a Fountain spurting out in the midst, which falls into a Bason of Jasper; and that the side opposite to the Gate that opens to the end of the Walk has a great Looking-glass which augments the representations, multiplies the Fountain, and causes the Walk to be seen in what place soever one stands. So that sitting in this place, one may muse very agreeably at the purling noise and coolness of the water, which also makes divers agreeable and divertising Figures when you please. In this place it was that the Princess *Lysimena* going to sit one day, commanded me to follow her, whilst all the rest that attended her remain'd in the walk. The Princess was sometimes weary with walking, and at first intended only to enter in and sit down a while in this Cabinet. As for me, I plac'd my self at her feet upon a square stone which I found there by chance. She had not long been there, but she began to speak to me concerning *Zenocrates*, and askt me if I beleev'd he was become constant, and lov'd *Andromira*'s Kinswoman in good earnest. But, Madam (said I to her) you are not sufficiently considerate in speaking as you doe; for if *Zenocrates* were become constant to her you speak of, he must necessarily be inconstant to you. Ah! *Amiclea* (answer'd she blushing) it cannot be call'd inconstancie when a person alters his mind towards one that is not willing to be lov'd. For my part (said I to her smiling) I conceive that he that ceases to love one that is not willing to be hated, he may always be call'd inconstant. If your opinion be true (answer'd she, blushing again) then *Zenocrates* is really inconstant; for I confess I would not that he should hate me. Then you are willing, Madam (reply'd I) that he should love you; for not to flatter your self, you must not think to be eternally lov'd without

out your consenting to it, and perhaps not without loving too. But, *Amiclea* (said *Lysimena*) the inclination I have for *Zenocrates* is certainly no more but Friendship. For my part, Madam (answer'd I smiling) I have thought long since, that when one has Friendship for an agreeable Lover, it wants not much to turn it into Love. For, confess the truth, Madam; you would not like that *Zenocrates* should have a violent passion for any other. I acknowledge it (reply'd the Princess) but 'tis only because I think a great Friendship cannot consist at the same time in the heart with an ardent Love. But, Madam (said I) that which you say does not well suite with the case of *Zenocrates*, for you know he is possess'd with Love. Sincerely (answer'd *Lysimena*, turning away her head a little) I will not name his affection so; and besides, if he continues so diligent a Courtship to *Andromira*'s Kinswoman, I beleeve in a short time he will have neither Love nor Friendship for any other person, and she will wholly engross his heart. 'Tis not (added she) that this ought very much to displease me, for I would not have given the least hope to *Zenocrates*, but out of a humor I am not Mistress of, I could be willing he would always consider me more then all the rest of the World. As the Princess was speaking this, she lift up her head, thinking she heard some noise about the pav'd steps which lie round about the Cabinet. And it hapned that she saw *Zenocrates* leaning upon the Balustrade, who being there when we enter'd into the Cabinet, durst not show himself, because the Princess immediately began to speak of him. *Lysimena* perceiving him, made a great shreak, which causing me to look on that side her eyes turn'd, I beheld *Zenocrates* almost as much surpris'd as *Lysimena*. Yet he recollected himself in a little space, and descending with extreme diligence, came to cast himself upon his knees before the Princess, before she could resolve what to doe: I beseech you, Madam (said he to her) pardon me a crime which Chance and Love have caus'd me to commit; I would not speak in these terms before *Amiclea*, if I had not understood from your own mouth and hers, that you have told her something concerning the passion which I have for you, and the indifference which you have towards me. *Zenocrates* (answer'd *Lysimena* hastily) you are not indifferent to me, for I had a Friendship for you a quarter of an hour agoe, but at present I find that I am going to hate you horribly. Was there ever any boldness equal to yours (proceeded she) to dare to hear what I speak in secret to *Amiclea*? Alas! Madam (reply'd *Zenocrates*) if you knew how it came to pass, you would finde that I am innocent. I conceive, Madam (said I to the Princess) no person ought to be condemn'd without being first heard, and therefore you may please to give *Zenocrates* the hearing. If I thought he could justifie himself (answer'd *Lysimena*) I would forbid him to speak; but being perswaded, the more he speaks, the more criminal he will appear, I permit him to say what he will. I shall tell you, then, Madam (said he to her) that I am an unfortunate person. That's not the thing I would have you tell me (interrupted she) but only what you came hither for. I came hither to entertain my self, with thinking upon you, Madam (reply'd *Zenocrates*) at a time wherein I could not be with you with liberty to entertain you alone. But to think of me (said the Princess) it was not necessary for you to be alone. I acknowledge it, Madam (answer'd he) but having purposed to write something in my Tablets, with intention to cause you to read it, I made choise of the place of greatest solitude; and if you please to see whether I speak true, give your self the trouble to read what I was writing when you came hither. At first the Princess refus'd to read what *Zenocrates* had written, but at last she took the Tablets, and therein found these words.

Will you never goe further then Friendship, Incomparable Lysimena *? and those fair eyes which have excited so great Love in me, will they never behold me with compassion? I have promis'd you, Madam, not to speak of Love to you, but I have not promis'd you, not to write to you of it; and indeed, though I had sworn it, the torments which I suffer, would dispense with me for my Oaths. Consider therefore seriously, Madam, what you would have become of me, for* ——

The Princess blusht as she read what I have repeated to you; after which, beginning to speak, If you think to justifie your self by this (said she to *Zenocrates*) you

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are extremely deceiv'd. I pretend only (anſwer'd he) to prove to you that I came hither for no other reaſon but to meditate of you. But when you ſaw me (ſaid ſhe) Why did you not come down? Why did you not go forth? Or at leaſt, why did not you ſhow your ſelf? When I ſaw you, Madam (anſwer'd he) I thought of no more but ſeeing you; but preſently after I heard my ſelf nam'd, and Love making me curious, I hearkn'd what you ſaid concerning me; and after that reſpect caus'd me to ſtay where I was; and the fear to diſpleaſe you, conſtrain'd me not to change my place. This, Madam, is the cauſe of my Crime; nevertheleſs, I am ſufficiently puniſhed for my raſh curioſity, for I have heard nothing that I can draw to my advantage. Ha! *Zenocrates* (reply'd ſhe) you are better pleas'd with me then you ſignifie, but I am ſo angry both with my ſelf and you, that I will puniſh both of us alike; and therefore I reſolve to deprive my ſelf of a Friend, and you of a Miſtreſs. Goe, leave *Leontium* for ſome time (ſaid ſhe to him) goe to *Herbeſa*, whither your affairs call you; and if it be true that *Andromira*'s Kinſwoman has not laid very powerful chains upon you, every place will afford you objects of conſolation. Ah! Madam (cry'd he) you are too cruel: No, no, you ſhall never baniſh me ſo eaſily; and as for the reproaches you make me, I will ſoon put an end to them; I will never more ſee the perſon you ſpeak of; and if it be ſtill your pleaſure that I ſhould counterfeit being a Lover to hide the paſſion I have for you, I promiſe you never to ſerve one and the ſame perſon above eight dayes, but to appear ſo inconſtant for the future, that your ſelf ſhall never have reaſon to doubt of my conſtancie. Yet *Zenocrates* could not prevail at all with this diſcourſe, nor make his peace all that day. *Lyſimena* went away without granting him pardon, and we left *Zenocrates* in that place ſo pale, ſad, and ſo afflicted, that I was moved with his diſcontent. And ſo was *Lyſimena* too as well as I, and more; but ſhe endeavour'd to hide her ſentiments from me, and counterfeited pleaſantneſs the reſt of the day. Nevertheleſs, *Zenocrates* made good his word, he gave over courting *Andromira*'s kinſwoman, and ſeem'd ſo chang'd, that he was conſtrain'd to pretend he was ſick. But, in fine, what cannot the conſtancie of a deſerving perſon doe, when he knows well how to improve all opportunities fortune preſents him with, and the averſion his Miſtreſs has for his Rival? *Lyſimena* at length found that ſhe lov'd *Zenocrates* more then ſhe thought ſhe did; ſhe permitted him to adore her, and acknowledg'd to him that if her fortune would permit it, ſhe ſhould account her ſelf happy in being able to make him ſo. Moreover, ſhe had this advantage, that the Princeſs her Mother favour'd *Zenocrates*. Yet after all, ſhe took from him all hope of being happy, and promis'd him only to continue her reſiſtance to the Prince her Brother, when he interceded for *Meleontus*. After this *Zenocrates* s life was pleaſant enough, for though he was not permitted to hope, yet he did not ceaſe to doe ſo. But to the end not to give occaſion to *Meleontus* or *Amerintha* to trouble their innocent affection, he ſtill ſeem'd the moſt inconſtant man in the world, and he counterfeited ſo exquiſitely, that the two perſons who had ſuch extraordinary ſubtlety in diſcerning the moſt ingenious artifices, were deceiv'd in this occaſion. But that which was remarkable in this Adventure was, that the Princeſs her ſelf was many times deceiv'd, by beleeving that *Zenocrates* was really inconſtant. 'Tis true, 'twas eaſie for him to juſtifie himſelf; for he offer'd *Lyſimena* to viſit none but her ſelf, to converſe with no other, and to renounce all the reſt of the world, and all kind of intereſts and conſiderations, if ſhe requir'd it. So that notwithſtanding the diſguſt *Meleontus*'s love gave her, *Lyſimena* injoy'd ſome agreeable moments. The Princeſs her Mother hated *Meleontus* and loved *Zenocrates*. She found in this agreeable Lover, ſubmiſſiveneſs, reſpect, wit, and conſtancie; and to render all this more ſweet, their affection was ſo ſecret, that none of the Court imagin'd there was any thing more then a bare friendſhip between them. Yet oftentimes they had little Quarrels, not only becauſe *Lyſimena* ſuſpected he took delight in being inconſtant and counterfeiting too well; but alſo becauſe *Zenocrates* being naturally a little ſubject to diſtruſt, he had now and then a cauſleſs fear that *Lyſimena* would at length ſuffer her heart to be touch'd with *Meleontus*'s paſſion. But however, theſe ſmall fallings out ſerving only to invigorate the dearneſs of their affection, they were not much to be pityed. Yet the Princeſs did not tell *Zenocrates* ſhe lov'd him, but ſo agreeably ſuffer'd him to love her, that he told it to himſelf. As for *Meleontus*, he made many ſplendid and coſtly entertainments; but *Zenocrates* with-

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less shew made gallantries that more affected *Lysimena*'s heart. I remember one day amongst the rest, *Zenocrates* bethought himself of a thing sufficiently gallant, which I shall tell you by and by; but first you must know there was at that time a man of Quality of *Syracusa* at *Leontium*, a great Friend of the Princess, and that deservedly, being a person of no ordinary merit.

I beseech you, dear *Amiclea* (interrupted *Plotina*) make us know a man whom you beleeve worthy to be *Lysimena*'s Friend; for, for my part, I love much to judge of people by their Friends. I am much of *Plotina*'s humor in this (said *Valeria*) and I know *Clelia* is so too.

Since 'tis so (said *Amiclea*) it will be easie for me to satisfie you; besides, I must confess to you, it was hard for me to resolve to mention this illustrious friend of *Lysimena* without commending him. Know then, *Theander* is a man of Quality, whose Character is so particular, that 'tis not easie to describe it well. He is tall, of a goodly shape and noble Port; his aspect is extreme graceful, and there is a certain air in his whole Person, that denotes part of his nature, and promises wit, sincerity, and goodness. He has a large rising Nose, his Visage is somewhat long, his Eyes are sufficiently little, but so sweet and smiling, that 'tis easily seen his heart is sensible of pleasures. His action is careless enough; his hair is of a good length; and sometimes he uses so sprightly a silence, that 'tis manifest he hears nothing but what he understands most throughly, and of which many times he is able to speak better then those he hears. And indeed *Theander* has a great natural wit, which he has so carefully improv'd, that there are scarce any Sciences in nature he is not capable of. When he is amongst some of the Disciples of the wise *Thales*, *Democritus*, *Hippocrates*, or *Pythagoras*, he makes it known that he is perfectly skill'd in all the Secrets of Nature, and that Philosophy has nothing conceal'd from him. If he be amongst such as love polite learning, and especially Poetry, he is of so exquisite a judgment, that (as I have heard from intelligent Persons) he understands all the excellencies and all the defects of *Homer* and *Hesiode*; and if he should undertake to compose an Heroick Poem, he would doe it according to all the rules that the most accurate Masters have given for such works. He is a curious examiner of all the graces of Poetry, and accurate as to the defects that are found in most Verses; yet his Criticalness is without inhumanity; he excuses small faults in handsome Compositures, and never condemns any thing unjustly. He speaks with facility and exactness, and when he pleases, he writes Letters of a certain pleasing strain, peculiar to himself. Moreover, *Theander* is grave and something melancholy; but his melancholy is serene, and easily admits of joy. For he loves pleasures and seeks them; but he seeks them without ostentation, he loves to chuse them his own way, and not to divert himself with the multitude. He has a sincere and upright heart, a firm and generous Soul; he looks upon ambition as a passion which he has overcome, and the Victory over which has establisht the quiet of his life. By this means he is free from the cares that possess such as desire to advance their fortunes; he is content with his own, which indeed is sufficiently good, and he enjoys it peaceably in the midst of the tumult of a great Court, where he is not interested in any thing that might not disturb his pleasures. Furthermore, *Theander* is endued with an heroical Courage, whereof he has given very eminent proofs in several occasions; he hath been seen to break through an Enemy Army, that he might put himself into a Besieged place, and at another time to pass almost alone through an Enemy Country to get to an Army, and be present at some dangerous enterprise. But the Valour of *Theander* has always been without vanity, and he has more car'd to assure himself of his own heart, then to attract applauses which he values not. His indifference in respect of this kind of glory is so much the more commendable, in that his heart is not otherwise indifferent. For he loves his friends very tenderly and generously, and is much lov'd by them; and that which is very glorious to him, he has a great number of illustrious ones. But besides, *Theander* has the best temper'd mind in the world, and as he is not capable to regulate his own sentiments by those of others, so he does not oblige others to follow his. By means of which candor, he has friends whose Maxims are absolutely contrary to his, with whom nevertheless, he converses with great kindness. His Soul is endu'd with sweetness, equity, tenderness, and humanity. He is much mov'd with worth and vertue; he loves liberty above all things, and places supreme felicity

felicity in contentment. Of which never to endanger the loſs, he has renounc'd the love of all that is troubleſome and painful. He loves handſome Objects in general, but no particular one is able to confine him ſo far as to render him unhappy; ſo that love is rather a naked delight in his heart, then a paſſion. A young Shepherdeſs pleaſes him with her graceful ſimplicity, more then a Princeſs with exceſſive magnificence. Novelty likewiſe has ſome influence upon him, and variety in certain things, as much delights his Eyes, as it does all the World in the Flowers of a Meadow. He loves alſo to be fully inform'd of certain weakneſſes of which the Wiſeſt are ſometimes capable, and ſometimes he makes to himſelf pleaſures of curioſitie, which are not common to all the World. The famous *Rhodopis* has had nothing ſo private in her life, but he knows it; and drawing divertiſement out of the follies of others, he is much delighted to underſtand them. As for women, in reference to his Friendſhip, he finds few worthy of it; but when he meets with any one of a prudent and agreeable wit, and of a firm and free heart, he places her in the rank of his Friends; being far from their injuſtice who beleeve it is impoſſible there ſhould be any women capable of a rational converſe. *Theander* was never dazled with Grandeur, and he knows ſo well how to abſtract things from that which is extrinſecal to them, that nothing ever deceives him. He has alſo a facility peculiar to himſelf, for he is often ſeen to walk alone, becauſe he has lent out his Equipage. Yet he does not lend out theſe kind of things out of the thought to be repai'd in the ſame nature, for many times he does it to perſons that are unable to render him the like office. Moreover, he has a little Galliote upon a river that runs at the foot of a houſe of his upon the Bank of *Himera*, which ſerves his own conveniencie leſs then that of others; for even to ſtrangers that deſire it, he willingly lends it, provided they be fair; and ſo it goes to and fro continually without being almoſt ever imploy'd in his own ſervice. Nor is it material whether ſuch ſtrangers be Perſons of Quality, or no: Beauty is ſufficient in this caſe; and be they but only young, yet the Galliote ſhall not be deny'd them. In a word, *Theander* is indu'd with vertue advantageous both to himſelf and others, which renders him very acceptable, and is undoubtedly very expedient to the felicity of his life; for being free from all the tumultuouſneſs of the world, and the paſſions, he affects nothing but what ſutes with his own Genius, and conſequently finds himſelf leſs expoſs'd then other men to all the misfortunes of life; becauſe vertue alone ſuffices to render him happy; and never ſeeking any good but ſuch as is attainable, he never imploys his time unprofitably to himſelf. Thus you ſee what a Perſon the illuſtrious Friend of *Lyſimena* is, who was at *Leontium* when matters ſtood in the poſture I have related. About that time *Lyſimena* made a ſhort journy of pleaſure to a houſe belonging to the Father of an intimate Friend of *Theander*, who is a perſon of no ordinary merit. *Amerintha* was one of the Company, and ſo was *Andromira*; *Meleontus* and *Zenocrates* took care not to fail to be there, and indeed nothing render'd this appointment leſs agreeable to *Lyſimena*, then the too good Company. For *Amerintha*'s charms, and *Meleontus* merit were ſufficiently troubleſome to her. The place deſign'd to goe to, being wonderfully delightful, afforded no ſmall pleaſure at the firſt arrival. For not to mention the fore-Court which is handſome and ſtately, the Arch'd-walk which is on the right ſide of the entrance, and gives an excellent proſpect over a ſpacious part of the Country, till the light looſes it ſelf; the two large Banquetting-houſes, which are at the Corners of the Court; the Statues which ſtand in nieches in ſeveral places of the front of the building, the Symmetry of which is exact, ſtately, and agreeable; the lofty Cupulo that ariſes out of the middle of it; the magnificence of the Porch, with the number of its Pilaſters and Pillars; the ornaments of the Stairs and ſeveral Appartments; the Cabinet out of which are divers handſome proſpects; nor the excellent Pictures which are ſeen in all places: 'tis ſufficient to tell you, that there is a Hall in this ſtately Houſe, whoſe greatneſs, form, carv'd work, Pictures, and Ornaments aſtoniſh all that enter into it, though the outſide gave them an expectation of ſeeing nothing but what is excellent. It is no improbable conjecture, that this Hall was built by one of thoſe Kings of *Ægypt*, who erected the famous Pyramids; and indeed the Structure repreſents no ordinary Magnificence. But this is not the only admirable thing in this place; for there is a Garden which is one of the greateſt that ever was ſeen; it is rais'd after the manner of a Terraſs; in the middle is an admirable foun-

tain; and notwithstanding the place is very high, and discovers a great compass of the Country, to the great delectation of the sight, yet 'tis not perceiv'd that there is a River beyond it, though it serves very much to augment the agreeableness of the place. On the other side of this Garden is seen below, a Meadow and a very large Pond; and the Park being very spacious, and the ways of it unequal, the Prospects of it are also very different; so that it is very delightful to goe about it in a Chariot. 'Twas to this place (which is called *Erycina*, because in its raised situation it something resembles the Temple that stands upon Mount *Eryx*) that *Lysimena* desir'd to goe: but *Meleontus* having been the proposer of the design, was the Person that gave a magnificent Collation. Yet it was an unhappy time for him, for *Lysimena* was more offended when he did things well, then when he did them ill; so that this day her mind was in a very bad temper; for all the service was admirable, the Musick excellent, and *Meleontus* deportment all the day both in actions and words very noble and generous. As they were sitting in the stately Porch (which was cooler then any other place) he acquitted himself very handsomely of a discourse, which by reason of his own concernment in it was not a little perplexing. For after several things transiently spoken of, it came to be ask'd, Whether benefits produc'd Friendship, rather then Friendship it self, or great desert without benefits. I assure you (said *Lysimena* thereupon) that benefits alone produce no great dearness in the hearts of most people; for usually the remembrance of benefits wears out of their minds, as grief does out of the hearts of afflicted persons, from whence, every moment steals a part. So that time weakens and diminishes gratitude, as well as it does affliction. 'Tis true, Madam, in ingrateful minds (answer'd *Meleontus*) but not in such as are generous, which are always grateful. For my part (reply'd *Zenocrates*) though I am not ungrateful, and will never be so, yet I conceive that if I received benefits from a Person without merit, the friendship I should bear him would be more in my will then in my heart. But, if benefits without merit (said *Amerintha*) cannot produce Friendship, doe you think that friendship without merit can produce a very tender one? and doe you think that desert alone without friendship and benefits is able to beget a great affection? In truth (said *Andromira*) if friendship be not joyn'd with desert and benefits, those latter will have no great effect. But how can we doe otherwise (said *Meleontus*) then love those that serve us and doe us good upon all occasions? And how can we but love such too (said *Amerintha*) as love us very ardently? Many times (answer'd *Zenocrates*) they that are so officious, doe it out of vanity, and not out of any honest principle; wherefore, provided we publish their good deeds and be ready to return the like in case of need, I conceive we may dispense with loving them, and yet not be ingrateful. For friendship and gratitude are two different things; and I think we ought to have the latter towards all, from whom we receive benefits, and the former only for those that affect our hearts either by their deserts, or their friendship, or by reason of our own inclination. But will you love People of no merit (said *Amerintha*) because they love you? and is it not just to love those that doe you services? For my part (said *Lysimena*) if I were to love people of little merit, I should think my self more oblig'd to love such as lov'd me, then such as serv'd me; but to speak sincerely, Friendship not depending upon our Wills, 'tis in vain to dispute of a thing that is not in our power; and all that can rationally be said in this case, is, That desert alone produces esteem only, which is always a great disposition to friendship; That benefits ought insensibly to ingage the receivers to their interests from whom they receive them, and at least beget a kind of gratitude in their minds, the effects whereof resemble those of friendship: but as for friendship singly without desert and benefits, I conceive 'tis sufficient to have a complacencie and pity towards such as bear it; for to ingage to love all people without merit, of whom we may be belov'd, would be injurious to our true friends. All which you say is extremely ingenious, Madam (answer'd *Meleontus*) but I know services and merit are of no account with you, unless your own inclination set a value upon them. So that, Madam, for the obtaining of your love, it is necessary to seek rather to please you, then to serve you; but the mischief is, 'tis more difficult to be agreeable to you then to render you service. I acknowledge it (reply'd she rising up) but I conceive all the world is of the same mind, and so I am not to be blam'd for it. *Meleontus* was no doubt dejected as he observ'd the aspect wherewith the Princess answer'd him; but

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he diſſembled it, though his diſcontent was extreme violent. Upon which the Princeſs, notwithſtanding her averſion for him, could not but judge that he acted like an honeſt man; which ſhe being vex'd at, and perceiving *Zenocrates* took no notice of nor determin'd to be melancholy this day as well as her ſelf, the debonair humor of *Zenocrates* diſguſted her nice mind; ſo that when he approacht to her in the walk to ſpeak to her apart, ſhe frown'd upon him, and told him he lov'd her ſo little, that he was not diſpleas'd to ſee that *Meleontus* deportment was extraordinary commendable. I confeſs it, Madam (anſwer'd *Zenocrates* wholly ſurpris'd) that I did not think of being diſcontented, becauſe the Muſick was good, and the Collation magnificent; but I am ſo at preſent with the commendations which you give my Rival. Ha! *Zenocrates* (ſaid ſhe to him, as ſhe went from him) I will not thank you for the indignation which I have by force excited in your heart. After this ſhe call'd *Amerintha*, that ſhe might not be alone with him; ſo that the converſation became general all the reſt of the day, *Zenocrates* not having opportunity to ſpeak one word in private. *Lyſimena*, to avoyd it, propos'd it to conſideration, Whether it is more pleaſing to be very lovely without being much lov'd, then to be much lov'd without being amiable. But after every one had ſpoke their Reaſons, it was concluded, That 'tis better to deſerve to be lov'd and not to be ſo, then to be lov'd without deſert; yet it was granted, that whereas uſually people deſire to be lovely, chiefly that they may be lov'd, it is more pleaſure to be lov'd then to be barely lovely; becauſe in ſtead of receiving of contentment thereby, the lovely perſon is diſguſted with living amongſt people that underſtand not to doe juſtice to deſert. But at length night approaching, preparation was made to return to *Leontium*. Which returning was with ſufficient melancholy; *Lyſimena* was penſive, *Meleontus* dejected, *Zenocrates* ſad, *Amerintha* vexed, and they proceeded in the way after a ſilent manner, when by chance a young Hart coming from amongſt the buſhes, a Grey-hound that follow'd one of *Meleontus* Attendants, gave chaſe to him in the plain. Which unexpected Adventure cauſing the Ladies that were on the ſame ſide to give a great cry, *Amerintha* would oblige *Lyſimena* who was on the other, to turn her head to ſee the young Hart running ſwiftly upon the Plain. But the Princeſs was in ſo deep a muſe, that not being willing to break it off, ſhe told *Amerintha* careleſly, ſhe would not ſee the chaſe unleſs it came on her ſide, without taking the pains to turn her ſelf. She had no ſooner ſpoke this, but the young Hart chancing to ſee people coming towards him in the Plain, turn'd ſhort, and paſſing before the heads of the Horſes of *Lyſimena*'s Chariot, came ſo neer her, that it ſeem'd to thoſe that heard what ſhe ſaid juſt before, to happen by ſome inchantment. *Lyſimena* being agreeably ſurpris'd with this Accident, could not hinder her ſelf from taking pleaſure in beholding this caſual divertiſement. But it laſted not long; for by this time, it was grown late, ſo that both the Hart and the Dog were ſoon loſt out of ſight. And in fine, the night ſav'd the Young Harts life, and the Dog returned to his Maſter before we got to *Leontium*. *Zenocrates* knowing well enough how to improve all occaſions, remember'd he had ſeen at the Houſe of one of his intimate Friends, a Young tame Hart. Wherefore he went and requeſted it, and having caus'd a ſilver Collar to be put about its neck engraven with the Characters of the Princeſs, the next day at noon he ſent it to her with the moſt pleaſant Verſes in the world. He feign'd that the young Hart ſpeaking to *Lyſimena*, told her ingenious things, which bearing a double ſenſe had reference both to the condition of *Zenocrates* and his unhappineſs in diſpleaſing the Princeſs that day.

But doe you not remember the Verſes upon the young Hart? (interrupted *Plotina*.) If I had remember'd them (anſwered *Amiclea*) I would have repeated them; but all I can ſay of them is, that they began thus.

I, like a young Actæon *follow you,*
Happy Diana, *with too raſh a view.*

And after divers ingenious fancies they concluded thus:

But if, for having ſeen your charms, I dye;
No ſighs, no tears ſhall wail my deſtiny.

I am very ſorry I cannot recite more of them to you; but I muſt be contented with telling you, that this gallantry extremely pleas'd *Lyſimena*; ſhe accepted the

Hart with pleaſure, pardon'd *Zenocrates*, and obligingly anſwer'd the Verſes he had made in the name of the young Hart, which in a ſhort time became one of her chief divertiſements. For ſhe put it into one of the Gardens of the Palace, where it grew ſo familiar and amiable, that almoſt every one made much of it, to pleaſe *Lyſimena*. And it was ſo proud of the careſſes made to it, that contrary to the Nature of Stags, it became valiant, and was oftentimes ſeen not only to hold the Dogs at Bay, but to goe towards them and force them to fly. A few days after this gallantry, *Zenocrates* made another; the Princeſs having purpoſed to goe very early in the morning to offer Sacrifice in a Temple a good diſtance from *Leontium*, would not be follow'd by any beſides her own Attendants. *Zenocrates* not being able to indure that the Princeſs ſhould continue from morning to night without hearing of him, gain'd an intereſt in one of her waiting-women, and gave her three Letters to deliver to her at ſeveral hours of the day. And accordingly there being none but this Virgin and I in her Chariot, aſſoon as we were out of the City, ſhe being of a debonair humor, and well belov'd by the Princeſs, gave her the firſt Letter, telling her ſhe receiv'd it a little before they ſet forth. Being *Zenocrates* us'd to write to her often, ſhe was not ſurpris'd at this firſt Letter, but took it, and opening it, requir'd me to read it at the ſame time with her; and we found it to contain theſe very words.

ZENOCRATES to LYSIMENA.

It ſeems Madam, you intend to ſpend a whole day without thinking of thoſe that think of none but you, and you beleeve you cannot be conſtrain'd to think of them whether you will or no. But you ſhall ſee, before the day be paſt, that they who know how to love, finde inventions, which indifferent perſons never think of.

After this Letter was read, *Lyſimena* imagin'd *Zenocrates* thought it would be ſufficient to oblige her to think of him all the day; but ſhe was much ſurpris'd four hours after, when ſhe ſaw one of her ſlaves (whom this waiting-woman of the Princeſs had ſo inſtructed) deliver her a ſecond Letter from *Zenocrates*. She open'd it with more haſte then the former, and found that in it which I am going to repeat to you.

ZENOCRATES to LYSIMENA.

PErhaps you beleeve, Madam, it is but four hours ſince you departed from hence, but I ſwear to you I judge them to be four Ages. For a moment of diſcontent, and that cauſed by abſence, ſeems ſo long to a Lover, that he may be allowed to reckon it for more then a yeer. In the mean time you account moments but for moments, and hours for hours. But if you imploy'd them in thinking of the conſtancie of the inconſtant Zenocrates, *it would be ſomething; but you ſeem to minde nothing but Trees, the Meadows, and the Mountaines which you ſee, whilſt I am wholly taken up in thinking of your Charms, your Wit, and my own unhappineſs.*

Well, Madam, (ſaid I to *Lyſimena*) what ſay you to *Zenocrates*'s Gallantry? I ſay (anſwer'd ſhe) that he diverts himſelf at my coſt; for I told him yeſterday, I would not remember him all the day, but would only think of the Sacrifice I went to offer. Nevertheleſs, he endeavours to force me to think of him. After which *Lyſimena* reprov'd the waiting-woman that was with her; but ſhe did it ſo weakly, that it was apparent ſhe was not much ſorry for being deceiv'd. A little while after we arriv'd at the Temple, the Sacrifice was offer'd, and we went to the Prieſts houſe where the Princeſs was to dine; but before that, an unknown perſon, whom the ſame waiting-woman found in that place, deliver'd a third Letter to *Lyſimena*, who being now accuſtom'd to receive them, took it ſmilingly, and drawing me aſide, It

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muſt be confeſt (ſaid ſhe) *Zenocrates* is not too wiſe. You have more reaſon (anſwer'd I) to ſay *Zenocrates* is an ingenious perſon and of good invention. After this ſhe open'd the third Letter, which, if I am not miſtaken, was in theſe terms.

Zenocrates to Lysimema.

PErhaps you think, Madam, you are ſo remote from me, that I cannot trouble you; but know, that ſhould you goe to the Worlds end, my love would follow you every where; and in whatever part of the Earth you were, I ſhould deviſe ſome invention to make you know that I am the moſt ardent Lover amongſt mankind.

At leaſt (ſaid the Princeſs after ſhe had read the Letter) *Zenocrates* is the moſt happy, in's having to doe with a perſon that is not offended with his follies. After which we ſpoke very obligingly of him for a quarter of an hour, and laught ſufficiently at this Gallantry, which was ſo much the more ingenious, for that *Lyſimena* durſt not refuſe the Letters that were preſented to her, for fear of cauſing ſuſpition in her attendants; beſides, their affection being only innocent, there was no reaſon for it. At length we departed from the Temple, and put our ſelves upon the way to *Leontium*. But when we were gone half way, a man on Horſe-back approaching *Lyſimena*'s Chariot, delivered her a fourth Letter; after which he retir'd, and the Princeſs having open'd it, found it contain theſe words.

Zenocrates to Lysimena.

IF you beleeve abſence to be a remedy of love, you are extremely deceived, Madam; for ſince your departure, methinks I love you more by half. Yet I lov'd you yeſterday more then ever any perſon loved, and I am confident I have ſurpaſſed my ſelf alone, in loving you more then I did. You ſee, Madam, that againſt your will you have been conſtrained to think four times this day upon the unhappy Zenocrates. *I beſeech you force him no more to have recourſe to the ſame Artifices; think upon him ſometimes voluntarily, that he may be obliged to you for it; and, if it be poſſible, make a pleaſure to your ſelf of the moſt conſtant and reſpectful paſſion that ever was: for though I can force you to think upon me, yet I finde that I cannot conſtrain you to love me, and that without you I ſhall always be the moſt miſerable perſon in the World.*

This fourth Letter being read, *Zenocrates* attain'd the end he propounded to himſelf: for as long as the reſt of the way laſted, we talk'd of nothing but him; and when we drew neer to *Leontium*, we beheld him coming forth on purpoſe to meet the Princeſs upon one of the handſomeſt Horſes in the World. But he had time only to make a reverence and ſpeak four or five words to her; becauſe the Prince and *Meleontus* returning from hunting, appear'd and came to us. Now obſerve how matters ſtood at this time: the Prince of *Leontium* lov'd *Amerintha*, who out of a deſign of intereſt countenanc'd him; *Amerintha* was officious to ſerve *Meleontus* to the utmoſt of her power for the ſame reaſon, and becauſe ſhe knew it was a way to prejudice *Lyſimena*. *Meleontus* lov'd without being lov'd again; *Zenocrates* appear'd inconſtant, that he might be faithful to *Lyſimena*; and the Princeſs loving *Zenocrates* more then ſhe imagin'd, very patiently endur'd the pretenſions of *Meleontus*, but agreeably cheriſh'd the affection of *Zenocrates*, though ſhe did no more then ſuffer her ſelf to be lov'd by him in ſecret. At this time, the Princeſs of *Leontium*, *Lyſimena*'s Mother, went to ſpend a month at a fair houſe of her own in the Country, whither the Prince went ſometimes to viſit her; but no perſons durſt goe thither without him, becauſe ſhe had ſignifi'd ſhe would be there in ſolitude. So that *Meleontus* and *Zenocrates* did not ſee *Lyſimena*, but when the Prince went to viſit the Princeſs his Mother. As for me, I had the happineſs to follow *Lyſimena* in this little

tle journy, which was very agreeable to me, I had more time to converſe with her then at *Leontium*; and knowing all the ſecrets of her heart, I was her comforter in her diſcontents. Being ſhe knew *Amerintha*'s vigilant ſubtlety, ſhe prohibited *Zenocrates* to write to her ſo often as he wiſh'd, for fear any of his Letters might be loſt, and cauſe ſome great unhappineſs to them. Whilſt we were in this retirement, the idleneſs of the Country occaſioning the invention of pleaſures which otherwiſe would not be thought of, the Princeſs one evening reſolv'd to goe abroad on Horſe-back follow'd only by two of her waiting-women and my ſelf, into a ſpecious Meadow which has a River on one ſide, and a Wood on the other, and ſhe was attended by no more then four or five Slaves. We were no ſooner come into that place, but we beheld ſix Horſemen iſſuing forth of the Wood, who approach'd towards us, and ſeem'd to have a purpoſe to rob the Princeſs of the Jewels ſhe was adorn'd with this day, or elſe to carry her away; for their grim looks caus'd us to beleeve they had no good deſign. This ſurpriſing ſight aſtoniſht the Princeſs; for having none but Slaves about her, who being without Arms betook themſelves to their heels, ſhe was in great fear leſt ſome hard Adventure ſhould befall her. But at the ſame inſtant we ſaw appear at another place of the Wood, a man on Horſe-back, young and admirably handſome, follow'd by three others that ſeem'd to be his Attendants; he obſerving the aſpect and action of the Robbers, and the air and equipage of the Princeſs, did not demur a moment what to doe, but drawing his ſword courageouſly, caſt himſelf between *Lyſimena* and the Thieves. This valiant action no doubt ſurpris'd thoſe that intended to ſet upon us, but it did not cauſe them to fly. For being enrag'd at it, they endeavor'd to encompaſs and kill our ſuccourer; but he taught them to their coſt that his valour was more redoubtable then theirs. At firſt they kill'd one of his followers, but a moment after he kill'd two of theirs, wounded three, and beat them back into the Wood. After which coming to *Lyſimena* with much civility, he offer'd her to accompany her whither ſhe pleas'd. You may judge with how obliging an air, the Princeſs receiv'd this gallant ſtranger. Whoſoever you are (anſwer'd ſhe) I promiſe you my friendſhip as long as I live; for the ſervice you have done me is ſo conſiderable, that I will not expect till I am oblig'd to grant it to you out of the gratitude I have for your merit. That which you ſay, is ſo obliging (reply'd the valiant Stranger) that I account my ſelf too highly rewarded: yet I aſſure you (added he) I have reaſon to hope you will not repent of what you have promis'd me, when you know me more particularly: and I aſſure you too, you ſhall ſoon know there is no vanity in ſpeaking as I doe. After this *Lyſimena* took the way towards the Caſtle, where the Princeſs of *Leontium* being inform'd of what had paſs'd, receiv'd the Stranger with very high civilities. Aſſoon as ſhe beheld him, ſhe felt an extraordinary commotion in her heart, and lookt upon him with pleaſure and attention; ſhe imagin'd ſhe had formerly ſeen ſome perſon that reſembled him, and could not contain from ſighing as ſhe conſider'd him: I beſeech you (ſaid ſhe to him) generous Stranger, ſatisfie me whence you come. I come at preſent from *Phenicia*, Madam (anſwer'd he.) But were you born in that Country? (demanded ſhe) and who taught you ſo well the Language of this? That's a ſecret, Madam (anſwer'd he) which I cannot tell but in private, and I am extremely deſirous to inform you of it. Upon which the Princeſs led him into her Cabinet, whilſt *Lyſimena* went to her chamber to recover her ſelf a while from the fright ſhe had been in. Aſſoon as the valiant Stranger was there, beholding her with reſpect, Ah! Madam (ſaid he to her) doe you not know the unfortunate *Artemidorus*, whom you gave life to? I was no doubt but a childe when the Pyrates carried me away, but I remember ſo accurately all that I ſaw here, that whatever change time has made in my countenance, methinks 'tis eaſie for you to obſerve that I have the honour to be your Son. Ah! *Artemidorus* (ſaid ſhe, embracing him) my heart knew you ſooner then my eyes; and this very moment wherein I conſider you better, I behold in your Viſage an indubitable proof of your words. If you doubt of it, Madam (ſaid he to her) I ſhall tell you the very words you us'd to me alone in your Cabinet, when I departed with *Cleanthus* to goe into *Greece*; Goe, my Son (ſaid you to me) goe learn in a ſtrange Country, how to make your ſelf eſteem'd in your own, when you return to it; and if it be poſſible, doe not come back hither, till you can by your merit obſcure that of the moſt worthy perſons you will find here. If I could

give

give you a more preciſe token of what I am, I conceive I ſhould not have cauſ'd you to remember that generous command you laid upon me, becauſe I confeſs to my ſhame I have not been able to become ſuch as you commanded me to be. Howſoever, I can aſſure you, 'tis no fault of the wiſe *Cleanthus*, for he has omitted no induſtry to render me worthy to be your ſon. But where is *Cleanthus?* (ſaid the Princeſs of *Leontium*) and in what places have you paſs'd your lives? As for *Cleanthus* (anſwer'd he) I hope he will be here within a ſhort time; and, as for our adventures, I will relate them to you in few words. You know, Madam, we took ſhip to go into *Greece*, and no doubt you are not ignorant that we were made captives by Pyrates. But you never heard that they ſold us to others, who carried us into *Phœnicia*. For I that was no uncomely perſon in my childhood, I was bought to be preſented to the Queen of that Country. But as for *Cleanthus*, he was ſold to a Prieſt of the Temple of *Neptune* at *Tyre*, who ſoon obſerving his wiſdom and abilities, propos'd to the King of *Phœnicia* to place him about the young Princes his ſons, who are indeed the two moſt goodly and accompliſht Princes in the World. The eldeſt reigns with all imaginable glory; and the youngeſt is the ornament and delight of the Court. At firſt *Cleanthus* not daring to diſcover who I was, pretended I was his ſon; by which means I being reſtor'd to his governance, he had as great care of me as of the young Princes, with whom he was plac'd to teach them ſeveral accompliſhments. Sometime after, thinking he had given ſufficient teſtimonies of his honeſty, and perform'd ſervice enough to obtain what he deſir'd, he confided in the King, told him my quality, and requeſted liberty to bring me back hither. But in this occaſion the virtue and worth of *Cleanthus* were an invincible obſtacle to his deſign; for the King of *Phœnicia* judg'd him ſo neceſſary for the education of the two young Princes, that though he doubted not the truth of his words, yet he made ſemblance that he did, and told him at length that however it were, he would not give him liberty to depart from his Court till the Princes his ſons were of age to need no more inſtructions. The King of *Phœnicia* ſent the Princes his ſons, *Cleanthus* and me to a very fair houſe, where we liv'd a long time. Afterwards we return'd to Court, but without any liberty, and liv'd there in that manner till the death of the King of *Phœnicia*. After which the Prince his ſon who reigns at this day, to reward *Cleanthus* for the ſervices render'd him, gave him leave to bring me back hither on condition that he would return again to him. To which purpoſe having given us a Veſſel to return, we made uſe of it to go into *Greece*, to the end to follow your intention that I ſhould ſee that Country. After which being embarqu'd at *Corinth*, and our ſhip joyning with another Merchant-ſhip that was bound for the ſame place with us, it hapned unfortunately one day, that *Cleanthus* going one morning into that Ship to viſit the Commander of it who was ſick, a ſudden tempeſt ariſing, ſeparated us in ſuch ſort, that we could never come together, or ſo much as ſee one another more; but I landed at the Port neereſt to this place, where I hope *Cleanthus* too will in a ſhort time arrive. *Artemidorus* having done ſpeaking, the Princeſs of *Leontium* made him a thouſand careſſes: but after this told him it was requiſite to defer making this diſcovery to the Prince his brother until *Cleanthus* were arriv'd. For whereas (added ſhe) we have different ſentiments in many things, I ſhould be glad that your acknowledgement depended not upon my teſtimony alone, but that *Cleanthus* who is reputed for a man of eminent honeſty, might confirm it. As you pleaſe, Madam (anſwer'd *Artemidorus*) but I remember ſo many particular things which my brother ſaid to me during my childhood, that I believe he cannot have forgot them all. Believe me, *Artemidorus* (reply'd the Princeſs) do not truſt to his memory, and let us wait for *Cleanthus*. But, Madam (ſaid *Artemidorus*) if *Cleanthus* had ſuffer'd ſhipwrack, it would have been neceſſary to have diſpens'd with his abſence. Were that misfortune hapned (anſwer'd ſhe) we might then do all that we can do at this day. After this, *Artemidorus* deſir'd permiſſion of the Princeſs of *Leontium*, at leaſt to make himſelf known to *Lyſimena*; and accordingly without more delay the Princeſs writ three or four lines in her Tablets, which ſhe gave *Artemidorus* to deliver to her. Upon which he went to find *Lyſimena*, and beſeeching her that he might ſpeak to her without being heard by any other, the Princeſs withdrew into her Cabinet, where he deliver'd the Tablets to her, in which ſhe found theſe words;

He that you ſee, is Artemidorus, whom you have ſo often beheld me lament; love him *as a good ſiſter ought to love a brother*, and diſcover this great ſecret to none.

At firſt *Lyſimena* knew not whether ſhe ought to believe what ſhe read: but *Artemidorus* ſpoke to her after a manner ſo full of tenderneſs, that on a ſudden ſuffering her ſelf to be convinc'd, ſhe imbrac'd the Prince her brother with all the teſtimonies of joy and dearneſs imaginable, and expreſs'd her ſelf with ſo much the greater paſſion: becauſe at that inſtant ſhe look'd upon *Artemidorus* as a Protector that might oppoſe the violence the Prince her brother intended to uſe towards her, to conſtrain her to marry *Meleontus*. The door of her Cabinet hapning to be open, a Waiting-woman belonging to the Princeſs whom *Meleontus* had corrupted, beheld the careleſs ſhe made to *Artemidorus*, which nevertheleſs ſhe attributed to the ſervice which ſhe had receiv'd from him. After which *Artemidorus* forbad his attendants to tell his name to any perſon, and liv'd as a ſtranger unknown in the Caſtle. But *Lyſimena* who did me the honour to keep nothing ſecret from me, told me what had paſs'd, and ask'd my counſel whether ſhe ſhould write to *Zenocrates* concerning it. Becauſe I knew Letters are liable to a thouſand accidents, I told her that I counſell'd her not only not to write him word of it, but alſo judg'd it prudence not to tell him any thing of it, although he ſhould come thither with the Prince; and that it were better he knew it not, but with others, for fear leſt not being able to contain from giving ſome intimation of it, it might prove prejudicial to the owning of *Artemidorus*. And the Princeſs was ſatisfi'd with my advice. In the mean time, the rumor of the accident that had befallen her, and the ſuccour ſhe receiv'd from a ſtranger, was ſoon known to all the world. The Prince of *Leontium* being a little wounded at his laſt hunting could not make a viſit to the Princeſs his ſiſter upon this occaſion, but out of favour to *Meleontus*, he ſent him to do it: ſo that *Zenocrates* had the diſcontent to ſee his Rival go to viſit *Lyſimena*, without daring to follow him. *Artemidorus* being an extreme goodly perſonage, *Meleontus* no ſooner beheld him but he was troubled that *Lyſimena* had had a protector of ſo admirable an aſpect. But this firſt ſentiment made no great impreſſion in him, but ſoon paſs'd out of his mind. For he fell to extol *Artemidorus*, and thanked him in the name of the Prince and his own, for the aſſiſtance he had given the Princeſs. *Artemidorus* anſwer'd to all that *Meleontus* ſaid to him with ſo noble and gallant an air, that this Lover of *Lyſimena* was aſtoniſh'd at it: but he was more ſo, when having diſcours'd half a quarter of an hour in a walk of the Garden with the Waiting-woman whom he had gain'd to his intereſts, he underſtood by her that ſince the four days this ſtranger was in the Caſtle, he had almoſt continually been in particular converſe with *Lyſimena*, or with me: ſhe related to him alſo how ſhe ſaw the Princeſs imbrace him with tenderneſs; and told him ſhe had never ſeen ſo great an affection in any perſon; that as ſoon as the Princeſs waken'd, ſhe ſent to know of the ſtranger's health, that he ſaw her dreſs her ſelf, and was in her Chamber till ſhe was ready to go into bed. And indeed though I was of opinion that it was requiſite to uſe greater diſſimulation, yet *Lyſmena* would not believe me, being ſecure, in that there was none but her own attendants, and thoſe of the Princeſs of *Leontium* in the Caſtle. This diſcourſe produc'd ſtrange ſentiments in *Meleontus*'s mind, who knew not what to think of it. Hovvever he reſolv'd to remove this ſtranger from *Lyſimena*, and to propound to the Princeſs of *Leontium* to conduct him to the Prince: but ſhe told him ſhe would do it her ſelf when ſhe return'd to *Leontium*, and that in the mean time the ſtranger would expect the arrival of his attendants and equipage in the Caſtle. *Meleontus* preſs'd her for ſome time: but perceiving it was to no purpoſe, he ceas'd his importunity, and return'd back with a great diſpoſition to be jealous. At his return he open'd his heart to *Amerintha*, who promis'd him to come to us, and to obſerve all *Lyſimena*'s actions ſo diligently, and thoſe of the ſtranger too, that ſhe doubted not but to diſcover the truth. And accordingly *Amerintha* came to viſit the Princeſs of *Leontium* upon pretext of the adventure lately befallen *Lyſimena*: but for that ſome time was needful for attaining the real end ſhe came for, ſhe feign'd her ſelf ſick as ſoon as ſhe arriv'd, and ſtay'd four days with us. During which, having a cunning and malicious wit, ſhe obſerv'd there was a great friendſhip between *Artemidorus* and *Lyſimena*.

na. She perceiv'd their familiarity, correſpondence, and ſomething more liberty and equality between them, then ought to be between a ſtranger and a Princeſs. Nevertheleſs *Artemidorus* very much pleas'd her, and out of a deſire that nothing ſhould eſcape her beauty, ſhe did her utmoſt to excite him to love: but the heart of *Artemidorus* was not diſpos'd to be wounded by her fair eyes. Beſides, this Prince having underſtood by *Lyſimena* that the Prince of *Leontium* was extremely amorous of *Amerintha*, he was careful to defend himſelf from her charms. Wherefore *Amerintha*, finding her allurements had not the effect ſhe deſired, imagin'd the reaſon of it to be becauſe he was already amorous of *Lyſimena*. Which exaſperating her mind, ſhe obſerv'd the Princeſs with more diligence, ſhe put an ill conſtruction upon all that ſhe ſaw, ſhe believ'd ſhe beheld more then ſhe did; and reſolv'd alſo to report many things which ſhe was ſure ſhe had not ſeen. So that at her return ſhe told *Meleontus*, ſhe found that the ſtranger was a very handſom and goodly perſonage, and was in love with *Lyſimena*; adding moreover that ſhe much fear'd *Lyſimena* was ſo likewiſe with him. She related to him that ſhe had diſcover'd that they were very frequently in private together, that in the morning he had liberty to enter into her Chamber, that he was there very late in the evening, that they underſtood one another by their looks, that they had a hundred little ſecrets to communicate between themſelves; and ſhe added of her own inventing, that walking in the Garden with them, at the turning of a paliſſade, ſhe ſaw the ſtranger kiſs *Lyſimena*'s hand without her being offended at it. You may judge what effect this relation had in the heart of *Meleontus*. It was ſuch, that jealouſie ſeiſing upon his mind, and his violent nature being very prone to put him upon attempting the moſt important things precipitantly, he oblig'd *Amerintha* to inform the Prince of all that ſhe had told to himſelf, promiſing her to do thenceforward all that lay in his power to bring her to be Princeſs of *Leontium*. *Amerintha* (who was poſſeſs'd with ambition, envy and hatred) eaſily ſuffer'd her ſelf to be perſwaded, and related to the Prince of *Leontium* all that ſhe had ſaid to his favourite: which he no ſooner heard, but he conceiv'd a violent indignation againſt *Lyſimena*, and without conſidering upon the matter reſolv'd to go ſpeedily to the Caſtle where his mother was, to the end to cauſe the ſtranger to remove from thence. And accordingly having conſulted with *Meleontus*, they ſet forth about break of day, the Prince being then abſolutely cur'd. He took only his guards with him, and eight or nine men of quality, amongſt whom *Zenocrates* was one, who was not without ſome inquietude in his breaſt; for the comely perſon, wit and valour of the Stranger was highly extoll'd in the Court at that time. But as chance does very extraordinary things when Fate has determin'd to bring ſome ſurpriſing accident to paſs; it hapned that the Princeſs of *Leontium* was gone that morning to offer a Sacrifice to *Diana* in a Temple about five or ſix miles diſtant from the Caſtle: *Lyſimena* happing to be a little indiſpos'd in the preceding night, did not accompany her; no more did *Artemidorus*; and I likewiſe remain'd at home to bear *Lyſimena* company. But almoſt all the reſt of the family follow'd the Princeſs, and there was very few perſons left in the houſe. As ſoon as *Lyſimena* was out of bed, her Women began to attire her head; but the treſſes of her hair were ſcarce undone, when *Artemidorus* enter'd into her Chamber to ſhew her a Letter from the wiſe *Cleantbus* which he had newly receiv'd, whereby he underſtood that he would arrive ſuddenly, and perhaps that very day. The Princeſs being unwilling to read it before her Women, ſhe did not continue to dreſs her head, but went into her Cabinet with *Artemidorus*. And there paſſing inſenſibly to ſpeak of ſeveral things, the Princeſs forgot ſhe was not attir'd, and ſtay'd diſcourſing a long time with the Prince her brother. During which, that Waiting-woman who had intelligence with *Meleontus*, left her companions to wait till the Princeſs came out of her Cabinet, and went to walk beyond the firſt Court of the Caſtle, where there is one of the faireſt Waſtes, that ever was ſeen. As for me, I was then in my Chamber, leaning upon a window that lookt towards one of the handſomeſt Courts in the World; for 'tis large, ſquare, all pav'd with white Marble, environ'd with ſtately ſtructures, and has a Pedeſtal in the middle, upon which are repreſented the three Graces, holding one another by the hand like Shepherdeſſes dauncing; but made with ſuch exquiſite art, that theſe three Statues are an admirable ſpectacle in the midſt of that fair Court. Having mus'd a while at my Chamber-window, as I told you, I retir'd from it, and betook my ſelf to read. In the mean time the Waiting-woman whom (as I mention'd to

you) went to walk beyond this ſtately Court, was no ſooner there but ſhe ſaw the Prince and *Meleontus* arrive, the latter of which came directly to her to inquire what the Princeſs was doing, and to hinder her from going to advertiſe her of the Prince's coming. The Woman telling him the truth, inform'd him that the Princeſs of *Leontium* was gone abroad in the morning, and that the Princeſs *Lyſimena*, who would not accompany her, as ſoon as ſhe was out of bed, went with her head half dreſs'd into her Cabinet with *Artemidorus*, where ſhe believ'd they were ſtill in great familiarity and conference. *Meleontus* no ſooner heard this, but returning to the Prince and telling him what he had learnt, and animating him againſt his Siſter, without conſidering what hurley-burley he was going to cauſe, or what the conſequences of the courſe he took would be, he commanded his Guards to ſecure all the Gates of the firſt Court. After which the Prince of *Leontium* enter'd into that ſtately Court, and went directly to the ſtone ſtairs leading into the Caſtle. But for that this could not be done without ſome noiſe, the Princeſs being advertis'd of his arrival, ſpoke to *Artemidorus* to go forth of her Chamber and meet the Prince, to whom *Meleontus* (who had ſeen him before) might preſent him. For ſince *Cleanthus* is to arrive ſuddenly (ſaid ſhe) it is not yet fitting to think of making your ſelf known, eſpecially too the Princeſs my Mother being abſent. Accordingly *Artemidorus* paſſing through an Anti-chamber went into the Court; but the Prince conjecturing by the place he came out at that the Princeſſe's Waiting-woman had not ly'd, and himſelf having ſeen at the windows of her Cabinet (for *Lyſimena*'s apartment was next the ground) with what haſte ſhe caus'd this man of good perſonage to come forth, he did not doubt but ſhe was very culpable, and that the affection ſhe had for him was criminal. Upon which, without conſidering any thing but his deſire to puniſh the Princeſs and ſatisfie *Meleontus*; as ſoon as *Artemidorus* was in the Court, he look'd upon the violent *Meleontus*, who tranſported with choler, jealouſie and fury, My Lord (ſaid he to the Prince) permit me to puniſh the boldneſs of this Stranger who comes inſolently to affront you. If you knew me well (anſwer'd *Artemidorus* without being mov'd) you would find it rather belong'd to me to deſire juſtice of the Prince for your inſolence. Whereupon the Prince of *Leontium* becoming ſuddenly enrag'd, and believing the Stranger intended to counterfeit himſelf a man of quality, that he might ſave his life, roughly commanded his Guards to ſeiſe upon him. After which he went towards the entrance, follow'd by *Meleontus*, *Zenocrates* and many others. *Artemidorus* deſir'd to ſpeak to him, but he was not heard: ſo that ſeeing ſeveral of the Princes Guards with their ſwords drawn about him, he was no longer maſter of his indignation, and could not contain from drawing his ſword and diſperſing them ſo dextrouſly, that one of the Guards running himſelf upon *Artemidorus*'s ſword, fell down dead immediately. The reſt thereupon making a great cry, and all preſſing hard upon him, he recover'd the Pedeſtal upon which the three Graces ſtood, to the end he might not be ſurrounded or aſſaulted on any ſide but before. The Guards made a great cry again, which cauſing me to give over my reading, I looke out at the window and beheld the moſt ſad ſpectacle in the world; for the pavement of white Marble was ſprinkled with bloud in many places, *Artemidorus* had ſlain two more of the Guards, whoſe bodies lay at the feet of this valiant Prince, who defended himſelf like a Lyon. Preſently after, all the Guards that were left at the Gates, quitted their ſtations to come and revenge the death of their companions. *Meleontus*, *Zenocrates* and all the reſt, and the Prince himſelf return'd back to the ſtairs of the entrance, aſtoniſh'd at the valour of this man who defended himſelf ſo couragiouſly, and immediately ſlew a Brother of *Meleontus* that advanc'd againſt him. Yet it muſt be mention'd to the commendation of *Zenocrates*, that, though jealouſie was deeply impreſt in his mind, yet he extremely diſapprov'd this violence, and told his ſentiments to the Prince: but he would not hearken to them. All this while whatever *Artemidorus* ſaid to make himſelf known, was not regarded; he had no other recourſe but to his own valour. Which indeed was ſuch, that none durſt approach him; wherefore ſome of the Guards without the Prince's order ſhot arrows againſt him, and others caſt javelins, though the Prince and *Zenocrates* endeavour'd to reſtrain them. As for *Meleontus*, his fury was ſo impetuous, that he wiſh'd nothing but the death of *Artemidorus*, believing he was his Rival, and a greater Favourite. For my part, I confeſs to my ſhame, I was in ſo great amazement, and ſeiz'd with ſuch exceſſive fright,

fright, that I was unable either to speak or stir from the place. The Princess was more valiant then I; for when she saw so many swords turn'd against *Artemidorus* (who was slightly wounded in the left hand) so many arrows shot at him, and none heard what he said: seeing, I say, that though by his dexterity, courage and agility, he repell'd all that set upon him (who durst not approach neerer to him then as far as the bodies of those he had slain) yet it would be impossible for him to avoid being overcome at length; she went forth with extreme diligence as soon as she was return'd from her first astonishment, and without considering that she had nothing upon her but a plain flying robe of white stuff, that her neck was half naked, her hair loose, and her arms bare, she pass'd through the porch into the midst of all the armed people, endangering her self to be wounded with the arrows and javelins, and by her rare beauty shaming the Graces, at the feet of whom *Artemidorus* defended his life so valiantly, she plac'd her self between this valiant Prince and those that assaulted him, desiring by this generous action to cause the fight to cease, and to make *Artemidorus* known to the Prince his Brother. And indeed all the fierce assailants suspended their fury at her appearance: but for that this action was interpreted by the Prince, *Meleontus* and *Zenocrates* for a great testimony of love towards *Artemidorus*, it produc'd in them very different effects. The Prince redoubling his fury, Infamous Sister (cry'd he) do you come to defend your unworthy Lover in my sight? I shall punish you for your wickedness. At which words he advanc'd towards her with his sword drawn, and had infallibly kill'd her, if the amorous *Zenocrates* (as jealous as he was) had not out of an excess of love cast himself between the Prince and *Lysimena*. *Artemidorus* also offer'd to do the same; but at the very moment, *Meleontus* (whose jealousie and fury were redoubled by the generous action of the Princess) took a bow from the hands of an Archer, and shot with precipitation: but instead of killing *Artemidorus* as he design'd, he wounded *Lysimena* dangerously in the neck, and the same arrow glancing from her unhappily, enter'd into the body of *Zenocrates* (for *Meleontus* shot from the right side to the left) upon which both of them falling down, *Lysimena* resented the most violent grief that ever was; for she saw her self no longer able to hinder *Artemidorus* from perishing by the hands of her Brother: she saw her dear *Zenocrates* wounded for her sake, and understood by some words which he spoke as he fell, that he suspected her of being unfaithful. On the other side, *Artemidorus* being transported with grief to see *Lysimena* wounded, without caring to defend himself, offer'd to lift up the Princess: but the jealous *Meleontus* enrag'd for having wounded his Mistress and *Zenocrates* (whom he now consider'd not as his Rival) instead of *Artemidorus*, did his endeavour to kill this valiant and generous Prince. But at the same instant the Princess of *Leontium* coming back from the Temple of *Diana* on one side with all her train, and the wise *Cleanthus* arriving on the other, suppress'd the fury of the tumult. You may judge how astonisht the Princess of *Leontium* was to find the Prince and *Meleontus* with their swords drawn, so many people slain, *Artemidorus* wounded, and *Zenocrates* and *Lysimena* at the point of death, for the loss of bloud depriv'd them both of speech. As for *Cleanthus*, as soon as he appear'd and beheld this strange spectacle, he went directly to the Prince, and speaking to him with the authority of one that had instructed him in his youth, How comes it, my Lord (said he to him) that I find you with your arms in your hand against the Prince *Artemidorus* your Brother? These words caus'd the Prince to blush, and *Meleontus* to wax pale, who was approacht whilst *Artemidorus* having broken through the throng went to give the Princess his Mother an account of what had hapned. The speech of *Cleanthus*, whom the Prince knew very well, strangely astonisht him; for he was conscious there was no ground to suspect his probity. Nevertheless not being able to resolve suddenly to believe him, How? (said he) is he that I behold my Brother? and is that Brother my Sister's Lover? No, my Lord (answer'd *Artemidorus*, who led the Princess his Mother) and if you would have heard me, you had not done as you have, nor enforc'd me to kill those unhappy persons whom I knew not. Ah! my Son (cri'd the Princess of *Leontium*, speaking to the Prince) I cannot but accuse you of a great crime, and regret my own unhappiness. However (added she) leave me in peace in this desert, endeavour to save my Daughter's life, and be assuredly perswaded *Artemidorus* is your Brother. He made himself known to me first of all; your Sister understood his quality from my mouth; and had it not been that I waited for the ar-

rival of *Cleanthus*, you had been informed of the truth before. Then *Cleanthus* adding many circumstances for the confirmation of his being Son to the Princess of *Leontium*, the Prince better consider'd him, and acknowledg'd him to be his brother; and thereupon being much ashamed of his action, he desir'd pardon of him for it. My Lord (answer'd *Artemidorus*) I am ready to forget the injury you have done me; but I beseech you that he who wounded the Princess my Sister, may appear no longer in my sight; otherwise, all the respect I bear you cannot hinder me from punishing him for so detestable an action. In the mean time, I being descended, approacht to the Princess, and fell upon my knees by her, endeavoring to bring her to her self again. *Meleontus* was at his wits end for what he had done, and came to help me to hold her up; but as I was going to thrust him away, he heard what *Artemidorus* spoke: upon which his rage being redoubled, You have reason, My Lord (said he to him) you have reason; and to testifie to you that I judge my self as culpable as unhappy, behold what a generous repentance shall lead me to. In speaking which, he offer'd to strike a Ponyard into his own heart; but the Prince (who lov'd him much) abating part of his impetuosity by seising upon his arm, the Ponyard did not pierce so deep as he design'd it; but yet it did enough, to cause some compassion even in him whom he had desir'd to kill.

The Princess having caus'd *Lysimena* to be carri'd to a bed, and given order for care to be taken of *Zenocrates*, and the dead to be remov'd out of the Court, the Prince committed *Meleontus* to the custody of three or four of his followers, and caus'd him to be conducted into a back Garden-house, notwithstanding all his own resistance; for he was resolv'd to dye, and would by no means admit of any course to preserve his life. In the mean time, *Cleanthus* discoursing with the Prince, and employing all his prudence to perswade him that *Artemidorus* would remember nothing that had pass'd, reduc'd his mind to a good temper, and counsell'd him to return that evening to *Leontium*, and carry thither him that designing to kill *Artemidorus* wounded *Lysimena*, till this first disorder were compos'd, and it were seen what would become of *Lysimena*'s and *Zenocrates*'s wounds; for, as for the Prince *Artemidorus*, that which he had received in his left hand, was very slight. So the Prince following the counsels of the wise *Cleanthus* (for whom he still retain'd much respect) departed assoon as he understood *Lysimena* was come again from her swoon, and caus'd *Meleontus* to be put into a Chariot, having first caus'd his wound to be dress'd by force, leaving *Cleanthus* order to tell the Princess his Mother, the Prince *Artemidorus* and *Lysimena*, all that he judg'd conducive to appease their minds; though to speak truth, this Prince thought himself guilty of nothing but precipitancy. And as for the action of *Meleontus*, he consider'd it as a violence which love and jealousie might excuse. But *Meleontus* himself was more equitable, for he accus'd himself in good earnest. How unhappy am I (said he upon the way as he return'd, to one of his own and my friends, who told me this) and how great a Criminal! I have committed all Crimes imaginable, I have rashly suspected the most virtuous Princess in the world, I have accus'd her, I have incens'd the Prince's minde against her, I have put fury into his heart, and weapons into his hand against the Prince his Brother, and the Princess his sister; and wretch that I am, after I had seen *Artemidorus* perform the greatest actions in the world, I went about to kill him with the shot of an Arrow. But moreover, the Gods to punish me for it, have permitted that unfortunate Arrow to wound mortally both an innocent friend, and the only person for whose sake life could be acceptable to me. And nevertheless, they will not let me dye, they force me to live, they keep me too, as if I still deserv'd that any care should be taken of my life. But 'tis in vain (added he) that I am watcht, and that every thing which might procure my death is remov'd from me; I need neither steel nor poyson; my grief alone will be sufficient to dispatch me. For when I reflect, that I am he who have brought my Princess into danger, and that in attempting to kill a man whom I beleev'd my Rival, perhaps I have slain my Mistress; I resent a torment a thousand times more cruel then death, a torment greater then can be apprehended, and which I cannot wholly conceive my self; since at the same time I am overwhelmed with shame, repentance, grief, and abhorrence of my self, as much love as is needful to render my fault for ever unpardonable, and as much rage as is necessary to make life odious, and death desirable every moment. Besides, what have I to

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doe longer in the World ? the Princeſs did not love me, whilſt I did nothing but ſtudied to ſerve her ; judge therefore, what ſentiments ſhe will have, if ſhe eſcapes, for a man that would have blemiſhed her honour, taken the Prince *Artemidorus*'s life away after an unworthy manner, and who has endanger'd her own ? Had I gone about to kill this Prince, as a man of courage may kill an Enemy, it would be more pardonable; but jealouſie ſo tranſported me, when I beheld *Lyſimena* hazard her life to ſave that of a man whom I beleev'd my Rival, that in that accurſed moment I abandon'd my reaſon, and caſt off all ſenſe of virtue and honour, to minde onely a ſpeedy revenge. But alas ! the Gods have already reveng'd the cauſe of *Lyſimena* ; for I hate my ſelf ſo horribly, that I never had a more ardent affection for her then I have now deteſtation for my ſelf. In this manner reaſoned the unfortunate *Meleontus*, whilſt the wiſe *Cleanthus* endeavor'd to pacifie matters at the Caſtle where he ſtay'd.

Cleanthus (ſaid *Plotina* interrupting *Amiclea*) has done me a pleaſure in arriving, and I ſhould be glad to know a perſon who has ſo excellently educated the Prince *Artemidorus*. For my part (ſaid *Clelia*) I fancie him to be like one of the Sages that are ſo much ſpoken of. For I have heard him ſo extoll'd by *Merigenes*, the young King of *Phœnicia*, and the Prince his brother, whom he inſtructed, that I imagine him to be a very excellent perſon.

To teſtifie the ſubmiſſion of my will to yours (anſwer'd *Amiclea*) I ſhall deſcribe him to you, and indeed I am ſomething of ſuch an humor, that I am loath to paſs over my Friends without commending them a little, when I ſpeak to perſons that doe not know them; and I conceive generoſity requires as much from all people, and that there is ſome pleaſure, when we are alone to remember we have done juſtice to our friends when they were mention'd.

I beſeech you (ſaid *Plotina*) let us ſpeak of *Cleanthus*, and leave the pleaſures that we finde in our ſelves ; for, as for my part, I am perſwaded they are the ſaddeſt pleaſures in the world. Yet they are the moſt ſolid (anſwer'd *Clelia.*) Beleeve me (added *Plotina* agreeably) ſolidity is not to be requir'd in pleaſures ; 'tis ſufficient if they be ſprightly and jovial, if they dazle reaſon, and follow one after another, if they be various, and deceive us, and amuſe us agreeably; and to put the thing in practiſe, after having had the pleaſure to relieve my ſelf from a long ſilence by what I have ſaid, tell us, amiable *Amiclea*, what a perſon the wiſe *Cleanthus* is.

Know then (reply'd *Amiclea*) he whoſe deſcription you deſire, is a man of tranſcendent merit, and his eminent virtue has plac'd him above envy and the envious. His lineage is very good, and it would be eaſie to find wherewith to commend him in many things which are extrinſecal to him : but not to ſpeak of ought but himſelf, I ſhall content my ſelf with telling you, that though *Cleanthus* be arriv'd to that age wherein time is wont to efface part of the lineaments that compoſe handſomeneſs in a face, yet he has ſtill a ſerene aſpect full of ſpirit and ſweetneſs which pleaſes infinitely. His eyes partly diſcover his wiſdom and goodneſs; and though he is not tall, yet he has a good perſonage, and the abſolute air of a Philoſopher, that practices more virtue then he teaches. There appears ſo modeſt a joy in his converſe, ſo prudent a complacency in all his diſcourſe, and a goodneſs ſo real in all his actions, that his converſation begets a love of virtue in all that are capable of it. Moreover, he has been choſen (as I told you before) to inſtruct two of the greateſt Princes in the World in ſeveral conſiderable kinds of knowledge, beſides the Prince of *Leontium* and *Artemidorus*. He has all his life ſo paſſionately lov'd ſtudy, that it may be ſaid, he never ſpent day without learning ſomething : ſo that he has compos'd an infinite number of excellent works, which are indubitable teſtimonies of his knowledge and virtue. For there is ſcarce any thing of which he has not written plauſibly, with intention to profit the publick, and render the Readers of his works, either better or more knowing; which in my judgement is a very great commendation. But though *Cleanthus* be very learned, and his works deſerve to live immortally, yet I admire his virtue more then his knowledge, eſpecially having preſerv'd it immaculate in the midſt of a great Court, where for the moſt part, ſuch as are moſt virtuous find it ſomething difficult to perſiſt exactly in the purity of their own ſentiments. But, as for *Cleanthus*, nothing changes him, he is ſo ſolidly virtuous : but his virtue is ſociable, far from aſperity or ſavageneſs, which perſwades rather by ſweetneſs then impetuoſity, and which by the calmneſs of his mind renders it ſufficiently manifeſt apparent, that

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he has been a long and happy Studier of Wiſdom ; for he is none of thoſe who know virtue, without following it, and teach the virtues which they never practice. On the contrary, *Cleanthus* ſpeaks more morality by his actions then his diſcourſes, and inſtructs no leſs by his manners then by his works. Thus you ſee what a perſon the wiſe *Cleanthus* is, whoſe preſence calm'd ſo great a tempeſt.

But to procee d, as ſoon as the Princeſs came out of her ſwoon, ſhe thought upon *Artemidorus* and *Zenocrates*; and ſeeing me in her Chamber with tears in my eyes, ſhe call'd me, as weak as ſhe was, and (though her woun d ſufficiently pain'd her) ſtretcht forth her hand to me, and graſping mine gently, I beſeech you, my dear *Amiclea* (ſaid ſhe to me, beholding me wiſhly) tell me whether the tears you ſhed be for *Artemidorus*, or for the unfortunate *Zenocrates*. The Prince *Artemidorus* (anſwer'd I) is ſo little hurt, that he feels no wound but yours ; and as for *Zenocrates*, I know not yet what the Chirurgians ſay of him : ſo that, Madam, my tears are only for your ſelf. Since my life is ſo dear to you (reply'd ſhe with a lower voice) take ſome care of that of *Zenocrates*, and let me know what condition he is in. Whereupon ſoon after I underſtood that his wound was dangerous indeed, but yet not deſparate. As for the Princeſs, ſhe was in very great danger, becauſe ſhe was taken with a Fever. *Zenocrates* greateſt affliction was occaſion'd, for that no perſon, except my ſelf, knowing the love he had for *Lyſimena*, he was told of the danger in which ſhe was. By vvhich means his vveakneſs became greater then it vvould if he had been ignorant of that of *Lyſimena*. As for *Artemidorus*, he had ſo tender a friendſhip for her, that he could not have been much more afflicted if he had been her Lover ; and as vve are eaſily led to love ſuch as have been vvilling to ſerve thoſe vvhom vve love, this Prince had likevviſe in a little time a very great friendſhip for *Zenocrates*, vvho ſo generouſly oppos'd the violence of the Prince of *Leontium*, and vvas vvounded vvith the ſame ſtroke that hurt the Princeſs. *Zenocrates* knovving I vvas not ignorant of his love, us'd to me the moſt moving and paſſionate expreſſions in the vvorld as often as I vvent to viſit him from the Princeſs. Whoſe virtue (on the other ſide) I aſſure you I could not but admire in this occaſion, for though ſhe believ'd ſhe ſhould dye, yet ſhe alvvays preſerv'd the ſame prudence, and did not ſpeak one vvord vvhich ſhe ought to repent of : ſhe talk'd vvith me concerning *Zenocrates* alvvays vvith expreſſions of great dearneſs, but yet it vvas vvith ſuch caution too, that vvhat ſhe ſaid might as well agree to an amiable Friend as a faithful Lover. But at length *Lyſimena*'s youth overcoming the greatneſs of her diſtemper, her Phyſitians one day aſſur'd ſhe was paſt all danger of death ; of which *Artemidorus* tranſported with joy went to inform *Zenocrates*, who receiv'd this good news with ſo much delight, that the Prince perceiv'd he was amorous of *Lyſimena*. But he was rather glad then diſpleas'd at it ; for he hated *Meleontus*, and knowing *Zenocrates* was deſcended from the ancient Princes of *Herbeſa* (although his rank was now inferior to that of his Anceſtors) he was not ſorry that ſo worthy a man lov'd the Princeſs his Siſter, judging too, that this might rather hinder him from pardoning *Meleontus*. This diſcovery exciting the Prince to a curioſity of knowing *Lyſimena*'s ſentiments as well, one day when ſhe was able to ſuffer his converſation, he began to gibe at her a little about *Zenocrates*, whoſe life, he ſaid, ſhe had almoſt endanger'd. The Princeſs bluſht when *Artemidorus* ſpoke thus to her ; wherefore fearing he had diſpleas'd her, I beſeech you (ſaid he to her) doe not think I ſpeak to you as the Prince my brother would doe, namely, with a deſign to perſecute you ; No, my dear ſiſter (added he) I have more equitable ſentiments, I ſpeak to you as a faithful Friend, and deſire not to know your thoughts, for any other end, but to conform my ſelf to them ; for I know you love glory, and are uncapable of loving any thing without it. My Lord (ſaid the Princeſs then to him, recollecting her ſelf) to teſtifie to you that I conſider you more as a faithful friend then a generous brother, I will make you privy to the only ſecret of my life, and confeſs to you, that if I did not take care to rule the ſentiments of my heart, I ſhould have as great inclination for *Zenocrates* as I have averſion for *Meleontus*. But for as much as I foreſee fortune cannot permit us to live together, I ſpeak to him always as an agreeable Friend, and I forbid him to hope any ſuch thing as a Lover might pretend to, beyond a certain free and unintereſſed kindneſs, which I cannot refuſe him. This, my Lord, is the only ſecret of my life, uſe it as you pleaſe ; and if you find me Criminal, you will doe me a pleaſure in telling me ſo, to the end

I may endeavour to correct my fault. This freedom ſo extremely pleas'd *Artemidorus*, that he gave her a thouſand thanks; he approv'd all her ſentiments, and there became ſuch an intimate and confiding a friendſhip between them, as will laſt all their lives. Afterwards *Artemidorus* with the Princeſſe's conſent intimated to *Zenocrates* that he underſtood his affection; which produc'd in a few days a very ſtrait amitie between theſe three perſons, who moreover had ſuch an eſteem of me as to communicate to me all their ſentiments. In the mean time *Cleanthus* found it a matter of difficulty to compoſe matters; for the Prince loving *Meleontus* dearly, urg'd that *Lyſimena* and *Artemidorus* would pardon him: theſe two perſons on the contrary could not yield to ſee a man who had committed an action likely to prove ſo fatal to them. Nor could the Princeſs their Mother be brought to conſent to return to *Leontium* as long as he was there, and deſir'd that the Prince would baniſh him for ever. But *Amerintha*, whom the Prince was amorous of, protecting *Meleontus*, there was no obtaining of what ſhe requir'd. So *Cleanthus* made frequent journies from the Caſtle where we were to *Leontium*, and from *Leontium* to the Caſtle to no purpoſe. All this while *Meleontus* was under a guard, though it was more to hinder attempts upon his life then to ſatisfie *Lyſimena* and *Artemidorus*. At length the Princeſs being recover'd from her ſickneſs, became able to walk in the Gardens of the Caſtle, which are indeed admirably handſome. As ſoon as ſhe was in a condition to ſee the world, all the chief Ladies of *Leontium* came to viſit her, and *Clidamira* (whom you know) amongſt others came thither with one of her Kinſwomen. It hapned that *Artemidorus* accounted her ſo amiable that day, that he began to be poſſeſt with the paſſion which occaſion'd all the adventures I know you have heard of. And therefore I ſhall tell you ſcarce any thing of it, but only that one day ſhe came with *Andromira* and ſeveral other Ladies who ſtay'd to paſs that night with us. Towards the evening the Princeſs and the Ladies went to walk in the Gardens, and *Amerintha* ſo brought it about that her ſelf diſcours'd with *Artemidorus*, *Andromira* entertain'd *Zenocrates* (though he did not much deſire it) another Lady imploy'd her ſelf in recounting to me a hundred things which did not concern me; and in the mean time one of her friends, who is as crafty a perſon as any in the world, led the Princeſs inſenſibly into a walk, at the end of which was a Pavilion that had a door opening into the fields. The further end of the place was ſet about with ſeats, in which to repoſe without the inconvenience of the Sun, or being ſeen of any that walk in the Garden, (though it be wholly open on the ſide towards the end of the Walk) becauſe there are great curtains before it which may be drawn at pleaſure. The Princeſs having unwillingly ſuffered her ſelf to be conducted into this Cabinet, beheld the Curtains half drawn, and obſerv'd that the gate looking into the fields was half ſhut: but making no reflections upon theſe two circumſtances, which might proceed from ſeveral cauſes, ſhe enter'd into the Cabinet without minding that the Lady did not follow her into it, but was gone back into the Walk. She had ſcarce made three ſteps in it, but ſhe beheld *Meleontus* at her feet, who holding her by the Robe; notwithſtanding her reluctancy forc'd her to hearken to him; for ſhe being ſtill weak by her late ſickneſs, and aſtoniſhment redoubling her weakneſs, ſhe was conſtrain'd to ſit down for fear of falling. At which inſtant ſhe was in a fear leſt *Meleontus* intended to carry her away, and therefore made a great ſhreeck: which nevertheleſs was not heard by any perſon, becauſe the company was all in another Walk, where ſhe that was *Meleontus*'s Agent knew well her Friends would upon handſome pretences retain them. Wherefore *Meleontus* not to looſe an opportunity he could not eaſily recover, being upon his knees before the Princeſs who was ſat down, began to ſpeak to her with a ſtrange commotion of heart: I beſeech you, Madam, (ſaid he to her extreme ſubmiſſively) hear the unfortunate *Meleontus* this laſt time; which certainly you ought to do, Madam, ſince he does not pretend to obtain the pardon which he deſires of you with tears in his eyes. The unfortunate *Meleontus* (anſwer'd the Princeſs) is ſo criminal, that there are no misfortunes of which he is not worthy. I acknowledge it, Madam (reply'd he haſtily) and I took the liberty of coming hither for no other end but to confeſs it. How dare you, *Meleontus* (ſaid the Princeſs) come to preſent your ſelf before me, after you have believ'd me capable of a crime? for in compariſon of this, I count it almoſt nothing that you wounded me neer to death. But to ſpeak truth, I reſent moſt of all, that you went about to kill the Prince my Brother after the moſt unworthy manner in the World. Ah! Madam (anſwer'd *Meleontus*) when I ſaw you ſo fair, and ſo charming paſs amongſt the

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ſwords and the arrows with contempt of the danger to ſave the life of a man whom I beleev'd my Rival, and thought was lov'd by you, I reſented that which I am unable to expreſs ; and in this caſe I muſt have been void of love, if I could have preſerv'd reſpect and generoſity. I confeſs therefore, that I minded only to kill him whom I beleev'd your Lover ; and if *Zenocrates* had been ſtill amorous of you, he would queſtionleſs have done the ſame that I did. Be it how it will (ſaid ſhe) I am well enough pleas'd with *Zenocrates*, but I am not ſo with you. Alas ! Madam (anſwered *Meleontus*) How can you, ſince I am not ſo my ſelf, but on the contrary am my own moſt mortal Enemy ? Yes, Madam, I hate my ſelf more then you hate me, and I have at this preſent ſuch remorſe for my violence, and ſuch reſpect for you, that I dare not dye here before your eyes, for fear the Prince who loves me ſhould reproach you with my death. Know therefore, Madam, that perceiving the diviſion which I cauſe between the Prince of *Leontium*, the Prince *Artemidorus*, and your ſelf, I am reſolv'd to put an end to that conteſt by my flight. To which purpoſe, I have ſuborn'd my Guards, whilſt the Prince is at hunting, and by ways which I need not tell you, am come into this Garden, to aſſure you here, that I will goe ſeek death in ſome place ſo remote from *Leontium*, that no tidings ſhall ever be heard of me. I will alſo leave the name which I bear, to the end it may be no more diſtaſteful to you, and retaining all the love I have for you, I will live the moſt miſerable of men, whitherſoever I goe, if at leaſt I have ſtrength enough to live any time longer, onely to adore you. *Meleontus* ſpoke this ſo paſſionately, that the Princeſs told me all her hatred and indignation could not hinder her from having a little commiſeration of him. Nevertheleſs, ſhe conceal'd it, for fear he ſhould alter his purpoſe ; and therefore ſpeaking to him with a ſevere air, After bad actions are committed (ſaid ſhe to him) 'tis not enough to ſpeak fine words ; a long repentance, a long abſence, and a thouſand ſervices are requiſite to the producing of a reaſonable hope of being indur'd amongſt perſons of honour. Howſoever, ſince I am equitable, I commend the deſign you take, as that alone which is fitting for you. Goe therefore, *Meleontus*, goe (continu'd ſhe, riſing up) goe ask pardon of the Gods ; for, as for me, I ſhould delude you if I ſhould tell you that I pardon you. I have already told you (anſwer'd the afflicted *Meleontus*) that I did not hope to obtain the pardon which I deſir'd; but at leaſt grant me the favour to beleeve that the exceſs of my love is the cauſe of all my Crimes, and that if I had lov'd you leſs, I had been always innocent. 'Tis the only and laſt favour I ſhall ever requeſt of you, not daring to deſire ſo much as a little compaſſion when you ſhall imagine that I am dead in exile only for love of you. As the Princeſs was going to ſpeak ſomething to him, *Meleontus* ſaw all the Company appear afar off, who (notwithſtanding all the contrivance of the Lady that return'd back to amuſe them handſomely in the mean time) were ſeeking for the Princeſs, and could not longer want her preſence. So that *Meleontus* being conſtrain'd to goe away, riſe up, and the Princeſs ſuddenly leaving him without ſpeaking, he went forth at the door of the Pavilion which open'd into the fields, mounted upon a Horſe held ready for him by a ſlave, and loſt himſelf in a wood not far diſtant. Yet this could not be done but that *Zenocrates* knew *Meleontus*. As for *Artemidorus*, he obſerv'd nothing, becauſe he was ſpeaking earneſtly to *Clidamira*; and there was none but *Zenocrates* and my ſelf who ſaw *Meleontus*. He no ſooner perceiv'd him, but he chang'd colour, came to me, and looking upon me with ſomewhat a diſturb'd countenance, What did I ſee ? *Amiclea*, (ſaid he) Did my eyes deceive me ? Is it poſſible *Meleontus* could be where I beleev'd I ſaw him ? Has the Princeſs pardon'd him ? What think you of that which I know you perceiv'd as well as my ſelf ? In truth (ſaid I to him) I know not what I ought to think of it, but I know well the Princeſs can never be unjuſt, and that her aſpect tells me ſhe is as much ſurpris'd as we. I beſeech you, generous *Amiclea* (reply'd *Zenocrates*) know the truth of this Adventure, for the reſpect I bear the Princeſs withholds me from asking it of her. And accordingly approaching towards *Lyſimena*, ſhe drew me aſide, and did me the honor to tell me what had hapned. After which having call'd *Artemidorus* and *Zenocrates*, ſhe related to them the ſame ſhe had told me before. At firſt the departure of *Meleontus* ſeem'd very advantageous ; but afterwards conſidering the Prince would be afflicted at it, it was fear'd his diſpleaſure would fall upon *Lyſimena*, *Artemidorus*, or *Zenocrates*. However it was judg'd convenient to advertiſe the Princeſs of *Leontium* and *Cleambus* of what had paſs'd ; and accordingly *Lyſimena* ending her walk ſooner

then

then otherwiſe ſhe would have done, return'd into the Caſtle. She was not long there, before there arriv'd a friend of *Zenocrates*, who came to advertiſe the Princeſs that *Meleontus* was gone away from the place where he was guarded without being known whither, that the Prince was extremely troubled at it, that this Favorite had left the moſt paſſionate Letter in the world for him, and that *Amerintha* was much imploy'd in comforting him. It was requiſite therefore to have recourſe to the prudence of *Cleanthus* who was at *Leontium*, to the end to appeaſe the Prince's mind whom he found very ſad for the departure of *Meleontus*. He found him alſo much incens'd againſt *Lyſimena*, whoſe rigour was the innocent cauſe of all theſe diſorders: but at length *Cleanthus* telling him that the way to cauſe *Meleontus* to return, was to treat *Lyſimena* well, and to endeavour thereby to win her, things were pacifi'd in the end, in ſpite of the artifices of *Amerintha*. Yet this diviſion extremely afflicted the Princeſs of *Leontium*, ſo that ſhe fell ſick and dy'd within a few days after *Lyſimena* and *Artemidorus* were ſenſibly touch'd with this loſs: but as for the Prince of *Leontium*, he was not much afflicted at it, becauſe he believ'd *Lyſimena* would thereby be more abſolutely in his power. Shortly after, *Lyſimena* return'd to lodge in the Prince's Palace, and during ſome days led a life pleaſant enough. *Artemidorus* at that time became perfectly amorous of *Clidamira*, which ſtrangely incens'd *Amerintha* who could not touch his heart. Wherefore ſhe oblig'd the Prince highly to diſapprove the affection he had for that Lady; and it was ſhe that prevail'd with him to cauſe her to be put amongſt the vailed Virgins, as no doubt you have heard in the relation of the Hiſtory of *Artemidorus*. For ſhe deſign'd thereby to croſs a Prince whom ſhe did not love, and to ſerve *Meleontus*, with whom 'tis believ'd ſhe has always had ſome ſecret correſpondence. For it was eaſie to judge that *Artemidorus* would not fail to fall out totally with the Prince after this violence; and ſo *Lyſimena* would looſe a powerful protector. The event manifeſted that ſhe was not deceiv'd; for you know *Artemidorus* voluntarily exil'd himſelf, to deliver *Clidamira*. But whereas it is not his Hiſtory that I am relating, and you are ignorant of nothing that befel him, I will not tell you of his departure, his ſhipwrack, the reſolution he took to go to the War, and in what manner he became priſoner to the Prince of *Agrigentum*, nor how he fell in love with *Bereliſa*; but only what concerns *Lyſimena* and *Zenocrates*. You ſhall know then, that after the departure of *Artemidorus*, *Zenocrates* (to continue to act according to his cuſtom) made ſemblance of being in love with *Clidamira*, as ſoon as ſhe came out from amongſt the vailed Virgins, that afterwards he made Courtſhip for ſome days to another, but at length conceiving that ſince *Meleontus* was abſent, he might diſpenſe with this diſſimulation, he continu'd for ſome time without a Miſtreſs. Whereupon it was ſaid of him in railery, that of an inconſtant perſon he was become indifferent; and I remember, *Clidamira*, being one day with *Lyſimena*, undertook to maintain that it was much more honeſt to be inconſtant then to be indifferent. For, I know nothing more hateful (ſaid ſhe in defence of her opinion) then ſuch people as neither love nor hate, who determine themſelves to nothing, and have ſo luke-warm a ſoul, that they are not very ſtrongly on their own ſide. Ask them if they will walk; they know not: inquire of them, whether they would have people love them; they are dubious of it: do them any ſervice; they take no notice of it: offer to diſpleaſe them; they ſcarce perceive it: ſo much are they afraid to diſquiet their happy indifference. But as for inconſtant perſons (added ſhe) they have always ſomething to do; they go, they come, they are imploy'd; and though they deſire nothing vehemently, and diſclaim obſtinacy, yet they are always determin'd to ſomething. They fill ſome place, and ſignifie ſomething in the World, and at leaſt make themſelves to be ſpoken of, be it well or ill. 'Tis true (anſwer'd *Lyſimena*) but if you obſerve, the indifferent and the inconſtant are not too oppoſite. For an inconſtant perſon loves indifferently all the Beauties of a City; 'tis only becauſe he has ſome kind of indifference in his heart, that he loves ſeveral perſons. And, for my part, methinks, I ſhould love an indifferent perſon who is determin'd to nothing, better then an inconſtant who determines himſelf to inconſtancy, who makes a glory of his weakneſs, who believes he cannot be a gallant without being a profeſs'd ſhittle-brain, and who loving nothing ardently, yet paſſes all his life as if he lov'd. For the name of Love is not to be given to thoſe tranſient affections which ſucceed one after another, which perplex hearts without poſſeſſing them, and which almoſt

produce nothing but Sonnets. The Princeſs ſpoke this with a certain air, which made *Amerintha* (who was preſent) ſuſpect ſomething; for ſhe judg'd that *Zenocrates* appearing to be ſo much in her favour ought to take ill her arguing ſo ſtrongly againſt inconſtancie, if ſhe believ'd him inconſtant. So that obſerving theſe things, and inquiring diligently of that waiting-woman who formerly gave *Meleontus* intelligence of all *Lyſimena*'s actions, and whom the Princeſs had diſcarded; ſhe came at length to diſcover that *Zenocrates* was always ardently amorous of her, and that his inconſtancy was but diſſembled. And foraſmuch as ſhe could turn the Prince's mind after what manner ſhe pleas'd, *Lyſimena* was one morning extremely amazed to underſtand that the Prince had commanded *Zenocrates* to depart his Court at an hours warning, with prohibition to ſee her before he went away. You may judge how diſpleaſing this news was to her, eſpecially too being advertis'd that *Meleontus* had writ to the Prince two days before. So it behov'd *Zenocrates* to goe from *Leontium* without ſeeing the Princeſs; nevertheleſs, he came back thither the ſame night, conceal'd himſelf at the houſe of one of his Friends, and three days after contriv'd a way to ſpeak with *Lyſimena* by night in a Garden. Their converſation was the moſt pathetical in the World; for they ſaw no ground of hope ever to live happy. I know well (ſaid *Lyſimena* to him) That your deſcent is more illuſtrious then the Rank you hold at preſent is eminent. I know likewiſe that your merit ſees nothing above it, and I will beleeve that your affection cannot be ſurpaſs'd by any other; but, when all is done, the Prince my Brother is extreme unjuſt and violent. He loves *Meleontus* whom I hate, and *Artemidorus* is not here; adde hereunto that his Miſtreſs hates us, and does us no leſs miſchief then his favourite. We have no Sanctuary in any place; and though we had, a ſentiment of honour would not ſuffer me to wiſh we were there together. But, Madam (ſaid *Zenocrates*) what then will you ſhall become of me? I would have you (anſwer'd ſhe) endeavour to find *Artemidorus*, adhere to his fortune; and truſt to my conſtancie. Alas! Madam (reply'd he) may an unfortunate abſent perſon be aſſured of a thing which he ardently deſires? Yes, *Zenocrates* (anſwer'd *Lyſimena*) when ſhe that promiſes him is indu'd with generoſity. But your ſelf (added the Princeſs) take heed abſence do not change you, and that I have not cauſe one day to make you a thouſand reproaches. Time ſhall juſtifie me, Madam (ſaid he to her) and you ſhall ſee me during all my life the ſame I am this day, that is, the moſt faithful Lover that ever was. Alas! *Zenocrates* (anſwer'd ſhe) there was never an unfaithful Lover in the World, but a moment before his infidelity ſwore he would be eternally faithful; therefore anſwer nothing, and leave me to fear that which I cannot but be apprehenſive of. *Zenocrates* then made a thouſand the moſt earneſt proteſtations of fidelity that can be imagin'd; after which he departed, and went firſt to *Syracuſa*, and from thence to *Agrigentum*, where you know he found *Artemidorus*, from whom he has ever ſince been inſeparable. During his ſtay there, he writ very diligently to *Lyſimena*; but having made a long practiſe of appearing inconſtant, he was ſo accuſtomed when he was with a fair perſon, to uſe Courtſhip to her, that he did not change his manner. For when *Clidamira* was at *Agrigentum*, there were ſome dayes in which ſhe was not unpleaſing to him. And indeed *Zenocrates* is of a little of the humor of thoſe people who think an honeſt man cannot be call'd unfaithful, though he make ſome tranſitory Gallantries, and that the true Miſtreſs ought to be contented, provided ſhe be the chief Lady (to ſpeak in their own terms) and that the Lover be always ready to Sacrifice the reſt to her, when ſhe knows it and requires it. So then without being ſcrupulous in his paſſion, he came to have ſomething that ſeem'd like love for *Clidamira*. And this perſon who has always lov'd to trouble the contentment of others (though ſhe then lov'd *Artemidorus* who did not love her any longer) writ maliciouſly to *Leontium* to a Friend of hers, that *Zenocrates* had been very amorous of her, and would have been ſo ſtill, if ſhe had hearkned to him. Foraſmuch as ſhe knew that ſhe to whom ſhe writ was no keeper of a ſecret, her deſign ſucceeded; the Princeſs ſoon heard of this news, which ſhe the more deeply reſented, for that after the departure of *Artemidorus*, ſhe had ſuffer'd a hundred perſecutions from the Prince, who continually regreted the caſe of *Meleontus*. Whereupon ſhe complain'd to me with much tenderneſs; not that ſhe did not beleeve *Zenocrates* always lov'd her, but ſhe could not endure he ſhould have any kindneſs or complacency for another. How unjuſt men are? (ſaid ſhe to me) They will have an intire heart,

heart, they are jealous of a ſhar'd glance, and nevertheleſs they take a liberty to divide themſelves upon the leaſt occaſion that is preſented; and I am perſwaded they are ordinarily much more inconſtant when they are lov'd, then whilſt they only ſeek to have themſelves lov'd: though nothing is more unreaſonable then to be leſs faithful to a perſon that loves you, then to one by whom you are not lov'd. Such were the ſentiments of *Lyſimena*; who being advertis'd that *Meleontus* was ſhortly to return, profeſs'd her ſelf diſcontented with the World, and retired amongſt the Veiled Virgins which are neer *Leontium*, and I accompani'd her. The Prince was highly offended herewith, though he conceal'd his reſentment; and cauſing *Meleontus* to haſten his return, this Favorite ſoon after came again to Court, hoping that during the abſence of *Artemidorus* he might obtain his pardon of *Lyſimena*. But whereas at his taking leave of this Princeſs, he had ſpoken to her like a man that went to ſeek death, and was never to come again, he therefore writ to her at his return almoſt in theſe terms.

The unfortunate Meleontus to Lysimena.

If you knew, Madam, all that I have done to dye of grief, you could not accuſe me of living contrary to my word: for I have continually remembred your rigours, my Crimes and my infelicity. I have ſighed, I have lamented; I have not had a moment of quiet, I have complained of you, and I have complained of my ſelf; I have loved you, I have hated my ſelf, and in brief I have led the moſt miſerable life in the World. But after all, Madam, I have not been able to dye abſent from you; wherefore being perſwaded Deſtiny would have me dye in the ſame place where I had the unhappineſs to diſpleaſe, and offend you, I am returned hither to ſatisfie you. Theſe, Madam, are the ſentiments of the unfortunate Meleontus, *who loves you more then he ever loved you, although he knowes you hate him.*

This Letter being very pathetical, I confeſs to you, though I was *Zenocrates*'s Friend, I told the Princeſs, that ſometimes it was requiſite not to be too obſtinate againſt fortune, that there were unhappineſſes that could not be overcome otherwiſe then by yeelding to them, and that perhaps ſhe would not doe very ill in pardoning *Meleontus*, yet without ingaging her ſelf to any thing more. How? (anſwer'd *Lyſimena* haſtily) is it poſſible for me to looſe the natural averſion I have always had for *Meleontus*? Can I forget that he has been guilty of the injuſtice to ſuſpect me of a weakneſs I cannot think of without horror? That he has been ſo unworthy as to goe about to kill a man that was aſſaulted by above thirty, and whom he could not wound without endangering to kill me, as indeed he wounded me in ſuch a manner that I looke for nothing but death? What know I but that he deſign'd to kill me as well as *Artemidorus*? No, no, *Amiclea* (ſaid ſhe to me) *Meleontus* ſhall always be hated by *Lyſimena*, though even *Zenocrates* ſhould prove unfaithful. After this I durſt urge the Princeſs no more. In the mean time the Prince of *Leontium* being urg'd by *Amerintha*, reſolv'd to force *Lyſimena* to marry *Meleontus*, and deſign'd to come and take her with Authority from amongſt the Vailed-Virgins, in whoſe number was a Kinſwoman of the Prince of *Peruſia*, who was ſhortly to be ſent back into the Country of that Prince, there to eſtabliſh a Temple and a Covent of Virgins like this. Wherefore the Princeſs (though her mind was exaſperated againſt *Zenocrates*) ſeeing her ſelf in danger to marry *Meleontus* or a perpetual priſon (for ſhe was advertis'd that this was the deſign of the Prince) took the opportunity which fortune preſented her, and reſolv'd to paſs the Sea with theſe Virgins, to goe to *Peruſia*, leaving order with her that govern'd thoſe that ſtay'd, not to diſcover whither ſhe was gone. And accordingly the matter was effected, though her Waiting-women endeavor'd to avert her from it.

So *Lyſimena* believing *Zenocrates* too little faithful, and fearing to be forc'd to marry *Meleontus*, went away (as I ſaid before) to *Peruſia*, with intent to reſolve if poſſi-

ble to ſpend her life amongſt the vailed Virgins which were to be eſtabliſht there. As for me, I loving her dearly, and having no Mother, ſcrupled not to follow her fortune, however reſolv'd to hinder her from executing her purpoſe. But to ſpeak truth, I believe the affection ſhe has always had for *Zenocrates* hinder'd from it rather then I. In the mean time the Prince ſtill ſuffer'd it to be believ'd in *Sicily* that the Princeſs *Lyſimena* was amongſt the vailed Virgins with whom ſhe had ſhut up her ſelf, having been a long time without diſcovering where ſhe was. As for *Meleontus*, he continu'd Favorite to the Prince, and very much afflicted for the abſence of the Princeſs. But for that he has ſeen her flight was a pure effect of her hatred, I believe his love is much diminiſht, and that he ſtudies only to hinder *Artemidorus* and *Lyſimena* from returning to *Leontium*. As for the Princeſs, ſhe found an inviolable ſanctuary with *Mezentius* Prince of *Peruſia*; and you are not ignoram that being there in the time of the great diſorders that hapned between *Porſenna* and him, ſhe ſerv'd *Aronces* conſiderably when he came to deliver the Prince his Father; and having afterwards found better protection with *Porſenna* and *Galerita* then *Mezentius*, ſhe has continu'd in their Court, where ſhe has acquir'd a high reputation, and where *Artemidorus* and *Zenocrates* underſtanding of her reſidence, paſs'd to *Syracuſa* where *Amilcar* was, and came into *Italy* together, where they have ſeen *Lyſimena* many times. *Zenocrates* has been able to juſtifie himſelf, or at leaſt to deſire pardon for his cuſtomary inconſtancies, in which nevertheleſs he ſwears his heart was never concern'd. But for his puniſhment, he is become jealous within a few days, and we cannot imagine who it ſhould be that gives occaſion to his jealouſie.

However, we have underſtood a thing, which in my judgement will decide the intereſts of *Bereliſa* and *Clidamira* in reference to *Artemidorus*; for you ſhall know we have diſcover'd by an antient Lover of *Lyſimena*, who came from *Leontium* a while ſince, and has had news from thence within theſe two days, that *Clidamira* has great credit in that Court, and ſo great, that *Artemidorus* and *Lyſimena* cannot return thither but by her negotiation. That which gives her this authority, is, becauſe there is a half engag'd love between her and *Meleontus*, who knows not that ſhe ſtill loves *Artemidorus*. The man whom I mention'd having brought a Letter of *Clidamira*'s to *Meleontus*, which the Favorite loſt and one of my Friends ſends me, the Princeſs has purpos'd to give it to *Artemidorus* aſſoon as his health ſhall be better, to the end to let him fully know the levity of this unfaithful fair one, of whom nevertheleſs they have great need; for being the Prince of *Leontium* is weak and over-rul'd by *Amerintha* and his Favorite, reaſon can prevail nothing at all with him.

Thus, Madam (ſaid *Amiclea* to *Clelia*) I have recounted to you what you and your amiable Friends deſir'd to know; and I beg your pardon for the little art I have us'd in making this relation.

Amiclea holding her peace, all theſe fair Virgins thank'd her: but *Clelia* with a little more coldneſs then the reſt, having her mind ſo taken up with *Zenocrates*'s jealouſie, whereof ſhe thought ſhe knew the cauſe, that ſhe ſcarce took notice of what was ſpoken. But there was none beſides *Plotina* that obſerv'd the alteration of her countenance; for *Amilcar*, *Anacreon*, and *Merigenes* being enter'd, the converſation was chang'd. The firſt diſcourſe was of the War paſt, the Truce and the Peace; then, of Love; and afterwards concerning *Themiſtus* and *Merigenes*, who were ſhortly to depart. For my part (ſaid *Plotina*) I envy thoſe that go to *Syracuſa*; for I confeſs to you I have heard ſpeak of a Lady call'd *Amalthea*, whoſe merit charms me. Tell me then, I conjure you (ſaid ſhe to *Merigenes*) whether they that brought the intelligence from *Lindamira* to *Themiſtus*, told you nothing concerning that admirable Woman. All that I can ſay (anſwer'd *Merigenes*) is, that *Amalthea* is continually more generous, that her virtue is never weary of obliging the unfortunate, and that after a noble manner, namely, without oſtentation or intereſt; and the young and charming *Clariſta* her Neece is at this time one of the moſt amiable Virgins in the World. For advancing in age ſhe is become more beautiful then ſhe was, ſhe has perform'd more then ſhe promis'd, though there was great expectation of her; and her mind being imbelliſht as well as her viſage, contributes to render her eyes more glittering, her phyſiognomie more agreeable, and her deportment more noble; in brief, ſhe has ſo well improv'd the advantage of reſiding with one of the moſt

most excellent Women in the World, that in this amiable Virgin are found all the charms of youth without any of the defects that ordinarily accompany that age. She is discreet and judicious, debonaire and modest, exact both in friendship and constancy; and it may be said to her honour, that when she is known, it is easie to divine under whom she has been educated. I beseech you (said *Plotina* then) when you go to *Syracusa*, tell the generous *Amalthea* and the charming *Clarista*, that they have a Friend at *Rome*, whose friendship will cost them as little to preserve as it has to acquire. I promise to tell them whatsoever you please (answer'd *Merigenes*) and to tell it them in one of the most delectable places in the World. For I am told that since my departure the generous *Artaxander* and the virtuous *Amalthea* have finish'd the building of a low apartment that lies along a fair Garden, and takes up the length of their stately Palace. You will do me a pleasure to speak of me in so excellent a place and in so good company (reply'd *Plotina*) but I should not be unwilling that you would at least carry my fantie thither whither according to all apparences I am never likely to go in person. I shall obey you (said *Merigenes*) yet I will not undertake to make you an exact description of that magnificent Palace; for I fear I should a little pervert the order of Architecture. You are very prudent (said *Amilcar*) not to perplex your self willingly amongst Pilasters, Columns, Friezes, and Cornishes; for I remember I once knew a pretender to fine wit, who going about to describe a handsome house, put the Chapter in the place of the Base, the Pilaster upon the Column, and (if I am not mistaken) the Porch at the third story. But yet he had the faculty of imploying all the terms of the most exquisite Architecture, from the Fuming Pots to the Astragals. 'Tis true he did not put them in their right place; but nevertheless believing he understood himself, he conceiv'd he was understood too by his hearers, and was very much satisfi'd with it. To avoid therefore the like inconvenience (answer'd *Merigenes*, after he had laugh'd a little as well as the rest of the company at that which *Amilcar* spoke) I shall content my self to tell you in general that the Palace of *Artaxander* and *Amalthea* is large and magnificent, and were it finish'd, would be one of the goodliest in the World. That which renders it more agreeable, is, that it is built upon the Haven of *Syracusa*, that there is a spacious and fair Garden belonging to it, that the Court of it is handsome, that the Stair-case is very excellent, that there are great and goodly apartments in it, that there are little ones too, agreeable and convenient; and that all the places and parts of this Palace are uniform, magnificent and well contriv'd. But to describe only the low apartment (in which I purpose to speak of you) I must tell you it is contriv'd in such a manner, that all that can be wisht is to be found in it; for there are so many rooms upon the same plain, that my memory is puzled to retain them. There are anti-chambers, Chambers, a Gallery, Cabinets at both ends; and all these so well contriv'd that all the doors of those several places which are upon the same rowe exactly respond to one another; so that when one is at one end he may see all that is done at the other, and the view passing through all these several places, finds it a very agreeable sight: but above all the rest, the Gallery pleases infinitely. Imagine, that it is so contriv'd as to serve for a Gallery and a Cabinet both; for the Architect took room out of the thickness of the wall, at several distances, to places shelves fill'd with books. The like have been made on the side of the Bay-windows; and for the safety and neatness of the books, there are Curtains which cover them, and great carved Windows which enclose them. This Gallery is vaulted, which renders it agreeable and cool. It has several Bay-windows which look towards the Garden, where are seen abundance of Orange-trees; and on each side and at both ends are seen at equal distances twenty great looking-glasses fastned into the Wainscot which is wholly of Cedar. But to render this sight more agreeable, on the side of each of these great looking-glasses there are other little ones, with branches of silver issuing out at the bottom, each of which supported two stately Lamps. So that when these sixty or eighty Lamps are lighted, the reflection they make in that multitude of Looking-glasses, produces such an admirable spectacle as cannot be represented. And to render this place as commodious as it is handsome, the Cabinet which is at the end remote from the Haven of *Syracusa* has such a semblance of melancholy and solitude, that it is impossible not to be pensive in it. Two steps downward lead into it, it is of no great largeness, the prospect of it is bounded, and there is a shadiness so suitable to a solitary retreat, that never was any place so fit to

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muſe agreeably or better contriv'd to tell a ſecret in, as this. But contrarily, the other Cabinet which is oppoſite to this, at the other end of this apartement, being in view of the Haven, diverts the eyes with a thouſand delightful Objects, and a continual diverſity of people going to and fro. So that here is always a choice either of ſolitude or of the world; and which is more remarkable, this apartment without many adornments or guilding makes never theleſs ſuch a ſhew of magnificence as cannot be expreſs'd.

After what you have ſaid (anſwer'd *Plotina*) I am more deſirous then before of the friendſhip of the generous *Amalthea*, and the charming *Clariſta*. I will not fail (reply'd *Merigenes*) to requeſt it for you, and I confidently promiſe you to obtain it, aſſoon as I ſhall have told them who you are. But would you not alſo (ſaid *Merigenes*) be Friend to ſome of my Friends of this Country? I deſire it (anſwer'd ſhe ſmiling) for according to the humor I am of, I am not very well ſatisfi'd with all thoſe I have here. Sincerely (added ſhe) if we well conſider, all the World are but diſſemblers; they whom we confide in moſt, deceive us moſt, and I think 'tis good prudence to diſtruſt all others and our ſelves too. For all the World act like the vulgar at ſome time or other, all the World commits faults, and all the World is to blame in ſome caſes. They who ſeem active, are deceivers; ſuch as are not deceivers are vveak; they that are too wiſe, love no body; and they that love really are ſo few, that they make no remarkable number. Never tell me then (added *Plotina* ſpeaking of ſome Friends) ſuch a one is a wiſe man, generous, and incapable of failing; for to ſpeak truly, all men are ſubject to defects. Yes (continued ſhe with an amiable ſeverity) all the World may be prepoſſeſs'd with prejudice, all the world is crafty, envious, ſlanderous, falſe, weak; and there is ſcarce a Heroe but in ſome moment of his life finds ſome little low and vulgar ſentiment in his heart; ſo true it is that all men have their imperfections. In truth (ſaid *Anacreon*) *Plotina* has reaſon in what ſhe ſays, for there is ſcarce any perſon that can boaſt of having a true Friend. Then I am more happy then others (ſaid *Merigenes*) for I beleeve I have many. I beleev'd ſo as well as you (anſwer'd *Anacreon*) but upon an occaſion of ſome importance, when I was at the Court of *Polycrates*, I found I had an infinite number of falſe or weak Friends, and very few whom I could account good. 'Tis ſo in all places (reply'd *Amilcar*) but in prudence it behoves never to confide in their Friendſhip further then their own intereſt, pleaſure, or glory tyes them to you; and in equity it behoves to love them in the ſame meaſure as they love us, and never with any other affection then that which increaſes and diminiſhes according to occaſion. But Heroical friendſhip is not much leſs difficult to be practis'd then conſtant Love; and for my part, I have rarely endeavour'd it, becauſe the former is more convenient. 'Tis true, 'tis not ſo noble, excellent, and ſolid; but it never cauſes us much perplexity; it never makes us partakers of the misfortunes or ſorrows of our friends; it never renders us concern'd in the injuries which are done them; but taking barely the flowers of Friendſhip (if I may ſo ſpeak) we leave the thorns to thoſe ſincere Friends, who reſent all the ſorrows of thoſe they love, who ingage in all their intereſts without exception, who maintain the ſame courageouſly againſt the World, who have no fortunes apart, whoſe very honour is mutually common, who can never be poor whilſt one of them is rich, who think themſelves not in health when their friends are ſick. Beleeve me (added *Amilcar*) this kind of friendſhip is not competent to all ſorts of people, and I know ſome perſons that have not been able to attain to it, though they much deſir'd it. And therefore for fear of the ſame miſcarriage, I content my ſelf with loving according to the faſhion, that is, very commodiouſly for my ſelf. To conclude, whatever *Merigenes* is pleas'd to ſay, he knows no great number of thoſe Heroes in Friendſhip. For my part (ſaid *Plotina*) I deſire no more of him but the Character of one; for I conceive he muſt needs be a very agreeable perſon, it being almoſt impoſſible to be perfectly a good Friend, without being perfectly a brave man. I grant it (ſaid *Merigenes*) and I aſſure my ſelf, that aſſoon as I ſhall have nam'd *Lyſimantus*, *Amilcar* will confeſs he is an excellent man, and a faithful Friend. I acknowledge it (anſwer'd *Amilcar*) and that which renders his friendſhip more ſolid, is, that he is indued with an immutable honeſty; and as for conſtancie, he has given a thouſand eminent proofs of it, and lov'd the illuſtrious *Meriander*, even to the death. Since *Lyſimantus* was

Friend

Friend to *Meriander*, and is ſo ſtill to *Merigenes*, (ſaid *Valeria*) we muſt needs know, and I joyn my ſelf with *Plotina* to deſire his deſcription. I doe the ſame (ſaid *Clelia*) and I aſſure my ſelf, *Merigenes* will not refuſe us. It would be ſufficiently hard to doe it, Madam (reply'd he) and therefore to obey you, know, *Lyſimantus* is a man of illuſtrious Lineage, and whoſe Anceſtors have born the moſt conſiderable Charges in their own Country. But to ſpeak truly, he is ſo well worthy to be commended by himſelf, that 'tis not at all neceſſary to fetch his praiſes from the vertues of his predeceſſors, and it ſuffices to ſpeak only of what is truly his own. He is tall, of a goodly aſpect; time has a little thickned his ſhape; he has a freſh and lively complexion, handſome and ſprightly eyes, ſomething a great noſe, a happy Phyſiognomy, the air of a Wiſe man, and a very obliging addreſs, eſpecially towards his Friends. Nature has given him a great Wit, but ſolid and firm, with a very exact judgment of the higheſt matters. Not but that he has a plyable mind, which obliges him not to deſpiſe the meaner, for he ſpeaks well in the moſt trivial things when he pleaſes to give himſelf the trouble; but it is certain, his minde is naturally more fit for ſerious matters. He has a univerſal knowledge of the World, which ſcarce ever deceives him; he underſtands the ſoundeſt Policie, and the moſt ſolid morality. By his prudence he foreſees the moſt remote and leaſt probable events; and his firmneſs of mind cauſes him to ſupport conſtantly the moſt unexpected misfortunes. He knows how to undergoe the changes of Fortune without changing his countenance; exile and impriſonment ſhake not the firmneſs of his heart; and never ſtudying but to do that which he ought, he leaves events to the power of Fortune, and always prepares himſelf for the moſt improſperous, that ſo he may not be ſurpriz'd by them. He is honorable, honeſt, punctual, ſecret, and as great a friend as poſſibly can be. His manners are very innocent; yet his virtue is nothing auſtere towards others; but on the contrary, he conceives the wiſer a man is, the more he is oblig'd to excuſe the light follies of his Friends. He is naturally inclin'd to ambition and action, but his vertue renders him ſo abſolute a Maſter of his mind, that he conforms himſelf admirably well to moderation and quiet. 'Tis true, this quiet is ſufficiently honorable to him; for his vertue, and his great love of juſtice and truth being known to all the World, he is the comforter of his unfortunate friends, the umpire of many great conteſts, and the depoſitory of the laſt wills of divers eminent, who would be aſſur'd at their death to have their intentions perform'd. For *Lyſimantus* is incapable of bending for any reſpect whatſoever, when he ſees virtue does not require it; and indeed all the Grandeur of the World, nor death it ſelf cannot make him demur a moment to doe his duty. He beleeves a man is not oblig'd to be happy, but is oblig'd to be virtuous; and he thinks he ſhould be more miſerable if he could reproach himſelf with an action of weakneſs, then if he were expos'd to the moſt cruel perſecution that ever was. In which regard he confines himſelf ſo ſcrupulouſly to doe what he ought, that he can never fail in it; and friendſhip, as powerful as it is in his heart, has never been able to cauſe him to omit the leaſt thing which he thought himſelf oblig'd in honour to doe, though it were in the moſt nice and difficult occaſions. Nevertheleſs, he loves his Friends very tenderly; for, being Love in general never much touch'd his heart, though he may be not uncapable of a great paſſion, his Friendſhip is thereby the more ardent and tender. But how ſtrong ſoever it be, the love of glory and virtue have always the greateſt influence upon him. 'Tis true, he does not flatter himſelf with ſelf-conceit in theſe occaſions, nor make a pretext of juſtice to the diſadvantage of Friendſhip; but he ſo well underſtands the juſt bounds of generoſity, juſtice, and friendſhip, that he is never miſtaken in them. Nevertheleſs, he has a virtue which he is troubled to give bounds to in his heart. For he beleeves goodneſs ought almoſt never to have any, and therefore he makes a particular profeſſion of being good; and this is ſo much the more excellent, in that having a very high Soul, his goodneſs has nothing in it but what is noble, and can never be ſuſpected of weakneſs. Were I minded, I could relate to you a hundred eminent actions of this illuſtrious man, which would confirm that which I ſay; but ſince I know he loves not to have his actions publiſht, I ſhall conform to his humor, and deprive you of a very great pleaſure by depriving him of a great glory. But though I forbear to tell you any thing of his life, yet I ſhall at leaſt inform you that he was dearly belov'd by the illuſtrious *Meriander* (whom you have heard ſo much ſpoken of) and is infinitely ſo at preſent by the generous *Theander*, the prudent

dent *Theodamas*, the agreeable *Teramus*, the ingenious *Amilcar*, the illuſtrious *Herminius* (whom he ſaw at *Syracuſa*) and by a man of eminent worth call'd *Clidamantus*, who has a high and tender heart, a very great capacity, with all noble inclinations, who is very ſenſible of Love and Friendſhip, who is honorable and generous, who writes excellently both in Verſe and Proſe, who cannot ſubmit to any thing but Reaſon, whoſe Will is ardent in whatſoever he affects, who is decent and magnificent, and who by a thouſand great and excellent qualities has deſerv'd the friendſhip of *Lyſimantus*. I am raviſht with this Character of your illuſtrious Friend (anſwer'd *Plotina*) but I beſeech you, tell me whether *Meleander* lov'd him always alike till his death. He ſo tenderly lov'd him (reply'd *Merigenes*) that he left him his portrait, and made choice of him to execute his laſt intentions. Nevertheleſs an adventure once befel them worthy to be related to you, which might have bred a feud betwixt them, if both of them had not had well-temper'd minds, and in which honour and friendſhip made a great conteſt in the heart of *Lyſimantus*. I beſeech you (ſaid *Clelia*) tell us that adventure. I will ſo (anſwer'd *Merigenes*) on condition the company will afterwards declare their ſentiments concerning the action of my Friend. I ſcruple not to engage my ſelf to this (reply'd *Clelia*) for I perceive in the eyes of all that hear me they will do what you deſire. Know then (ſaid *Merigenes*) there was never a ſtraiter friendſhip then that which was between *Lyſimantus* and *Meriander*; for they had a great mutual affection and eſteem, and had no diſtinct intereſts. Being in this condition, Fortune engag'd them to follow a great Prince into a ſtrange Country, where having continued a ſufficient long time, it hapned that this Prince's affairs becoming in another poſture, he took a reſolution to depart ſecretly out of the Countrey whither he had retir'd, and diſcover'd his purpoſe to *Lyſimantus* and ſome other beſides, with order to tell no perſon whatſoever of it, and to ſteal away with himſelf the next night, without giving intelligence of it to any. *Lyſimantus* then found himſelf in an extreme plunge; for on the one ſide honour requir'd him to be faithful to his Maſter, and on the other friendſhip would not permit him to deſert his Friend in a ſtrange Country, where he might be ill treated, or at leaſt arreſted after the departure of the Prince. However, though *Lyſimantus* lov'd *Meriander* more then his own life, yet believing he could not reveal his Maſter's ſecret without perfidiouſneſs, he told *Meriander* nothing of it, and reſolv'd to go with the Prince till he had conducted him into a place of ſafety, and to return afterwards to find his Friend and partake of the ſame Fortune with him, how bad ſoever it might prove. The buſineſs was done accordingly; *Lyſimantus* follow'd the Prince, and *Meriander* ſtay'd behind, and was extremely aſtoniſht at the departure of his Friend. But having a good opinion of the heart of his Friend, he complain'd rather of his own misfortune then of him, and took it not ill that honour had been more prevalent in his mind then friendſhip, and that not being able to ſatisfie the one without violating the other, he had prefer'd his duty before all things. Wherefore having found out a way to eſcape, and gone to ſeek the Prince upon the frontier, from whence his Friend was ready to return back to him, he was ſo generous as not to make him the leaſt reproach. On the contrary he imbrac'd him with ardency; and when *Lyſimantus* would have told him what a ſorrow it was to him to have been prohibited by his duty from revealing the ſecret to him wherewith he had been intruſted, I beſeech you (ſaid he) have not ſo ſad an opinion of me as to ſuſpect that I blame you; for if I did, it would imply that I might be capable of a Treaſon. Do not then treat me in this manner, I conjure you, and believe that if I had been in your place, I ſhould have done as you have: but if any alteration has hapned in my heart, 'tis, that I eſteem you more then I did before. Ha! *Meriander* (cry'd *Lyſimantus*) this action of yours is far more excellent then mine; and if you have encreas'd your eſteem of me, I am oblig'd to augment (if poſſible) my affection for you.

Ha! *Merigenes* (cry'd *Plotina*) that which you relate ſeems to me ſo excellent, ſo noble and heroical, that my reaſon is dazled with it. And ſincerely (added ſhe) I know not which deſerves the greater admiration, *Lyſimantus* or *Meriander*. For my part (ſaid *Clelia*) I judge *Meriander* to have taken a very commendable courſe: but ſince there was no other in reaſon to be taken, and ſince that which *Lyſimantus* did, was more difficult to reſolve on, I conceive more praiſes are to be given to *Lyſiman-*

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sus then to *Meriander*. If you please to consider (said *Anacreon*) you will find it a greater difficulty to keep our selves from being sway'd by our own interests, and to judge equitably in favour of a Friend when we are both judges and parties. But however (said *Valeria*) the matter was not very ambiguous; for no man ought ever to betray his Master in favour of a Friend. 'Tis true (answer'd *Amilcar*) but there are so many people who betray their Masters for considerations less noble, that a man cannot be too much commended who did what he ought at such a time, when he could not do it without exposing his Friend to be arrested in a strange Country. But yet I would know (said *Plotina*) when 'tis lawful to desert one's Friend. Never (said *Valeria*) but being 'tis forbidden for a man to be perfidious to his Master, in some occasions there may be a necessity of declining to serve his Friends as he desires. But to speak truth, these unhappy occasions are few; for it is requisite that they be indispensable duties, and such as are requir'd toward our Prince, Father, or Country: nevertheless at the same time we ought to be capable of entring into all the interests of those we love, and to be sensible of whatever concerns them: it is requisite that their honour be mingled with our own, and that we be more ready to pardon injuries done to our selves then to our Friends. Finally, we ought positively to do more for our Friend then we would do for our selves. By what *Merigenes* has related (said *Clelia*) it appears that *Lysimantus* thought himself oblig'd even to perish with his Friend, since he resolv'd to return where he had left him; and 'tis easie to judge what he was capable of doing for him, by what he would have done against himself, lest his Friend might suspect him of too little affection. But that which I account most praise-worthy in *Meriander* (added *Valeria*) is, that he believ'd his Friend when he told him of his intention to return, and that without doubting a moment of what he said. For 'tis one of the greatest priviledges of Friendship to believe a Friend, as we would be believ'd by him. For if you think him capable of dissimulation, you ought to withdraw your friendship from him; and for my part, I confess, that I am sensibly troubled when that which I say, is doubted of; because I am incapable of lying: besides, assoon as distrust is admitted amongst friends, friendship it self is in danger to be destroy'd. Undoubtedly *Valeria* has reason (answer'd *Amilcar*) and there is nothing more disgustful then to call in doubt that which a Friend assures you of, and nothing likewise that more argues the weakness of friendship in him that doubts; for if he takes his Friend for a sincere person, why do's he not believe him? and if he think him false, why do's he not discard him? assuredly 'tis confidence which is the most indissolvable bond of hercical friendship. So *Meriander* (who was virtue it self) presently believ'd *Lysimantus*; and to conclude, it may be said, without determining precisely which of the two deserves most commendations in this occasion, that either of them did all which they ought to do, to merit a greater mutual esteem. In truth (said *Plotina* then) I think there are not found many such Friends as *Lysimantus* and *Meriander*; and 'tis prudence not to believe lightly that we have found one, for fear of being deceiv'd. For my part (said *Amilcar*) I am perswaded, that the World has in general been always alike, that there has been always vice and virtue, that what is not in one place is in another. And for what concerns me (said *Plotina*) I think *Merigenes* has done a master-piece in entertaining our minds so agreeably with the relation he has made us; for ordinarily narrations somewhat long do not much divert, and the custom of relating such continually ought to be avoided: as I know some who never speak but of the time pass'd, and always recounting what they have seen, say nothing of what they see. 'Tis true (answer'd *Amilcar*) these eternal tellers of Stories are sometimes much to be fear'd. Some are confus'd, others too long, some are so peevish that they will never be interrupted, others on the contrary interrupt themselves, and at the end know not what they have spoken, nor what they intended to speak: such as recount things that are not much car'd for nor delightful in themselves, are more troublesome then the Tellers of Stories. Yet I had one day sufficient pleasure (said *Plotina*) in playing a prank once in my life in a company where I was; for after they had diverted themselves with a hundred several things, it was concluded to refer the divertisement of the rest of the day to me. Wherefore when they had walkt, danc't, and been entertain'd with a sumptuous collation, I thought it would be best to contrive some kinde of amusement in the conversation. But being there were some

perſons in the company of no great Wit, I confeſs that judging they were not fit to be diverted ſeriouſly, I made a malicious peece of raillery, which was to ingage them all to obey me, and to ſpeak concerning what I pleas'd. And ſo chuſing ſuch ſubjects for theſe people to ſpeak of as they underſtood leaſt, I made them ſay very pleaſant things. For my part (ſaid *Valeria*) I ſhould be much puzled if I were oblig'd to ſpeak of ſeveral things which I underſtand not. And, as for me (ſaid *Clelia*) I ſpeak not much but of that which affects my heart. For my particular (ſaid *Amiclea*) I ſpeak indifferently what I have ſeen; and I what I think (added *Merigenes.*) I am then more dextrous then all you (ſaid *Amilcar*) for methinks I ſpeak alike well of every thing. At leaſt you ſpeak ſometimes very pleaſantly of others (anſwer'd *Plotina*) and though you beleeve you always do wonders (added ſhe) yet I am confident you will not make a deſcription of a handſome place ſo well as *Amiclea.* I grant it (reply'd he) but I can boaſt that I do it better then any thing elſe, except loving you; for, as for that, I not only ſurpaſs others, but I dayly ſurpaſs my ſelf. I beſeech you (ſaid ſhe ſmiling) doe not confound your deſcriptions, leave that of your affection to another time, and content your ſelf to deſcribe to us ſome fair Houſe or Garden, that we may ſee your skill. But if he deſcribe a place to us which we have not ſeen (ſaid *Valeria*) we ſhall not know whether he deſcribe it well or no. If you will refer your ſelves to *Merigenes* (anſwer'd *Amilcar*) I will deſcribe one to you, in which your fancie may walk with incredible pleaſure; for there is not a fairer in the World. They ſay 'tis ſo dry in *Africa* (reply'd *Amiclea*) that I hardly think you can make ſo handſome a deſcription if you chuſe a place of your own Country. No, no (anſwer'd *Amilcar*) doe not fear my judgment, for 'tis at leaſt as great as my Wit. And therefore I ſhall deſcribe to you a very fair Place in *Aſia*, which I know *Merigenes* has ſeen, and which is not far from *Babylon.* Then 'tis the fair houſe of *Telaſtus* and *Meliſanta* (reply'd *Merigenes.*) 'Tis the ſame (ſaid *Amilcar.*) Your choice is admirable (anſwer'd *Merigenes*) and you cannot miſtake in the corner of a Walk, but I ſhall perceive your error. But 'tis a long way from hence to *Aſia* (ſaid *Amiclea.*) As for the Voyages of the fancie (anſwer'd *Plotina*) they are ſo eaſily made, that it will be no trouble to me to goe to *Babylon* in a moment. But how will you know (ſaid *Valeria*) whether *Amilcar* repreſents a place well which you never ſaw, and never will? 'Tis ſufficient (anſwer'd ſhe) that I ſee whether he knows how to make a handſome Idea of a fair place; he that ſo much derides thoſe that put the Baſes upon the Chapters: for, as for my own part, I confeſs to my ſhame, when I have been in a brave Garden, I could ſay nothing of it but that it was extremely handſome, delightful, and admirable. Then I ſhall excel you (anſwer'd *Amilcar*) and to manifeſt ſo much, attend to me ſilently, and have a little patience. If I would make a bare plat-form, I ſhould ſoon have done; but intending to make you a faithful Portraiture, I muſt deſire a little time. Yet I confeſs ingenuouſly, the place I am going to deſcribe to you, which is call'd Mount *Euphrates*, has ſuch extraordinary Beauties, that I think it impoſſible to delineate them well. It is ſo neer *Babylon*, that it requires but a quarter of an hour to goe thither. 'Tis true, the Mountain upon which it is ſituated, is a little towards the right ſide of the City, but nevertheleſs, there is no difficulty at all in the way; beſides, if one pleaſes to goe a little about, there is a way leads to it, the ſlopeneſs of which is almoſt imperceptible. As for the Building, it has nothing very magnificent on the outſide, but it is admirably commodious within. The apartments of it are handſome; there are Halls, Chambers, Galleries, and ſo pleaſant, convenient, and agreeable a Cabinet, that nothing can be deſir'd more in it. For after having paſs'd through a great Hall, and a handſome Chamber, one enters into it by a carved Door, the borders of which are guilded. The form of this Cabinet is ſquare, it is painted and guilded all about, and on three ſides of it are Looking-glaſſes with guilded frames, which by reflection receive all the Objects of the moſt goodly Country that ever was ſeen, and of one of the faireſt Gardens in the World; ſo that ſitting upon the rich Cuſhions which are about it, or upon a little Couch which is on the ſide oppoſite to the Door, one ſees on all ſides a moſt agreeable ſight. For theſe ſeveral Looking-glaſſes not only give ſeveral repreſentations of a brave Country, a Garden, and the ſquare Ponds of water, as well as the Company which is in it; but they multiply themſelves, and by the diverſitie of their reflexions agreeably deceive

ceive the eyes, and pleasingly amuse the imagination. And to make an end of describing this admirable Cabinet, I shall tell you, that there is a kinde of a shelf, in form of a Cornish which lyes round about above the Looking-glasses. This shelf is painted and guilded, like all the rest of the Cabinet, and several curious and magnificent vessels are seen upon it. But that which chiefly renders this Cabinet admirable, is, that it has a large Bow-window from whence is seen all that which I am going to describe to you. But to doe it well, it is requisite to return back the same way, to the end to represent to you all that is perceiv'd in an instant, when having gone through a very handsome passage, and crost a great Court, one arrives at the Porch, and advances up the steps. Conceive then, that one is no sooner arriv'd at the place I speak of, but there is discover'd the fairest sight in the World; for to omit speaking of a great Terrass walk which lies between two agreeable Groves, I will only tell you that it is a stately stone-Balcone, beyond which is seen a large green plat with divisions and borders of Flowers round about, and three Walks on the two sides of it, as it were to lead the sight to a fair Fountain, which is so much the more admirable, for that it is plac'd upon the top of a Mount. Beyond this Fountain which has a very stately Basin, is another green plat made Terrass-wise, with three stately entrances of stone-work, and two large square lakes of water on the right and left side, almost as if Nature had inverted her order by placing lakes upon Hills, they are so great and handsome. 'Tis true, in approaching towards them, 'tis visible enough that Art has assisted Nature, for they are encompass'd with stone, the sides of them are green turf, and there are low walks to goe round about them, the borders of which are cover'd with perpetual verdure. So that these Ponds of water having each of them five Fountains arising up with sharp spires, make a very agreeable Object with that Fountain in the middle I told you of before. Below this there is a third Terrass'd green-plat, more rustical then the second, from whence being descended by other stone stairs, one sees a Round of water with several Jets of Water, Rocks, Prilling-spouts, Napes, and all that the industry of men can adde to Nature. But to bring back your imagination to the Porch (if I may so speak) and make you well comprehend that which is seen there, know, that besides the first and second green-plat, the Fountain in the middle, and the two square lakes of water, the prospect reaches to above twenty miles distance, though the sight be agreeably arrested by a very delectable variety. For beyond the incloſure of the Park is seen a hill on the left hand, which is cultivated by husbandry, and in stead of hindring the sight, leads it towards the fairest Object in the world; for there is discover'd a Royal House standing in a plain, which has several stately Towers of ancient structure; and another proud modern Building, which one of the chief men of the World caus'd to be built there, to render this place more fit for the divertisement of a great Prince. This Castle is accompani'd with a great wood, which is discover'd likewise, and is a marveilous ornament to the Country. More towards the right hand is seen another fair House, which belongs to a man very illustrious both for his eminent Charges, and his great Qualities. And a little neerer, is seen a Temple, in which are Virgins consecrated to *Diana*, and several other Houses of persons of Quality are discern'd, which adorn this Country with an agreeable variety. Beyond these fair Objects, which seem to serve chiefly to render the Prospect from Mount *Euphrates* more divertising, is seen an admirable Plain which shews as if it were united with the sky; and on the right hand is seen the top of a rustick Temple, solitary plains, hills, copses, heaths, interjacent fields, and remote mountains, which rising insensibly one above another, withdraw themselves out of view by their distance. In brief, this sight is so surprising and excellent, that one cannot be but continually amaz'd and charm'd with it. However, I must change my station, and conduct you from the left side of the Porch into a great Walk which runs through a side of the Grove, and is cross'd by two other very solitary walks, in the concourse of which is a Fountain in the midst. Going towards which, one finds on the right hand a little end of a Walk, which suffering the sight to pass through the trees that reach up to the Sky, discovers at a distance the Royal House I mention'd, the prospect of which is so agreeable. But when amongst the sweet warblings of a thousand Birds who are the perpetual guests of this pleasant wood, you arrive at the Fountain, you find your self in the midst of several Walks, and in an admirable place. That which continues directly from the House, at the

end riſes up into a little Hill, and hath a Copſe on the left ſide, and a ſpacious Meadow on the right. If one look towards the ſide where the ſight is free, one ſees the ſame Country I have deſcrib'd to you, but with another aſpect; becauſe by changing place, all the objects appear after a different manner. But after this, turning to the contrary ſide you behold the ſhadineſs of the Wood, and paſs into another Walk from whence is ſeen on the left hand a Meadow between two Woods, which is the moſt agreeable ſight in the World; and on the right, another Meadow, and a little further a Copſe. At the end of this Walk, one enters into a great Walk of the Wood, the Trees of which are ſo ſhady that they wholly intercept the rays of the Sun. From this place is a very agreeable proſpect; for this Walk at one end terminates in a kind of perſpective and riſing at the other between two handſome Copſes, one mounts up a little Hill where are four Walks, and where the ſight is ſo free that one would think himſelf maſter of the World. On one ſide is ſeen the ſame Country that was ſeen from the Porch, and ſeveral ſquare Ponds of water; and on the left hand, many brave houſes, and a plain of far greater extent. On the one ſide is ſeen a corner of *Babylon*, and the ſhady Woods; and on the other a ruſtick Temple, all *Aſſyria*, the proud Monuments of the antient Kings of this Country, Villages, Towns, Cottages, Valleys and Mountains afar off, and ſo great an extent of Land, that the ſight being unable to diſcern any thing more, the imagination ſupplies its deficiency, and makes one think he ſees that which he does not, becauſe he knows only that things ought to be there. After this you go back the ſame way, and turning at the bottom of the Hill, you aſcend by little ruſtick ſolitary Walks which ſhew as if it were the remoteſt Deſart in the World. All is wild and neglected, there is nothing to be ſeen there but Trees and ſhade; nor heard, beſides Birds. By the way is ſeen a little place to take covert, but it was made only to reſt in, or avoid the Rain: ſo that in this place the imagination cannot but be fill'd with ſolitary objects. But then, having gone ſome time in theſe little winding-walks, one arrives at a Walk as high as the Wood. It riſes on the ſide toward the little Hill, and is very open: but at the other end it is very delightful with its ſhadineſs. On the left ſide are divers croſs Walks, which deſcend by degrees, and whoſe ſhew is gloomy and wild. A little further on the ſame ſide there is a place ſo charming, that a Painter could never invent any thing ſo handſome. And there is another, the objects of which, though handſome, have an appearance of ſolitarineſs that pleaſes infinitely. But without ſtopping at ſo many places, I muſt proceed to tell you, that having gone ſome time in this high Walk, one ſees at the end a kind of ſhew, which at firſt is ſo confus'd, that 'tis not diſcernable what it is; but going further, one would think he beheld a great River and the Maſts of a Navy: a little after, one would imagine, it were ſome piece of admirable Perſpective painted; but in approaching neerer, one finds that they are Towers and Pyramids, and that this is the moſt goodly and magnificent ſight in the World. For through three large Windows which make up the whole ſide of a Cabinet built with a round arch'd roof, is ſeen in the plain directly oppoſite the great and ſtately City of *Babylon*, which by the Towers of its Temples, Palaces and hanging Gardens makes a confuſion of gallant objects that dazles and amazes the imagination, eſpecially when the Sun ſhines upon them in the morning. The admiration this Proſpect excites, deprives ſome of ſpeech, and cauſes others to make a thouſand ſhouts; and the excellency of it cannot be imagain'd by any but thoſe that have ſeen it. But the oppoſition of divers other things ſeen from the ſame place renders it more ſurpriſing. For upon hillocks toward the right hand are ſeen many little Country-cottages, a ruſtick Temple ſomething neerer, a ſmall thicket of trees; on the left Vineyards, and Cornfields, in the middle ſpacious and flowry Meadows, and furtheſt of all, the heads of Mountains crown'd with ſtately Palaces. And beſides all this magnificence, there is a terraſs'd Walk ſix hundred paces long, that affords the ſame proſpect, which undoubtedly is the moſt admirable in the World. But fear of tedioufneſſes perſwades me to omit the deſcription of ſeveral croſs Walks which meet at the entrances of the Cabinet from whence this rare proſpect is ſeen, and not to mention to you the various and admirable proſpects of them: I ſhall only tell you that deſcending to the low Walk of the Wood there is an admirable one for variety, and that from thence is ſeen the ſame ſquare Pond that was ſeen from the little Hill which is directly oppoſite to it. But in brief, being return'd into the low Walk, one goes out of it by great Stairs of

ſtone,

ſtone, croſſes the Court, and comes again into the Porch, the goodly proſpect from whence comforts you agreeably for all the other fair objects which are no longer ſeen. But that which is remarkable, they to whom this gallant Houſe belongs (who are noble *Babylonians*) are ſo worthy of it, that all the World rejoyces to ſee it in their power. For *Telaſtus* and *Meliſanta* his wife are perſons of great fame for virtue, in which reſpect they are highly eſteem'd by all people of eminent quality and worth. *Telaſtus* is a comely perſonage, of a brown complexion, and a tall ſtature; he has a noble air, an agreeable ſmile, and is extremely civil. His mind is of a good temper, his converſation ſincere, his judgement ſolid, and his capacity fits him for the moſt conſiderable imployments. His fortune is no doubt very advantagiouſly eſtabliſht: but he uſes it ſo nobly, that no body is envious of his plenty. Whatever can be expected from magnificence guided by diſcretion, is to be found in his habitation. His Houſes are handſome, his Table is ſplendid, delicate and neat, he loves worthy perſons; and to compleat his felicity, the Gods have given him a Wife whoſe perfectly noble inclinations correſponding to his own, leave him nothing to deſire for his happineſs but to have children that may ſucceed and reſemble them. For *Meliſanta* is indu'd with all that can render an excellent woman conſiderable. She is not tall, but yet ſhe is well made, and has a very agreeable ſhape. She has brown Hair, a fair and lively complection, blew Eyes, pretty, cheerful and ſprightly. The ſhew of her countenance is agreeable, her ſmile very amiable, her Neck well made, her Arms and Hands delicate, and her geſtures free and graceful. As for her mind, ſhe is infinitely ingenious, and has a ſprightly Wit that exerts it ſelf always in converſation, and never ſuffers her to be penſive. She has a quick and ready Fancy, ſhe ſpeaks very exactly and eaſily upon all occaſions; ſhe makes a divertiſing relation in the moſt pleaſant manner poſſible; and her memory is ſo faithful to her, that I once heard her repeat a Diſcourſe made by the moſt Eloquent of the *Babylonian* Magi, without varying ſcarce any thing from it. As for her judgement, the conduct of her whole life gives an advantagious proof of it, it not being poſſible to find a perſon more ſolidly virtuous then ſhe. Nothing ever moleſts her, and ſhe ſatisfies all kind of duties without ſolicitude. There is not a woman in *Babylon* more exact in obſerving all things pertaining to her Religion; ſhe performs to her Relations all the offices ſhe owes them; ſhe does no leſs to her Friends, and never failing in any of the different occaſions whereto decency or civility engage her, ſhe has yet time enough left to ſpend in converſations and things indifferent. As for her Addreſs, one would think ſhe was deſign'd for every thing ſhe does; her Attire is well choſen, her Houſe-furniture is judiciouſly ſuted, and when ſhe gives a Collation to her Friends at her fair Houſe in the Country, nothing can be deſir'd more. Her ſlaves ſerve her with order, decency and reſpect, and ſhe underſtands the art of giving in the moſt gallant manner in the World. She has a Friend, to whom one day ſhe made a Preſent very ingeniouſly; for having taken notice of a very handſome Picture-caſe which ſhe wore hanging by a plain ſtring, and this Friend coming to viſit her, ſhe took it from her with more dexterity then a *Lacedemonian* could have done: ſo that this Lady believing it loſt, regretted the loſs of it four days together. But at length *Meliſanta* ſent her the Caſe which ſhe griev'd for, cauſing her to be told that it was recover'd out of the hands of thieves; and whereas they had put a chain to it, ſhe conceiv'd ſhe might keep it without ſcruple, becauſe it was not known to whom to reſtore it, and no perſon came to demand it. But indeed this chain, which was of handſome workmanſhip, and had a very neat claſp belonging to it, was put to the Picture-caſe by *Meliſanta*, who by this ingenious liberality would make a Preſent under the colour of a theft. It is for you to judge by this of *Meliſanta*'s mind, who beſides all I have told you, has yet another admirable quality; for ſhe has a very excellent and charming voice. She ſings as well as 'tis poſſible to ſing, and there's no perſon that hears her, but would think ſhe has a very paſſionate ſoul. Yet ſhe is ſometimes accus'd of not being ſenſible enough to friendſhip, and indeed I think it may be confidently ſaid without doing her injuſtice, that hers is uſually more generous then tender, though I think it not impoſſible for her to love with great dearneſs. However, her manner of loving is very commodious to her Friends and glorious to her ſelf, for ſhe is very careful of perſons whom ſhe loves; ſhe is officious, gentle, and agreeable, and ſhe has no Friend but owes her a thouſand civilities and pleaſures: in brief, it may be thought that were *Meliſanta*

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as loving as ſhe is lovely, the friendſhip born towards her would be ſo exceſſive, that it would torment as much as if it were love. Ha! *Amilcar* (ſaid *Plotina*) I am extremely taken with *Meliſanta*, and ſhould like better to be with her at Mount *Euphrates* then in the Camp of *Porſenna*. However, as I am ſincere, I confeſs you are as great a Painter of Landskips as Pourtraitures; but before I commend ſo much as I deſire, *Merigenes* muſt tell me, whether *Telaſtus*, *Meliſanta*, and Mount *Euphrates* are ſuch as you repreſent them. They are ſo like (anſwer'd *Merigenes*) that there is nothing more exact. All that *Amilcar* has ſpoken, has much diverted me (ſaid *Valeria*) but I ſhould not counſel another to make ſo long a narration, unleſs he could perform it as well. That which I admire (ſaid *Amiclea*) is, that *Amilcar* has ſo accurately retain'd all the particularities of ſo excellent a place. As for that (anſwer'd he) wonder not; for you muſt know, that all handſome Objects make ſo ſtrong an impreſſion in my mind, that they never are extinguiſht. But I declare to you freely that in an ordinary converſation I ſhould not have made my relation ſo long, for it is not fit to impoſe ſilence to a whole Company, only to ſhew that one knows how to ſpeak. After this, *Amiclea* withdrawing, the reſt of the Company departed, ſo that *Clelia*, *Plotina*, and *Valeria* being left alone, the two latter perceiv'd that *Clelia*'s melancholy was ſtill more augmented. What's the matter? my dear Siſter (ſaid *Plotina* to her) What new cauſe produces this ſadneſs? *Clelia* bluſht at this ſpeech, and would have paſs'd it without anſwering; but *Valeria* preſſing her thereto, Is it poſſible (ſaid ſhe to them) that you have not apprehended by the end of *Amiclea*'s relation that *Zenocrates* is jealous of *Aronces* and *Lyſimena*? and that you know not, that this being joyn'd to all the other conjectures I have of my unhappineſs, I have ground to beleeve that *Aronces* is unfaithful, and that whilſt I obſtinately reject *Horatius*'s affection, he is unconſtant to mine? To ſhew you (reply'd *Plotina*) that I am ſincere, though I am Siſter to *Horatius*, and think he is worthy of your love, yet I doe not ſtick to aſſure you that *Aronces* is innocent, and that your jealouſie is as ill grounded as that of *Zenocrates*. But who knows (ſaid *Clelia*) whether *Aronces* does not conſent to the order which he has receiv'd, not to ſee me? for by this means we ſhall be ſent back to *Rome* without his ſeeing me, and when I ſhall be return'd thither, perhaps he will write to me that he could not diſobey the King his Father; and ſo without being expos'd to my reproaches, he will forget all his Oaths, and perhaps love me no more. But if this misfortune ſhould happen (added ſhe bluſhing with) I finde I ſhould hate *Aronces* as much as I have lov'd him, and this bare ſuſpition I have of him, cauſes ſuch a confus'd trouble in my heart, that I cannot diſtinguiſh what ſentiments I have in my Soul. As *Clelia* was ſpeaking in this manner, *Lucilius* enter'd, and ſeem'd to them very ſad. So that *Plotina* being ſollicitous concerning the cauſe of his ſadneſs, askt him haſtily, what the matter was. Alas! Madam (ſaid he ſighing) I am unwilling to tell you. *Clelia* and *Valeria* bluſht, and looking upon *Lucilius*, Is it (ſaid *Valeria*) becauſe the peace is diſturb'd by the artifices of *Tarquin*? Or is it (added *Clelia*) becauſe *Porſenna* inſtead of keeping us for Hoſtages, determines to treat us like Priſoners? No, Madam (anſwer'd he) but 'tis becauſe he has caus'd the Prince to be arreſted, without any known cauſe, and ſeems extremely incenſed againſt him. How? (ſaid *Clelia* in a great ſurpriſe) is *Aronces* arreſted by *Porſenna*'s Order? Yes, Madam (anſwer'd he) and the Camp is ſo mov'd, all the World is ſo aſtoniſh'd, and the Queen, and the Princeſs of the *Leontines* ſo afflicted at it, that it is impoſſible to expreſs to you the univerſal conſternation occaſion'd thereby. *Clelia* ſigh'd at theſe words, which at the ſame time redoubled both her diſcontents and her ſuſpitions. But is it not imagin'd (ſaid ſhe) for what reaſon he is arreſted? Not at all (anſwer'd *Lucilius*) all that is known, is, that ever ſince the cruel *Tullia* had ſo private a conference with *Porſenna*, he has been ſufficiently penſive and ſad; that yeſterday there came ſeveral men from that Princeſs, with whom *Porſenna* conferr'd in private; and that ſoon after he caus'd the Prince to be arreſted, and abſolutely commanded he ſhould not be ſuffer'd to ſpeak to any perſon. So that, Madam, I doe not ſee, how he can ſo much as give any intelligence of himſelf to thoſe he loves moſt. *Porſenna* has alſo appointed that you be guarded with more care then ordinary, though he has commanded too, that you be always ſerved with reſpect.

The Queen and the Princeſs of the *Leontines* being deſirous to ſpeak concerning the

the Prince to *Porſenna*, he told them with ſufficient roughneſs, that when they knew his offence, they would hate him as much as they lov'd him; and till he could declare it to them, he deſir'd them not to ſpeak of him more. This I conceiv'd fit to let you know, Madam (added *Lucilius*) to the end that if you know any thing that may be prejudicial or advantageous to *Aronces*, you might make uſe of it as you judge convenient. Alas! Generous *Lucilius* (reply'd ſhe) I know nothing, ſaving that I am unhappy, and that if *Aronces* be no more criminal towards me then towards *Porſenna*, he is the moſt innocent of all men. A little while after this, *Telanus* brought a Letter from *Aronces* to *Clelia*, in which ſhe found theſe words.

The unfortunate Aronces to the Incomparable Clelia.

I Know not what I am accus'd of, Madam; but I know well, I have done nothing but lov'd you, ſince I began to be yours. Therefore pity me, I conjure you; and whatever befals me, be as faithful as I am.

Clelia read this Letter with a ſtrange agitation of mind; and *Telanus* having promis'd her to endeavor to deliver her anſwer to the Prince, before his Guards were abſolutely ſetled, ſhe writ and gave him her Letter: after which, being unable to diſſemble her grief, ſhe retir'd till *Lucilius* and *Telanus* were gone. But aſſoon as they were departed, Who ever ſaw (ſaid ſhe to *Valeria* and *Plotina*) a more unhappy perſon then I am? for I paſs not one day without ſome new misfortune. 'Tis but a moment ſince I was ſo far jealous as almoſt to hate *Aronces*, and at preſent I ſo commiſerate his unhappineſs, as to wiſh my ſelf priſoner in his room. For if it were ſo, he might deliver me; whereas I am able to do nothing but pity him, and pity him unprofitably. But after all, if I cannot ceaſe to be unhappy, I may perhaps at length ceaſe to live; there being no likelihood that I ſhall be always able to overcome grief. *Valeria* and *Plotina* did all they could to comfort her, but with no effect; and *Clelia* having paſs'd the reſt of the day in complaint, ſpent all the night in ſighing.

The end of the Firſt Book of the Fifth part of CLELIA.

The

CLELIA:

The Fifth and laſt Part:

BOOK II.

THe impriſonment of the Illuſtrious *Aronces*, as it produc'd a paſſionate ſorrow in the breaſt of *Clelia* at the Camp, ſo it excited a ſecret joy in that of *Horatius* at *Rome*; it being not poſſible for a Rival, how generous ſoever, not to be glad for ſuch a misfortune as may conduce to render him happy. And in order hereunto, he urg'd *Publicola* and the ſecond Conſul with much importunity to expedite the performance of the Treaty. *Herminius* alſo was no leſs earneſt for it; to the end he might ſee *Valeria* return: but as for *Æmilius*, *Mutius*, and *Spurius*, they would have rather choſe never to ſee their Miſtreſs again, then to be ſpectators of *Herminius* happineſs by her Nuptials. *Octavius* being become amorous of *Hermilia*, ardently deſir'd that the peace were concluded; *Clelius* alſo wiſht it impatiently, that he might cauſe *Clelia* to marry *Horatius*; and all the *Romans* in general, unwillingly enduring that *Tarquin* and *Tullia* were ſtill ſo neer *Rome*, made continual vows for the accompliſhment of the peace. As for *Artemidorus*, he recover'd ſo faſt in a few days, that his Phyſicians affirm'd he would ſhortly be able to go abroad; and in the mean time the Princeſs of the *Leontines* ſignifi'd to him that ſhe would viſit him ſpeedily about an important Affair, but her preſence being neceſſary at *Porſenna*'s Court for ſerving *Aronces*, ſhe could not exactly ſet the time. This Meſſage extremely diſcontented *Zenocrates*, whoſe mind being prepoſſeſs'd with jealouſie, he believ'd that the cauſe of deferring to viſit a Brother, could be no other then to ſerve a Lover and not a Friend. On the other ſide *Bereliſa* and *Clidamira* ſeeing *Artemidorus* recover'd, made a reſolution to go to *Præneſte*, and *Anacreon* offer'd himſelf to accompany them. In the interim, all the moſt virtuous Gallants at *Rome* continually convers'd with theſe two fair perſons in the abſence of *Clelia* and *Valeria*. But for that their intereſts were extremely croſs, it was eaſie to perceive that their hearts always diſſented, though they liv'd very civilly together. As for *Amilcar*,

though *Plotina* were not at *Rome*, and that conſidering the nature of Love, it may ſeem his heart ought to have been at the Camp, becauſe his Miſtreſs was there, yet he did not ceaſe to divert himſelf upon occaſion, and to laugh at *Damon*'s hatred towards him. For he perceiv'd that he hated him more for having made that deriding Dialogue againſt the ſect of *Pythagoras*, then becauſe he was his Rival. Nor did *Acriſius* love him very well, becauſe he oftentimes hindred him from ſpeaking as much as he deſir'd, and alſo becauſe he obſerv'd that he was attended to more favourably then himſelf. But, as for *Horatius*, his heart was always fill'd with hope, imagining to himſelf that when *Clelia* could no longer hope to marry *Aronces*, ſhe would reſolve to obey *Clelius*. As for *Themiſtus* and *Merigenes*, they prepar'd themſelves to depart ſpeedily, but in the interim, they were almoſt continually with *Clidamira* and *Bereliſa*, to whom alſo *Ceſonia* frequently reſorted. The impriſonment of *Aronces* no doubt was ſenſibly regretted by all that knew him, and even by ſuch too as had only heard of his fame; but being they judg'd not that he was obnoxious to any criminal accuſation, they accounted him only a Priſoner of State, whoſe life was out of all danger, becauſe he was Son of him that caus'd him to be arreſted. Wherefore ſome of his Friends omitted not to entertain themſelves delightfully when occaſion was preſented; *For thoſe people are rarely found, who are deeply ſenſible of the misfortunes which befal even ſuch as they love, or whoſe regret is of any long continuance.* Compaſſionate grief is but tranſient, and ſoon diſpell'd upon the dawning of the leaſt pleaſure; and no doubt the number of thoſe perſons is very ſmall, who are ſo generous as to partake ſincerely in all the concernments of thoſe they love, and whoſe hearts are capable of being thoroughly toucht with the ſorrows of others. But *Amilcar*'s natural jovialneſs being an antidote againſt all ſorts of ſadneſs, he was always debonaire, whether he were at *Rome* or at the Camp; and having gotten a priviledge to himſelf of ſpeaking the moſt diſguſtful truths without offence, he talkt to *Bereliſa* and *Clidamira* about their differences with all manner of liberty. Sometimes he ſpoke ſuch things to them as, had they not been capable of raillery, would no doubt have ſufficiently perplex'd them, though they were extremely delightful to the hearers. But one day *Bereliſa* ſaid pleaſantly to him in the preſence of *Ceſonia*, *Clidamira* and *Anacreon*, I fear *Herminius* too much perſwaded you to love truth when he diſcours'd ſo well againſt lying; for I have lately obſerv'd you ſpeak your mind, without ſcrupling at any thing which you ſee. Since I do it, without offence to any perſon (anſwer'd *Amilcar*) wherefore doe you blame me? I blame you (reply'd *Bereliſa*) becauſe you give an example which will be ſo badly follow'd, that all ſuch as would imitate you will be inſufferable. For it is more difficult then 'tis beleev'd, to jeſt with Friends without diſpleaſing them. 'Tis true (ſaid *Clidamira*) uſually people goe further then is fitting. Indeed (added *Anacreon*) 'tis not enough to ſpeak plainly that which true Reaſon allows one to ſpeak; for we ought to underſtand thoſe perſons fully beforehand to whom we uſe freedom of ſpeech. For moſt frequently, ſuch as love to put jeſts upon others are leaſt willing to take them; and therefore it behoves to conſider ſuch well with whom we converſe in that manner, and to chuſe the words we make uſe of; ſince many times a word a little too hard embitters the pleaſing guſt of raillery. Beleeve me (ſaid *Ceſonia*) leſs then a word will ſometimes make that change; for only the tone of the voice is ſufficient to alter the ſenſe of a ſpeech; a malicious ſmile turns an innocent jeſt into a Satyre; and in brief, nothing requires more judgment then to practiſe raillery inoffenſively. And for my part, I never ſaw any but *Plotina*, but *Amilcar*, that knew how to make this innocent war handſomly, which renders converſation delightfull, and which always ends in joy when the practiſers of it are good and ingenious. Nevertheleſs, (anſwer'd *Anacreon*) they are in juſtice to be excus'd who are not ſo dextrous and agreeable as *Plotina* and *Amilcar*. I beſeech you, *Anacreon* (ſaid this ingenious *African*) do not undertake to praiſe me; for being both of us make Verſes, we ſhall be liable to be reckon'd among thoſe Poets that commend one anothers Verſes, though they frequently jar in proſe. 'Tis true, this laſt can never be apply'd to us; for I know you ſpeak much better of me then I deſerve, and I as much of you as you merit. For my part (ſaid *Clidamira*) I confeſs I extremely hate thoſe people who commend all perſons and things without diſtinction, and there is nothing leſs obliging then profaned praiſes, which have been employ'd a thouſand and a thouſand times in extolling ſuch as ought rather to be

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blam'd. As for groundleſs praiſes (anſwer'd *Bereliſa*) I hate them as well as you; but I confeſs I much love to excuſe the defects of others. Yet there are ſome (reply'd *Anacreon*) who deſerve not very well to be excus'd. How ſhall we know them? (ſaid *Clidamira.*) It is not very difficult (anſwer'd *Anacreon*) for I conceive 'tis more juſt to excuſe the defects which are incident to the condition or age we are of, then thoſe which are oppoſite to it. As a covetous old man deſerves rather to be excus'd, then a young miſer; for although 'tis a folly to heap up treaſure when a man has not much occaſion for it longer, nevertheleſs, as 'tis a defect frequently attending old age, they that are guilty of it are the more pardonable. By the ſame reaſon it ought not to be accounted ſo ſtrange for an old man to love to recount what he has ſeen in his youth, and to be addicted to make long ſtories, as for a young, who having yet ſcarce ſeen any thing, affects to be longer in relating that little which he has ſeen then he was in ſeeing it. No Queſtion this is very juſt (ſaid *Ceſonia*) and I conceive that 'tis fit to excuſe the defects not only which ſeem peculiar to a certain age or condition, but thoſe which are proper to Nations too; for in truth, every people have their faults and virtues. That which you ſpeak, is true (anſwer'd *Ceſonia:*) But are there any conditions that draw their defects along with them? No doubt there are (reply'd *Amilcar*) and for example, is it poſſible for them which are in the chief imployments of Commonwealths never to fail of what they promiſe? Ha! *Amilcar* (cry'd *Bereliſa*) unhappy are they who are conſtrain'd by the greatneſs of their imployments to fail frequently of their word; and happy they, who in great Fortunes retain exactly the virtues of private perſons, and who for fear of being defective to themſelves, are never ſo to any. However (ſaid *Amilcar*) I am perſwaded thoſe which are in a certain degree, cannot always doe all that they deſire; and they deſerve to be excus'd, if it appear ſometimes that they do not do all which they ought, becauſe very often we are very ignorant of that which may ſerve to juſtifie them. But to ſpeak a little leſs ſeriouſly, is it not true that when a Lover is long abſent from his Miſtreſs, if he happens to meet with ſome fair perſon who ſeems to tell him by her looks, that ſhe would not be ſorry to be lov'd, he deſerves to be excus'd, if ſometimes he uſes obliging blandiſhments to her? For my part, I am of your opinion (ſaid *Clidamira.*) I imagin'd you would be ſo (anſwer'd *Clidamira* ſmiling) but for my part, who place fidelity above all things, I aſſure you I cannot excuſe unfaithful Lovers, though I willingly excuſe all other weakneſſes. Yet there is ſo great a number of ſuch (reply'd *Amilcar*) that 'tis in a manner neceſſary to excuſe them, for fear of being oblig'd to blame almoſt all men. On the contrary (ſaid *Bereliſa*) 'tis becauſe there are too many of them, that we ought to take heed of excuſing them, for fear of increaſing the number, which is already but too great. As for me (ſaid *Clidamira*) I beleeve there are more of them then 'tis thought, for I know ſome who hold it for a Maxime, that conſtancie is always to be talk'd of, but inconſtancie practis'd when any favourable occaſion is offer'd for it. For my part (ſaid *Anacreon*) I conceive it would be more gallant to make a ſhew of greater inconſtancie then we practiſe in reality. And, as for me (ſaid *Amilcar*) I conclude that we ought to doe that always which pleaſes us, without conſidering whether we are conſtant or inconſtant, becauſe pleaſure (to ſpeak properly) conſiſts not in the things which we do, but only in doing our own wills. For example, I confeſs that were I to have a long love in a place where I could have no other, I think, that to avoid the lukewarmneſs of long loves, I ſhould renew the ardor of my paſſion by making now and then ſome ſmall quarrel with my Miſtreſs, ſo as almoſt to break quite off with her, and our reconcilement would ſeem to me a kinde of novelty. You are too ingenious by half (ſaid *Bereliſa*) and I doubt not but if *Plotina* continue long at *Porſenna*'s Camp, you will ſeek to comfort your ſelf at *Rome* with ſome fair one, when you ſhall be conſtrain'd to come hither. Ha! charming *Bereliſa* (cry'd he) doe not too cruelly taunt me; but beleeve I have more love for *Plotina* then I had for ſix other Miſtreſſes whith I had one day at once. I perceive (ſaid *Anacreon* then) 'tis fit that I interrupt this diſcourſe a little, and demand of the Company, Wherefore, ſince Love is a ſentiment ſo univerſal that Nature never fails to inſpire it, men have offer'd to condemn it, or at leaſt to make ſo great a Myſtery of it? To render it more delightful (anſwer'd *Amilcar* haſtily) for without the ſeveral formalities that are us'd in it, Love would not be that which it is. Beſides, to ſpeak ſincerely (added he) Ceremonies make up the

principal beauty of many things; for example, ſeparate a Sacrifice from the Temple, the Altar, the Wood-pile, the holy Veſſels and Knives, the fillets of the Victims, and Garlands of Flowers which crown them, and you will ſee nothing but a miſerable animal, which is no fairer then another of its kind; for, many times men are ſo wicked as to make but a bad choice of Victims. I beſeech you (ſaid *Ceſonia* then) do not confound things thus; let us jeſt about love as much as you pleaſe, but never mingle Religion amongſt your follies; for you have too much wit to do as ſome young people, new-come into the World, who think nothing ſo fit to produce them the reputation of great capacities, as to diſdain the ſentiments of their Fathers. Then which nothing is more contrary to true reaſon, or which ſooner makes a man be look'd upon as a fantaſtick. Indeed (ſaid *Bereliſa*) it behoves never to make a particular way to ones ſelf in theſe matters, the wiſer ſort of people ought to be conſtantly follow'd in the ordinary path, and we ought not to go wandring, out of a conceit to find one more commodious. But let us take heed we do not wander too much our ſelves (ſaid *Amilcar* laughing) for we are far from the beginning of our diſcourſe, which was concerning the art of jeſting with Friends. We are not very far from it (reply'd *Ceſonia* ſmiling) for in ſpeaking as you do, you imploy your raillery upon me, and teach me how to uſe it towards others. As *Ceſonia* was ſpeaking thus, one came to advertiſe *Amilcar*, that a ſtranger was newly arriv'd at his Lodgings, who deſir'd to ſpeak with him with much earneſtneſs. Whereupon he was conſtrain'd to go away thither. Preſently after, *Themiſtus* enter'd, and told the company there was a report that *Porſenna* accus'd *Aronces* of a horrible crime: a moment after, *Herminius* came, and ſaid he had heard the ſame thing; but added, that whatever the rumour meant, he was ſtrongly perſwaded that *Aronces* was innocent.

What then is it (ſaid *Bereliſa*) which they accuſe him of? ſhe had ſcarce pronounced theſe words when the Princeſs of the *Leontines* enter'd, who having firſt been to ſee *Artemidorus*, came to *Clidamira*'s lodgings to ſee *Bereliſa*. Aſſoon as the firſt Ceremonies were over, I beſeech you, Madam (ſaid *Herminius* to her) be pleas'd to gratifie the company ſo far as to tell them whether it be true that the King of *Hetruria* accuſes his Son of a horrid crime. Alas! (anſwer'd ſhe ſighing) 'tis but too true, that he accuſes him for having held intelligence with *Mutius* in deſigning his death; and ſome body has ſo ſtrongly perſwaded him that this unfortunate Prince was carried by an exceſs of love to conſpire againſt him, that the Queen of *Hetruria* and my ſelf have no ſmall trouble to reſtrain his indignation. How! Madam (ſaid *Herminius*) is it poſſible for *Porſenna* to ſuſpect the moſt virtuous Prince in the World of having had ſuch a deſign as this! Yes (anſwer'd ſhe) and the caſe is ſo much the more cruel, becauſe he will not yet tell by what way he came to be perſwaded of this belief. Although none doubts, but that 'tis a contrivance of the cruel *Tullia*. But can credit be given to a Woman (ſaid *Ceſonia*) that has paſs'd with her Chariot over the body of her Father? It ſeems ſhe is believ'd (anſwer'd the Princeſs) being *Aronces* is a priſoner, and *Porſenna* yeſterday ſaid openly, the Prince his Son was a Parricide. Wherefore being deſirous to ſerve him, in all that I am able (added ſhe) I am come to ſee the Prince my Brother, to get him to go to *Mutius* and oblige him to aſſiſt us to juſtifie *Aronces*, who is accus'd of being an abettor of his intended aſſaſſinate. But as ill fortune will have it, though *Artemidorus* has ſent to enquire for him at his own houſe, he is not to be found in any place. Yet I met him laſt night in the ſtreets (ſaid *Herminius*) I ſaw him too (added *Themiſtus*) but it was out from my Windows this morning, and he was a horſe-back in a Country-habit with two ſlaves only. If he be gone far (anſwer'd *Lyſimena*) it will prove ill for *Aronces*; for his abſence would be interpreted as a flight, and it would be thought to have conſpir'd with him, inſtead of deſigning only to deliver *Rome*. And therefore (added it) it is very fit to inquire at his houſe whither he is gone. I ſhall take that upon me (ſaid *Herminius*) for one of my attendants is a great Camerade of one of his. And accordingly *Herminius* ſent one of his followers forthwith to get information of that which *Lyſimena* deſir'd to know. But word was brought her, that having had a long converſation with *Publicola*, he departed very diſcontented, without acquainting any whither he went. This caus'd much regret in all the company. However I cannot (ſaid *Herminius* then) think it poſſible that *Porſenna* will put *Aronces* to death. I will not believe it (anſwer'd the Princeſs of the *Leontines*) but I cannot chooſe but fear it.

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Nevertheleſs *Porſenna* is a very noble Prince, and indu'd with humanity; but the cruel *Tullia* terrifies me, and all the *Tarquins* (ſaving *Titus*) make me apprehenſive of the worſt. 'Tis true, there are divers eminent perſons which protect *Aronces*; for the generous *Melintha* takes all opportunities to ſerve him, and the fair *Hoſtilia* who lives with *Galerita*, do's no leſs. *Luſilius* and a Brother of his, are as careful of his intereſts; *Titus* and *Telanus* imploy all their endeavours for him, and the Lovers of *Terentia*, and *Aureliſa* omit nothing that may conduce to his aſſiſtance. As for *Galerita*, ſhe uſes all the prudent arts poſſible, to ſerve him; and for my part, were I his Siſter, I could not do more then I do. But, Madam (ſaid *Bereliſa*) do's *Clelia* know what *Aronces* is accus'd of? I believe ſhe does (anſwer'd *Lyſimena*) and that which renders her more worthy of pity, is, that ſhe is unable to afford the Prince any redreſs, and that to her diſcontent, *Sextus* is again become as amorous of her as ever, and perhaps more then ever he was of *Lucretia*. So that ſhe is very much to be pity'd; for though *Porſenna* ought not to violate the Law of Nations, and ſo 'tis probable the Hoſtages are in ſafety in the Camp, yet ſhe has ſome very diſconſolate hours, and the Queen of *Hetruria* and my ſelf have deſir'd *Lucilius* and *Telanus* to take eſpecial care of guarding theſe twenty fair *Romans*. Since the generous *Melintha*, *Lucilius* and his illuſtrious Brother (reply'd *Herminius*) are *Aronces*'s friends, I am very much comforted. Being I was not well (ſaid *Bereliſa*) when *Lucilius* came hither, I did not ſee him; but I have heard much good ſpoken of him. Too much you could not (anſwer'd *Lyſimena*) and to let you know what manner of perſons theſe two illuſtrious friends of *Aronces* are, I will deſcribe them to you. And to begin with him that was not at *Rome*, whoſe name is *Theomenes*; you may know that 'tis not poſſible to be endu'd with more virtue then he is. I need not tell you that his extraction is noble, for you are not ignorant that he is Brother to the generous *Melintha*; you know his family is very ancient, and that his Father was a man of eminent worth. As for his perſonage, he is of an indifferent ſtature, his Hair is Cheſtnut, his eyes black, his viſage round, and if one well obſerve it, he has ſomething in his Phyſiognomy ſo prety and good together, and he always ſmiles ſo pertinently, that ſometimes he makes it appear in a moment that he underſtands things which could not be related in a day if any one ſhould attempt it. *Theomenes* has receiv'd from Nature a great ſtock of wit, eſpecially of that which is judicious and diſcreet, which examines and ſounds the depth of things, which will neither affect nor chuſe any thing without knowledge; of that wit, I ſay, which meddles with nothing without calling the judgment to its aſſiſtance. And nevertheleſs *Theomenes* wants not a lively and quick fanſie, and he is one, whoſe conjectures reſolve the moſt difficult things with the greateſt facility imaginable. I have ſeen him ſometimes in places where you would have ſaid he took no heed to what paſs'd, and yet he not only obſerv'd even the very leaſt things that were ſpoken or done there, but he divin'd the moſt ſecret intereſts of all that were preſent in the company. *Theomenes* has not only a very piercing and ſolid wit naturally, but he has improv'd it with great diligence. So that he judges well of all things, he accurately underſtands handſome compoſures, and never condemns or applauds any thing, for which he cannot give a good reaſon. In the beginning of his life he compos'd very amorous and delightful Verſes, and he makes ſuch ſtill when he pleaſes; he ſpeaks very exactly, and his converſation is extremely pleaſing. For no argument of diſcourſe comes amiſs to him, from Husbandry to Aſtrology, and from the moſt jovial gallantry to the ſubliméſt Policy. And for my part, I have ſometimes remain'd aſtoniſht to ſee that *Theomenes* equally well underſtood both important and inconſiderable affairs, and to find that ſo wiſe a man as he, did not neglect to be perfectly inform'd of all the follies of his Age. If the profeſſion *Theomenes* has choſen had not oblig'd him to a particular reſtraint, his ſoul would have been capable of very much love, but ſuch a love as is real, tender, firme and generous together. But his fortune having diſpos'd of him after another manner, he underſtands love at preſent onely in others, but has abandon'd his heart to friendſhip, which has prov'd very happy to him, for he has many illuſtrious friends of both ſexes, by whom he is greatly eſteem'd and belov'd. He is by natural inclination officious, equitable, good and generous. He is exact both in ſmall and great matters, he knows when 'tis fit to engage courageouſly in the intereſts of thoſe he loves, to concern himſelf for their honour, to reſent injuries done to them, to love all that

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they love, to hate all that they hate, and to disdain all such as do not esteem them. He is none of those people who would prevaricate in certain occasions, who would preserve both Friends and Enemies, and who without distinguishing the virtuous from them that are not such, sometimes fail those that never deserted them. On the contrary *Theomenes* is faithful in all occasions, sincere in all transactions, and always very sensible of whatever concerns his true Friends.

Perhaps I insist a little too long in commending *Theomenes*, for this excellent qualification of his; but I confess 'tis because it is so very rare in these days, and because I beleeve it necessary for a man of honour. For I conceive when our chief Friends tell us they have enemies to fight with, the first thing to be ask'd them, is, Where they are? and not, Who they are? For, be they who they will, we ought to be absolutely against them. But on the contrary, when Friends of the second Order come to tell us they have enemies, we must first ask them, Who they are? that so we may be never in danger of doing any thing against our true Friends, which we know well can never be in the wrong. But as for *Theomenes*, he so perfectly understands all the rules of true Friendship, and his heart is so naturally addicted to follow them, that 'tis scarce possible for him to fail in any of them. Moreover, *Theomenes* is gentle, sociable, complacent, wise, and discreet. He has both moderation and equity, he conforms himself to the World, and diverts himself with it, and he knows how to injoy in solitude all the pleasures which it affords. He knows how to make the Court a Theater to entertain him; and, which is most commendable, he knows so to live there, that his vertue is not alter'd by all the bad Examples which he sees in it. Thus you see what a person *Theomenes* is, who besides all I have said of him, has so great an inclination to honour all that are indu'd with virtue, that it may be affirm'd, that if he were Master of all the favours which are in Fortunes bestowing, not one virtuous person should have cause to complain of her. For my part (said *Bereliſa*) I am already *Theomenes*'s Friend, though I never saw him. Certainly (said *Clidamira*) you need no more to gain him then seeing of him, for you never desir'd to get any thing, but it became yours. *Bereliſa* is so charming (answer'd *Themiſtus*) that the power you say she has is not to be wonder'd at. For my part (said *Herminius*) who have the honour to know *Theomenes*, since the making of the Peace, I dare assure that the Princess of the *Leontines* has not flatter'd him, and that she has made his Picture exactly like. I beseech you, Madam (said *Bereliſa*) tell me too what *Lucilius* is, who has been so much talkt of at *Rome* within these few days. He is such a person (answer'd the Princess of the *Leontines*) that no Lover, be he never so deserving, but ought to fear having him for his Rival. But since you have not seen this illustrious brother of *Melintha* and *Theomenes* neither, I must tell you that he is of a tall Personage, well made, and of a goodly presence. His gesture is sufficiently careless, his air very noble, his access serious and civil, his Physiognomy happy, sage, and agreeable, his hair chestnut, his Visage of a peculiar form, and his Nose a little rising. As for his eyes they are azure, sweet, sprightly, but not great, They have a certain faintness in them too, which renders them very sutable for those passionate glances which make things understood in a moment, and yet they have in some occasions so jolly a smile, that 'tis apparent the heart of *Lucilius* may as well be capable of a sensible joy, as of a violent grief. His Complexion is good, for a man, and he has a little natural mark under his left Eye, which would well sute with a Beauty, and is graceful to his countenance. *Lucilius* is neat, he attires himself like a man of Quality, and so as agrees well with his person; and if so worthy a person as he may be commended for small accomplishments, I say, there are many fair Ladies who would wish they had hands as white as his. But indeed, I have too much to tell you of his Wit, his Courage, and his Virtue, to detain you longer with the description of his person. Know then, that Nature has been liberal to *Lucilius* in giving him an extraordinary Wit, a Fancie of unmeasurable extent, and a judgment which so well governs both, that he never speaks any thing in conversation, of which he needs to repent. But indeed his Wit is one of those which might well dispense with learning any thing; because considering things in themselves, their own reflections instruct them better then they can be by all the Books in the world. For which cause *Lucilius* has spent no great number of yeers in study; but Travel, War, the Court, and his own Reason have been his Masters. Nevertheless, he has read very much, and

there are few excellent peeces of knowledge, which he does not underſtand; but he has read out of inclination, and not out of obedience, as ordinarily all young perſons doe, that are deſign'd to be well educated. However, the Court, War, Travel, and his own Reaſon have ſo well inſtructed him, that 'tis beleev'd he owes all his accompliſhments to learning; ſo well he underſtands all things, and ſpeaks ſo rationally of every thing that can be offer'd to diſcourſe. *Lucilius*'s particular virtue is an incomparable fortitude, free from all the defects which are incident to the Valiant; for he is a ſtranger to vanity. He is gentle, civil, and moderate; nor did ever any other hate falſe glory, and love true, ſo much as he. Moreover, *Lucilius* is of an admirable equal temper; for his Friends always find him the ſame, and though he appears ſerious, and his conſtitution inclines a little to melancholy, yet he loves all allowable pleaſures. The jollity and mirth of his Friends pleaſe and divert him, to which he himſelf alſo contributes as much as they deſire, and is never refractory towards them. *Lucilius* has a ſenſe of honour, and generoſity, and he is conſtant in Love and Friendſhip. He has a firm Soul in adverſity; and whereas his Fortune has not been always happy, but he has met with ſeveral difficult encounters, been wounded and taken Priſoner in War, travell'd both by Sea and Land, his virtue has been ſeen to the proof, and 'tis known that he has come off with honour in all occaſions, to which Fortune led him. In brief, *Lucilius* is valiant amongſt the valiant, learned amongſt the learned, gallant amongſt the Gallants, and equally prudent towards all. His Natural inclination has always carried him to Poetry and Love; and theſe two ſentiments are ſo much the more ingrafted in his heart, for that they ſubſiſt there one by another; for if Love has caus'd him to make Verſes in the beginning of his life, I account it not impoſſible, but that, in caſe he lives to that age in which love is no longer in ſeaſon, his inclination towards Verſes may alſo induce him to write of Love; becauſe Poetry and Love have ſuch a ſympathy, that they can ſeldome be divided one from the other. But I beſeech you, do not imagine that *Lucilius* makes ſuch Verſes as favour a little of the condition of the Authors, which may perhaps be call'd *Gentile* Verſes; becauſe for the moſt part perſons of that Quality are not skill'd enough in ſuch things to make them well. More intelligent perſons therein then my ſelf, profeſs, that *Lucilius* compoſes Verſes which might deſerve *Homer* or *Heſiode* for their Author. For there is good Fancie, Wit, Strength, and ſo charming a Harmony in them, that all the world is raviſh'd with them. His deſcriptions are ſo handſome, ſo Poetical, and ſo Natural, that you would think you verily beheld all that he repreſents. If he paints the ſhadow of a Forreſt, he deludes the imagination; if he repreſents the Sea in a Tempeſt, the Rocks, and a Shipwrack, the hearts of the Readers tremble at what he deſcribes. If he builds a ſtately Temple, you would think *Apollo* himſelf had been the Architect of it; and if he repreſents an unfortunate Lover, his unhappineſſes excite pity, and ſighs from his relation; and becauſe Sadneſs and Love together have a wonderful operation in Verſe, he very rarely ſeparates them; not, but that when he is minded, his Muſe is agreeably debonair. One of the moſt curious Wits of his age having made a very ingenious and gallant Dialogue (after the example of *Anacreon*, who made one between a Dove and a Paſſenger) wherein he introduces a little Bird which returns every yeer into the Garden of one of his She-Friends, this work afterwards occaſion'd *Lucilius* and *Theomenes* to compoſe the moſt delightful Verſes in the world, whoſe natural, pleaſant, and ſprightly Stile, argues that nothing is impoſſible to them. As for Love, *Lucilius* underſtands all the exquiſiteneſs of it, and never was a Lover ſeen, whoſe ſentiments have been more tender then his. He can love conſtantly, even without being lov'd; abſence rather augments then diminiſhes Love in his Soul, and 'tis not eaſie for infidelity it ſelf to extinguiſh a paſſion in his breaſt. He loves with ardour and reſpect, he makes himſelf pleaſures and torments which other Lovers would not think of, and he has ſentiments ſo full of Love, that no other ever had the like. I have heard him ſay, that one day being at Sea, a terrible Tempeſt aroſe, which almoſt ſunk the Ship he was in, in view of a Caſtle, which ſtands upon a Rock, at the foot of which there was great likelihood it would be wrack'd, for the wind violently drive it on that ſide, and the Rudder was broken. In this condition, knowing that his Miſtreſs was in that Caſtle, in ſtead of abandoning his mind to fear like the reſt, or ſo much as minding what courſe the Marriners took to preſerve themſelves from periſhing, he lean'd againſt the foot of the Maſt,

and

and took pleaſure in thinking that if he were Shipwrackt in that place, the Waves might carry his to the foot of that Rock, where his Miſtreſs going oftentimes to walk, might ſee it and bedew it with her tears; and this thought ſo wholly poſſeſt him, that he obſerv'd nothing of all that was done to reſiſt the tempeſt. But through exceſs of love, he ſlighted the danger and death it ſelf. But, in fine, 'tis enough to tell you that *Lucilius* can be as perfect a Lover as a Friend; for 'tis to tell you in few words that he is a perfectly worthy perſon, and deſerves to be Brother to the generous *Melintha*. I agree with you (ſaid *Plotina*) and if all men were like him, I think thoſe Ladies were to be excus'd that ſuffer'd themſelves to be lov'd by them. After this *Lyſimena* riſe up, and prepar'd to return to the Camp: but before ſhe departed, all the company entreated her to continue to protect *Aronces* and *Clelia*, which ſhe promis'd to do with great ſincerity. After which ſhe drew *Bereliſa* apart, and ſpeaking low to her, I have a while ſince ſo diſcover'd *Clidamira* to *Artemidorus* (ſaid ſhe to her) that you need not fear he will be unjuſt towards you. However I counſel you to haſten to make your voyage to *Præneſte*, for 'tis poſſible that in that place the Gods will change the heart of *Clidamira* who alone at this time hinders our return to *Leontium*, though ſhe makes ſhew of negotiating in behalf of the Prince my Brother and my ſelf. *Bereliſa* was deſirous to know a little more preciſely what *Lyſimena* had told *Artemidorus*; but perceiving ſhe haſtned to depart, ſhe was contented only to thank her for the agreeable intelligence ſhe gave her; after which *Lyſimena* return'd to the Camp, which was much moved at the impriſonment of *Aronces*, there being no perſon that could ſo much as ſuſpect him of ever having had the thought to conſpire againſt *Porſenna*. But what was very glorious for this Prince, aſſoon as the rumour was ſpread abroad in *Rome*, all the people remembring *Aronces* had been the cauſe of winning the Battle in which *Brutus* was ſlain, murmur'd highly againſt *Porſenna*, and without conſidering that the King had Hoſtages in his hands, or thinking of the conſequences of this affair, they declar'd boldly, that it was fitting to break the Peace, and go and demand *Aronces* of the King of *Hetruria*. All the worthy perſons of the Senate were as ſenſibly affected with the unhappineſs of *Aronces*, and judging that they could do nothing more dangerous to this Prince then to teſtifie their zeal towards him, they reſtrain'd the people as much as they could. But being they could not hinder them from ſpeaking in pity of *Aronces* and complaint againſt *Porſenna*, *Tullia*, who had intelligence of theſe murmurings, made uſe of them to confirm her accuſation of *Aronces*, by informing *Porſenna* that this Prince had more friends in *Rome* then in his Army. Whereupon *Porſenna*'s mind being much incens'd againſt *Aronces*, he could not endure that any one ſhould ſpeak to him in his behalf. Which nevertheleſs *Galerita* and the Princeſs of the *Leontines* did not ceaſe to do; the latter of which was not reſtrain'd by *Zenocrates*'s jealouſie from doing her utmoſt for *Aronces*, ſcarce any beſides her ſelf daring to urge *Porſenna* boldly in his favour. I beſeech you, my Lord (ſaid ſhe to him at her return from *Rome*) ſuffer me to tell you that you do a very great wrong in accuſing *Aronces* of a crime whereof no body ſuſpects him capable, and you do no leſs in giving credit to all that *Tullia* ſays to you, who, you know, has neither virtue nor probity, who is ſubtle and cruel, and who hates *Aronces* and *Clelia*. I know all that you tell me (anſwer'd *Porſenna*) but it does not juſtifie *Aronces*; and though *Tullia* be wicked, that does hinder but that *Aronces* is an unnatural Son, and a Parricide, in whoſe heart love has extinguiſht all the ſentiments of nature and virtue, and who looking upon me as an invincible obſtacle to his imaginary felicity, has deſign'd to purchaſe it with my death. But, my Lord (reply'd *Lyſimena*) how do you know *Aronces* has been author of ſuch a deſign, and what proofs have been given of it? I have underſtood (anſwer'd *Porſenna*) that *Aronces* during his impriſonment in the Iſland of *Saules*, underwent that uſage with very much impatience, though he always ſpoke with reſpect to thoſe I ſent to him; I have alſo been inform'd that he corrupted him that guarded him, that he went ſecretly to *Rome*, and had ſome private conferences in a Garden with divers perſons: I have further known that during the Siege he never loſt any occaſion to favour the *Romans* in things which were not abſolutely againſt the order of War. I have been advertis'd too that having taken priſoners on the day the Bridge was aſſaulted, he remitted them, and writ ſomething in his Tablets which he deliver'd to one that he releas'd: and laſtly, I have ſpoken with two of thoſe three hundred

dred Conſpirators *Mutius* told me of, who declare that they were ſeveral times imploy'd to make the confederacy between *Mutius* and him, and that *Aronces* promis'd to ſecure him from periſhing in the attempt. And indeed there muſt needs have been ſome ſecret intelligence between them, which I have not yet diſcover'd; for when *Mutius* had ſlain him whom he took for me, none offer'd to take him; and if I had not ſent my guards for that end, *Mutius* had eſcap'd. Beſides, *Aronces* was in effect partly the cauſe that I pardon'd *Mutius*. But, my Lord (reply'd the Princeſs) if *Aronces* had been of that conſpiracy, 'tis to be believ'd he would have better inſtructed *Mutius*, ſo that he ſhould not have taken another for you. Did the Gods favour crimes (anſwer'd *Porſenna*) the criminals would never do any thing imprudently: but ſince they do not, they oftentimes in order to their puniſhment, permit thoſe that would commit a wicked action to be blinded and deceiv'd in their judgements. So *Mutius* hapning to be miſtaken by the purple Robe of the perſon he ſlew, becauſe it was forgotten to tell him that this man's office allow'd him to wear one; it may be ſaid, that he was deceiv'd happily for me, and unfortunately for *Aronces*. But, my Lord (reply'd the Princeſs of the *Leontines*) I do not yet ſee his crime well prov'd; for the two men who accuſe him, may be ſuborn'd to do it. I would to the Gods, generous Princeſs (ſaid he to her) that theſe people were falſe witneſſes: but to ſpeak truth, all probabilities are againſt *Aronces*. For the obſtinacy of *Mutius* not to name his complices, ſufficiently argues that there was ſome one amongſt them whom I might cauſe to be puniſht; if all the Conſpirators had been *Romans*, there was no reaſon wherefore he ſhould conceal their names from me. But, my Lord (anſwer'd *Lyſimena*) the moſt general opinion is, that *Mutius* told you a lye to induce you to the peace, and that he was the ſole perſon concern'd in the deſign of aſſaſſinating you. I can believe (reply'd *Porſenna*) that there were not three hundred of them, but I ſhall never believe that *Mutius* was alone. 'Tis alſo added (continu'd he) that to perſwade *Mutius* to this attempt, *Aronces* promis'd him to grant peace to *Rome*, after my death, without other conditions then that of putting *Valeria* and *Clelia* into his power, engaging to bring him to marry the firſt afterwards. But, my Lord (ſaid *Lyſimena*) if *Aronces* had been ſo wicked as to deſire to take away your life, what need had he of *Mutius*, and why ſhould he not rather have ſuborned one of your guards? That was not the ſafeſt courſe (anſwer'd *Porſenna*) for by that means he might perhaps have come to be ſuſpected: but in the other way, taking away my life by the hand of a *Roman*, the action would ſeem to proceed out of zeal for the delivering of *Rome*, and would not at all reflect upon *Aronces*. But love alone put them upon this crime; and to manifeſt to you that 'tis ſo (added he) I am newly inform'd that *Mutius* is fled. Judge then whether after this, I have reaſon to doubt of their teſtimony who accuſe *Aronces*. And to the end you may doubt of it leſs, ſee this Letter from *Clelia* to *Aronces*, which was found in his Chamber, and muſt needs have been deliver'd him by one of his Guards. *Lyſmena* taking it, knew the hand of *Clelia*, in which ſhe had ſeen ſeveral Letters; and opening it, found theſe words.

Clelia to Aronces.

As criminal as you are, I do not ceaſe to pity you; and notwithſtanding your Crime, I ſhall ſtill make more ardent Vowes for your liberty, then I ſhould do for my own.

This Letter no doubt ſeems to make againſt *Aronces* (ſaid *Lyſimena*) but, my Lord, two perſons that love have ſo many little conteſts which embroil them together, that it ought not to be concluded from hence that *Clelia* knows *Aronces* is a criminal againſt you. On the contrary, it is to be thought, that if ſhe did, ſhe would not have written to him in theſe terms. You are a ſtrange perſon, Madam (anſwer'd *Porſenna* roughly) to attribute judgement to perſons prepoſſeſs'd with a great paſſion. However, all that I can do for *Aronces* (added he) is to defer his puniſhment; for I confeſs to you, I would willingly convict him by *Mutius* himſelf. Were it not that

Hoſtages ought to be inviolable, I would uſe *Clelia* in ſuch a manner that perhaps I might come to know many things by her, though I doe not beleeve ſhe was privy to the whole ſecret of the Conſpiracie. On the contrary, I imagine, that perhaps *Aronces* being unwilling to looſe the merit of his Crime in her eſteem, has only told her ſomething of it ſince. In the mean time, I have two men who will maintain that he is culpable. But, as I told you, I will cauſe *Mutius* to be ſought after, and oblige *Publicola* who affects him not, to force him to declare the truth. After which I will give as great an example of Juſtice, as *Brutus* did, when he beheld his own Sons put to death; for I will not be ſurpaſs'd by a *Roman*. Ah! my Lord (ſaid *Lyſimena*) you make me tremble with fear, to hear you ſpeak in this manner. I beſeech you, examine things well, remember that apparences are fallacious, and rather beleeve all that the great actions of *Aronces*, then that which the cruel *Tullia* tells you, who is accuſtom'd only to artifices and wickedneſs. For, doe you think, my Lord (added ſhe) that this Prince has any great tenderneſs for your life after you have granted peace to *Rome*? and ought you not rather to fear that ſhe deſigns only to ingage you in a Crime? Be it how it will (anſwer'd *Porſenna*) that which ſhe tells me, ſeems to me to be true; all conjectures are againſt *Aronces*, who cannot be happy ſo long as I live; and I will not be prevail'd with, either by your prayers or tears, the murmurs of all my own Subjects, or the complaints of the *Romans* (which moreover teſtifie *Aronces*'s intelligence with *Rome*) nor even the ſecret ſentiments of Nature which I feel in my breaſt in ſpight of my ſelf. But, my Lord (reply'd *Lyſimena*) how comes it that thoſe two men who accuſe *Aronces*, inform you of a paſt danger, of an attempt that has fail'd, and are their own accuſers? They could not have acceſs to me (anſwer'd he) before the buſineſs was executed; afterwards they reveal'd it to the Prince of *Meſſene*, to inform me of it, which yet he did not, undoubtedly becauſe he would not hurt *Aronces*. But for that they apprehended I knew nothing of the truth, they addreſs'd themſelves to *Tullia*, to whom I granted their pardon on condition they told me all they knew of the Conſpiracie. But where are thoſe men, my Lord? (ſaid *Lyſimena*) They are in a ſure place (anſwer'd *Porſenna*) till I cauſe *Aronces* to be publikely condemn'd. You know (added he) I had a purpoſe to make a Marriage between you and him; but, Madam, you have too great a virtue, to have a Parricide given you for a husband, and the Gods, no doubt reſerve you a better fortune. In the mean time ſpeak no more to me of him, and forbid *Galerita* to intercede in his behalf; for the more he is pleaded for, the more I ſhall haſten his puniſhment.

After this *Lyſimena* was conſtrain'd to be ſilent, to retire, and goe to augment the ſorrow of the Queen, by relating to her this diſcourſe with *Porſenna*. *Lyſimena*'s ſadneſs appearing manifeſtly in her countenance as ſhe came away from the King of *Hetruria*, all the Court was in fear for *Aronces*; and the rumor of it ſpreading abroad in all places, was augmented in the Camp.

Tullia being thus become neceſſary to *Porſenna*, not only becauſe it was by her means that he could convict *Aronces*, againſt whom he was extremely incens'd, but alſo becauſe his own Army being mutinous againſt him, he fear'd he ſhould have need of *Tarquin*'s Troops; *Sextus* went and came continually to the Quarter of *Porſenna*, whereby he extremely moleſted *Clelia*, who was incredibly ſorrowful to ſee his paſſion for her increaſe in his heart. Not but that ſhe avoided his ſight as much as ſhe could; but in the caſe things were in, ſhe knew not where to finde any protection. For the ſentiments ſhe had concerning the Princeſs of the *Leontines* would ſcarce ſuffer her to ſpeak to her. But the greateſt of her griefs was to underſtand *Porſenna*'s ſentiments concerning the Prince his Son, the correſpondence of *Tullia* with that King, and the care that was taken to guard *Aronces* diligently. For this unfortunate Prince, as extremely belov'd as he was, could finde no way to communicate his mind to *Clelia*, in anſwer to the Letter which he had receiv'd from her; for *Telantus* being become ſuſpected, durſt not come neer one of his guards. *Clelia* had alſo another diſcontent, in not ſeeing her friends of *Rome* ſo often as formerly; for in this conjuncture, a tumult being both in the City and the Camp, the Conſuls caus'd *Horatius*, *Herminius*, *Æmilius*, *Octavius*, *Spurius*, and all the other *Romans* to forbear viſiting the twenty fair *Roman* Ladies which were given in Hoſtage. Which was ſomething difficult to make them conſent to; but cauſing them to conſider that if matters

ſhould

ſhould fall croſs, and they ſhould be arreſted, *Clelia*, *Valeria*, and all the reſt would be in a worſe condition then if they were at *Rome*, a ſentiment of love induc'd them to reſolve upon that which Policie could not. So that they were conſtrain'd to be contented with ſending to know tidings of the perſons which were deareſt to them in the World. *Themiſtus* though prepar'd to goe away with *Merigenes*, was nevertheleſs willing to ſtay ſome days. But as for *Amilcar*, out of particular priviledges he went and came continually from the Camp to *Rome*, and from *Rome* to the Camp. *Artemidorus* being much better, began to goe abroad, and made his firſt viſit to *Bereliſa*, who was to depart the next day to goe with *Clidamira* to *Præneſte*, accompani'd by *Anacreon*, who would not leave them. This Prince being very civil, deſir'd *Bereliſa*'s permiſſion to ſee *Clidamira* at her chamber; beſides, (added he) I have ſomething to ſay to her, which is material for her to know. Ha! my Lord (anſwer'd *Bereliſa*) will you never leave this exact civility towards a perſon, who has ſo unfaithful a heart? and can you ſtill eſteem her ſo much as to conceal from me her laſt weakneſs? *Artemidorus* bluſht hereupon; for he did not imagine the Princeſs of the *Leontines* had told *Bereliſa* any thing of that which ſhe had inform'd him of. No, no, my Lord (added ſhe) your ſilence is not at all obliging; for when men wholly ceaſe to love an unfaithful perſon, they are willing to publiſh their infidelity. But no doubt becauſe you cannot altogether quit your love to *Clidamira*, you are aſham'd to let me know that ſhe can never ceaſe to deceive you. I muſt have confided in her words (reply'd *Artemidorus*) to be obnoxious to be deceiv'd by her. Wherefore then (ſaid *Bereliſa*) doe you not tell me that ſhe has a new correſpondence with *Meleontus*? Becauſe, being your ſiſter-in-law (anſwer'd he) I reſpect you in her perſon; beſides, as I have told you a hundred times, I conceive 'tis a peece of honorable prudence for a man not to publiſh the weakneſſes of a perſon whom he has lov'd, and who would ſtill perſwade him, that ſhe does not hate him. But in the bottom of my heart, I proteſt to you, I ſlight her as much as I eſteem you; I behold all her charms without having my heart affected with them; I look upon the teſtimonies of her affection as ſigns of weakneſs, or diſſimulation; and I never lov'd you ſo much as I doe at this preſent. Goe therefore, Madam, confidently to *Præneſte*; for ſince the Gods are veracious, you can learn nothing there which will not be to your advantage. If you would have me beleeve you (reply'd *Bereliſa*) tell me what you know concerning *Clidamira*. I know, Madam (anſwer'd he) that there is a great league between her and *Meleontus*, and that conſequently neither the Princeſs my Siſter nor my ſelf are likely to be ever recall'd from our Baniſhment. 'Tis true, *Clidamira* being crafty, would perſwade me that ſhe deludes *Meleontus*, and entertains correſpondence with him, only to doe us ſervice. Nevertheleſs, I know what I ought to think of it; but prudence requires us to diſſemble as well as ſhe; for ſhe has a great influence upon the mind of *Meleontus*; *Meleontus* is Maſter of that of the Prince; and *Meleontus* too, as you know, hates *Lyſimena*, becauſe he has lov'd her too much. Beleeve me (reply'd *Bereliſa*) one cannot ſatisfie ſo many duties at once, and exceſſive prudence is not always compatible with exceſſive Love; to be a good Citizen, a great obſerver of the Laws, never to fail in any duty to Relations, Friends, Superiors, and fair comportment, is to have too many things to doe; and in ſuch caſes, 'tis frequent to fail towards a Miſtreſs. Nevertheleſs, according to the Laws of Love, a man ought to be capable of failing in every thing rather then in that. But you doe not conſider, Madam (ſaid *Artemidorus*) that your intereſt is joyn'd with mine in this caſe. I know what you ſay (anſwer'd *Bereliſa*) but I confeſs I know as well too, that when a man does not hate that which he once lov'd, he loves it ſtill. On the contrary (reply'd the Prince) hatred is many times but a diſguis'd Friendſhip, and indifference is a true proof of an extinguiſht affection. I confeſs (anſwer'd *Bereliſa*) that a clear indifference is a ſign there is no more Love; but when this indifference is accompani'd with an exact civility, beleeve me, my Lord, beleeve me, if he that is capable of it loves no longer, 'tis poſſible at leaſt that he may love again. But, in brief, without ſhewing you further my weakneſs in not being able to conceal the diſcontent you cauſe me, I will goe to *Præneſte*, to learn what ſhall be told me concerning your ſentiments, which your ſelf doe not know ſo well as to inform me of them. Ah! cruel perſon, that you are (cry'd he) why doe you ſpeak to me in this manner? Think you, I have forgot all that I promis'd you?

think you, I can compare *Clidamira* to *Bereliſa*? and doe you beleeve I have not obſerv'd the difference between her ſentiments and yours during my ſickneſs? *Clidamira* ſo well knows how to counterfeit (anſwer'd *Bereliſa*) that perhaps you beleeve ſhe was as ſad as I, to ſee your life in danger. No, no, (reply'd *Artemidorus*) I am not miſtaken in *Clidamira*; I have ſeen her put on an affected negligence, to ſeem more ſorrowful; which yet did not move me: I have ſeen her compoſe her eyes, ſummon up tears, and make ſighs, which proceeded more from her will then her heart; in brief, I have always ſeen her decently attir'd in her negligence, and in the greateſt extremity of my ſickneſs; nor did I ever ſee her relinquiſh the care of her beauty a moment, even then when ſhe beleev'd I was not far from death. Ha! my Lord (interrupted *Bereliſa*) you would not have ſeen or obſerv'd any thing of all this. You are very unjuſt (anſwer'd *Artemidorus*) to turn to poyſon all that I ſpeak to cure you. For at the ſame time I obſerv'd all that I have told you, I ſaw a real ſorrow painted in your countenance, I beheld true tears fall from your fair eyes, I heard you ſigh with tenderneſs, I mark'd the careleſneſs of your attire, ſufficiently to be perſwaded that you did not remember that then you were fair; and if I dare ſpeak it, I ſaw your heart affected enough, to beleeve that perhaps my death would have caus'd yours. And will you quarrel with me after this, Madam? and not permit me to diſſemble a little with *Clidamira* for your intereſt? I know not what to anſwer you (ſaid ſhe) but I know well, I cannot endure that *Clidamira* ſhould hope to be lov'd by you, and 'tis only to deprive her of that hope that I goe to *Præneſte*. For when I conſider well upon it, I cannot beleeve you ſhould make an ill choice between an unfaithful perſon and *Bereliſa*. After this *Artemidorus* ſpoke ſo many obliging things to *Bereliſa*, that ſhe conſented he ſhould goe bid *Clidamira* adieu, on condition that ſhe ſhould come into her chamber a moment after him. And accordingly the Prince was no ſooner enter'd into it, but *Bereliſa* was conducted thither by *Amilcar*, who came to take leave of theſe two fair perſons which were to depart the next day. *Anacreon* and *Ceſonia* enter'd preſently after, ſo that *Bereliſa* had the ſatisfaction to ſee that *Clidamira* could not bid Adieu to *Artemidorus* in private. Whereby her minde being more at liberty, her converſation became more agreeable. That which gave occaſion to render it ſuch, was this; *Clidamira* had had a Dream which diſquieted her, and being ſo weak as to beleeve that Dreams are always of a good or bad preſage, ſhe complain'd to *Ceſonia* of having ſlept ill. Alas! (ſaid ſhe) if you knew what a Dream I had, you would not wonder at it. How! (cry'd *Amilcar*) is it poſſible a bad Dream ſhould cauſe *Clidamira* to have an unquiet night? What? (ſaid ſhe in ſome aſtoniſhment) does not *Amilcar*, who has ſo much wit and is ſo learned, know that ſome Dreams are certain predictions? I know (anſwer'd he) all that can be known concerning Dreams, and if I ſhould make you the Hiſtory of them, you would ſee that I am not ignorant therein. I know that *Homer* ſays, Dreams, and particularly thoſe of Kings are ſent from Heaven, that many excellent Philoſophers have beleev'd, the Gods diſtribute them to men, and that *Pythagoras*, who made them a great Myſtery, learnt the Art of interpreting them, eſpecially amongſt the *Ægyptians* and *Chaldæans*. I know that there are Temples built on purpoſe to receive the inſpirations of Dreams, that in *Ægypt* people goe to ſleep in the Temple of *Serapis*, to the end to have Prophetical Dreams, and that great care is taken there to record all Dreams which a fortuitous event has verifi'd. Moreover, I know what a Dream *Mandana* had, which preſag'd the power of *Cyprus*; but being an *African*, and not oblig'd to beleeve that which people beleeve in *Ægypt* or *Perſia*, any more then what *Pythagoras* beleev'd, I declare to you, that I laugh at all the Dreams in the world. For my part (ſaid *Anacreon*, feigning himſelf of *Clidamira*'s opinion) I aſſure you I am not of your mind, for this laſt night I had a Dream, the conſequence of which will occaſion me much trouble. Oh! I beſeech you (ſaid *Clidamira*) tell me what you Dreamt of. Me thought (anſwer'd he with a ſerious countenance) about midnight, *Cupid*, who never ſleeps, came to knock at my chamber door. I askt him who knockt, and he anſwer'd me, 'twas a poor child all wet with a ſtorm, that deſir'd ſhelter of me. Being I thought his voice very ſweet, I pity'd him, and open'd the door to him; when by the light of my Lamp which was ſtill burning, I beheld that this lovely childe had two wings, a quiver upon his ſhoulder, and a bowe in his hand. Then I wip'd his hair, caus'd him to come neer the fire, and dry'd him with very much

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goodneſs; after which this little Traytor took his Bow, ſaying, he would ſee whether the rain had not ſpoil'd it. But, alas! he no ſooner took it in hand, but he bent it, and ſhot an arrow ſtrait into my heart. After which he laught at me and flew away, only telling me that his Bow was as it ſhould be. Whereupon I was ſo enrag'd for having been deceiv'd, that remembring confus'dly, that people cry, Stop thief when any one is rob'd, I began to cry, Stop *Cupid*, ſtop *Cupid*, ſo loud, that I wak'd. But the miſchief is (added *Anacreon*) that at the firſt viſit I made this day, this dream was turn'd into a Hiſtory, by the charms of a perſon infinitely amiable. This is ſo jolly a dream (anſwer'd *Bereniſa* ſmiling) that I condemn you to make an Ode upon it. If it were made long ago (ſaid *Amilcar*) *Clidamira* would be much deluded; for ſhe has heard this dream with as much attention as if *Anacreon* had had it indeed. But I am confident he has ſaid all this only to intimate to *Clidamira* that he is taken with her to day more then ordinary. Since you have ſo well expounded my real ſentiments (anſwer'd *Anacreon*) I will acknowledge what you have ſaid. How? (cry'd *Clidamira* much diſturb'd) did not you dream as you have related, and are you of *Amilcar*'s opinion that no heed is to be given to dreams? No queſtion, I am, Madam. (ſaid *Anacreon.*) For my part (ſaid *Artemidorus*) who ſcarce ever dream at all, I never car'd much to reaſon upon dreams. As for me (ſaid *Bereniſa*) I have always found them ſo frivolous, falſe, extravagant and chimerical, that I ſhall eaſily rank my ſelf on *Amilcar*'s ſide. And for my particular (ſaid *Ceſonia*) I confeſs, it has happened to me to dream of things which have befallen me ſo exactly, that I know not what to think of them. Since chance (anſwer'd *Amilcar*) ſometimes repreſents very regular Pictures in the Clouds, it is not to be wonder'd, if hazard brings to paſſe ſome things which are dream'd of. I have heard a *Tuſcan* woman affirm that the moſt ancient manner of Divination was by dreams. She alſo told me that thoſe which we have preſently after repaſt, or in the ſecond ſleep, ſignifie nothing, but that thoſe we have in the beginning of the morning, are the moſt certain; that the dreams of the Spring are more true, then thoſe of the Autumn; and that it's more ordinary to dream in the new Season of the Year then in all the reſt. Believe me (amiable *Ceſonia*) ſaid *Artemidorus*) dreams are only a bare repreſentation of images. They are pleaſant or ſad, according to the conſtitution, when they are purely natural. Thoſe which are mixt, have extrinſecal cauſes, which ſupply matter to the fanſie; and this is the reaſon that many times we dream of things which we have ſeen, or thought on, and moſt of all of things which we deſire. And certainly this laſt manner of dreaming has brought Dreams into ſuch credit, when it falls out that we ſee the people by day whom we dream of by night. For many times our hearts deſire or fear many things, which we are not ſenſible of; ſo that in ſleeping, our fanſie, which is mov'd by our deſires and fears, without our conſent, cauſes us to dream more of that which we fear or deſire then of any other thing. It is not therefore to be wondred if it ſometimes comes to paſs by chance, that we ſee thoſe we dreamt of, becauſe we uſually dream of thoſe people whom we cannot meet with. Since 'tis certain that we deſire only that which may be hop'd, and fear only that which may poſſibly come to paſs. I agree with you (ſaid *Amilcar*) that Dreams may denote our inclinations, but I deny that they can preſage our fortunes, unleſs as they proceed from our conſtitutions. For, they ſay, cruel people are wont to have terrible dreams as well as thoſe that are melancholick. So that when it falls out that the dreams and adventures of theſe people have reſemblance, it is not to be wonder'd at, forasmuch as they are produc'd by one and the ſame cauſe. I know well ſuch as are skilful in dreams, ſay there are three ſorts, which they diſtinguiſh and divide as exactly, as if they had travell'd into the Country of Dreams, as men do into *Aſia*. But to ſpeak truth, they are miſtaken; for if the Gods would adverti ſe men of that which muſt betide them, they would do it more clearly. And beſides (added he) when I ſee a Grey-hound aſleep dream of a Deer, as I do of my Miſtreſs, and perhaps better too, I conclude that my dreams come from my temper alone, I ſet my mind at reſt, and do every thing as if I had not dreamt at all. Indeed (added *Bereniſa*) I know no more pleaſant fancie then to think that the Gods await till we be aſleep to adverti ſe us ſo doubtfully of that which muſt happen to us; the Gods, I ſay, who are Lords of the World and of Events, who can change our wills as they pleaſe, and who inſpire to us all that ſeems good to them. But, I beſeech you (ſaid *Anacreon*)

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what kind of dream is that which the fair *Clidamira* had? It is ſuch (anſwer'd ſhe bluſhing) that I cannot tell it to any but *Artemidorus*. This Prince then became ſufficiently perplex'd; for he conceiv'd this was but a contrivance of *Clidamira* to ſpeak to him apart before he went away. But though he much fear'd to offend *Bereliſa*, yet he could not reſolve to anſwer *Clidamira* uncivilly before perſons that were ſtrangers. Wherefore, beginning to ſpeak, I am ſo little skilful in interpreting dreams (ſaid he coldly) that I ſee not why you ſhould chooſe me rather then another. However, my Lord (anſwer'd ſhe) I muſt needs tell it you; and ſo approching neer, and ſpeaking low to him; Do not fear (ſaid ſhe to him) that I am going to entertain you with my dreams; and if you have any juſtice left, conſider (I conjure you) whilſt *Bereliſa* and I go to *Præneſte*, that your heart was mine before hers was yours, and that I ought not to be ſo generous as to procure your return to *Leontium*, with the certainty of never being lov'd by you. 'Tis too much, Madam, 'tis too much (anſwer'd he, not being able to reſtrain himſelf) to deſire to be lov'd at the ſame time both by *Meleontus* and *Artemidorus*. How? my Lord (ſaid ſhe) do you not underſtand that I endeavour'd to make *Meleontus* who is the Prince's Favourite, my Lover, only that I might be in a capacity to make your peace when I pleas'd? I underſtand very well (anſwer'd he) that *Clidamira* is ever deſirous to gain all and looſe nothing. But as far as I perceive, my Lord (ſaid *Bereliſa* bluſhing) you have dream'd as well as *Clidamira*, for you ſpeak at leaſt as much to her as ſhe does to you. You have very well gueſs'd (anſwer'd *Clidamira*, who delighted to make *Bereliſa* jealous) but *Artemidorus*'s dream is not ſo aſſuredly true as mine. Perhaps if he expounded yours (reply'd ſhe haſtily) it would not be granted to be more true then his. Believe me (ſaid *Amilcar* to *Clidamira*) ſtay till you be at *Præneſte* for the explication of your Dreams; for you will find there a Kinſman of the Prieſt of Fortunes Temple, who has ſo great a wit, that what he is ignorant of, is not known by any. But ſince you conceive (anſwer'd *Clidamira*) no heed is to be given to Dreams, you muſt think too that no explication can be given of them. I do ſo, (reply'd *Amilcar*) but I am ſtrongly perſwaded, he I ſpeak of will convince you that none but Phyſicians can make good uſe of the dreams of their Patients, whereby they ſometimes judge very certainly what humour it is that is predominant in them. I beſeech you (ſaid *Bereliſa*, who ſought only to interrupt the converſation of *Artemidorus* with her Rival) give us recommendations to him you ſpeak of. I will, Madam (anſwer'd *Amilcar*) but before I write to him (for I contracted a friendſhip with him during my travels) I have a deſire to tell you what manner of perſon he is, that ſo if he does not pleaſe you, I may not looſe a Letter. You are a good husband of your words (reply'd *Bereliſa*) but however I conſent to what you deſire. And ſo do I (added *Artemidorus*) and for my part (ſaid *Ceſonia*) I entreat it of you; For I have heard a good character given of him by a Kinſwoman of mine who was at *Præneſte*. As for me (ſaid *Anacreon*) I ſhall be glad to know what kind of perſon an honeſt man is whom I am to ſee. There remains only *Clidamira* to entreat me (ſaid *Amilcar*.) Since I do not oppoſe the conſent of the company (anſwer'd ſhe) 'tis ſufficient. Know then (ſaid *Amilcar*) that *Telantus* is of a middle ſtature, has black hair, a pale complexion, very large eyes, a handſome mouth, an ingenuous aſpect, a ſweet and careleſs air; he naturally loves the world and pleaſures, but having a quick-ſighted mind, he has by his prudence plac'd himſelf out of the reach of many accidents which might have render'd him unhappy. His wit is a little ſlow; but yet he ſpeaks very agreeably, though he has no very ſprightly fancie. If he follow'd his own inclination, he would be full of diſcourſe; but he conſtrains himſelf partly out of wiſdom and partly out of policy. Moſt commonly he does not ſpeak his thoughts of what he ſees, but when he pleaſes he ſpeaks them admirably well. Yet he is ſubject to be prejudic'd; and without thinking himſelf to be ſo, he many times does injuſtice even when he believes himſelf moſt equitable; but this defect is not peculiar to him, and the greateſt part of men are guilty of it. Indeed I ſaw him once have a very ſtrange prejudice upon a certain occaſion; for becauſe he did not affect an ancient Prieſt of the Temple of *Fortune*, he judg'd that he did not ſpeak well when he ſpoke in publick. And yet it is certain, that venerable old man charms all that hear him. He ſpeaks with vehemence and elegance, his language is neither courſe nor affected, he knows how to joyn the Graces of Eloquence with the ſolidity of Morality; and if he is not always aſſur'd to perſwade thoſe that hear him, yet he is ſo to be

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heard with pleaſure, even by ſuch as are incapable to profit by his inſtructions. For all this, *Telantus* does not account him eloquent. Believe me (anſwer'd *Bereliſa*) he is not the ſole perſon that is liable to be prejudic'd, and 'tis more hard then we think, not to be ſo at all. When one is but a little (reply'd *Amilcar*) 'tis no great defect; but when ſo much as to account that evil which is good, and ugly which is handſome, 'tis a great imperfection in an elevated mind; for there is a great diſtinction to be made between an errour proceeding from ignorance, and an errour proceeding from prejudice. But to return to *Telantus*, I beleeve he has ſomething in his heart that inclines him to be very amorous, and ambitious, and I am perſwaded he has had great conflicts with himſelf to overcome theſe two ſentiments. No doubt he has done well (ſaid *Bereliſa*) for they are many times the cauſes of great diſquiet. That's certain (anſwer'd *Bereliſa*) but withall they cauſe a thouſand pleaſures. Believe me (ſaid *Clidamira*) neither all the ambitious nor all the prejudic'd are known, but ſometimes we ſee people that make ſhew of not being ſo, who affect to deſpiſe ambition, to ſatisfie that which they have in their hearts. However it be (ſaid *Amilcar*) I think men are not frequently deceiv'd who believe themſelves always liable to errour; and the ſureſt way is to judge affirmatively of nothing upon apparences. But to return again to *Telantus*, he is complacent and civil, he loves company, and particularly that of Ladies, and I can aſſure you, that if he pleaſes he will write you pleaſant Letters, as much Prieſt as he is; for I conceive this faculty is never loſt after 'tis once gotten. I have further to tell you that *Telantus* believes as well as I, that 'tis no eaſie matter to find a great contentment without the aſſiſtance of Fortune. Thus, fair *Bereliſa*, you ſee what a perſon the illuſtrious *Telantus* is; it remains for you to tell me whether you would have me write to him. You will do me a very great pleaſure in ſo doing (anſwer'd ſhe.) For my part (ſaid *Clidamira*) I ſhall be glad to ſee him, but according to the character you give of him, I think I ſhall not ſpeak to him about my dreams. After this, *Artemidorus* went away; but though *Bereliſa* knew he would give *Clidamira* no new opportunity to ſpeak to him, yet ſhe was not fully ſatisfi'd with him, becauſe ſhe was ſolicitous to have him give her an account of what *Clidamira* ſaid when ſhe ſpoke to him apart. So that ſhe look'd a little coldly upon him as he went out; which though his heart reproacht him with nothing, gave him ſome diſcontent; and therefore he writ to her the next morning. But he that carri'd the Letter being ſtopt by the way, *Bereliſa* was gone her journey towards *Præneſte* with *Clidamira* and *Anacreon*, *Artemidorus* not being yet in a condition to travel. Nevertheleſs, to repair the fault of him that he ſent, he caus'd a ſlave of notable wit to depart immediately to *Præneſte* and carry *Bereliſa* her firſt Letter accompany'd with another.

In the mean time *Amilcar* continu'd to ſeek out ways to ſerve *Aronces*, and ſo did *Herminius*, and all the virtuous gallants of *Rome*, excepting *Horatius*, who, how generous ſoever, could not be ſorry for the unhappineſs of his Rival. As for *Zenocrates*, his ſecret jealouſie caus'd him to avoid ſpeaking of *Aronces* as much as he could, for fear it ſhould be obſerv'd that he was leſs his Friend then formerly. But though *Amilcar* would not altogether renounce his jollity, yet there were ſome hours, wherein he was penſive at leaſt, if not ſad. For beſides the impriſonment of *Aronces*, and the trouble in which *Plotina* was, his mind was extremely perplex'd by an order brought him by an *African* lately arriv'd, to return to *Carthage*. He lov'd *Plotina* as much as it is poſſible to love, he had Friends at *Rome* very dear to him, and he had an eſpecial Friend in his own Country, who at that time had great need of him. Thus duty towards his Maſter, affection to his Friend, the intereſt of *Aronces* and the love he had for *Plotina* ſufficiently divided his heart, to cauſe thoſe that knew him well, to obſerve ſome little alteration in his humour. *Plotina* ſoon perceiv'd it; and at firſt thought his reſentment of *Aronces*'s danger was the only cauſe of his diſcontent; and loving *Clelia* very well, he was ſenſibly concern'd in her ſorrow: as indeed *Amilcar* was extremely affected with the unhappineſſes of *Aronces* and *Clelia*. But as love makes an exact diſcovery of the ſentiments of the perſon lov'd, *Plotina* at length knew *Amilcar*'s diſturbance proceeded from ſome cauſe of his own. At which being troubled, Whence comes it, *Amilcar* (ſaid ſhe to him) that I ſee ſomething in your countenance which ſeems to tell me you are ſad? Alas! amiable *Plotina* (anſwer'd he) I ſee I can hide nothing from you, for I intended to diſſemble

diſſemble the diſcontent which I have in my breaſt. But ſince you have diſcover'd it, I muſt let you know, that love does not torment me only in *Italy*, it perſecutes me alſo in *Africa* in the perſon of an illuſtrious Friend who is become unhappy by it. I knew all the beginnings of his love, and was ſomething concern'd in it: but ſince I departed out of *Africa*, ſome things have befallen him, which excite me to pity him, and afflict me ſo much the more, for that I beleeve my preſence is abſolutely neceſſary to redreſs the fortune of my Friend. Nevertheleſs, the affection I have for you is ſo ſtrong, that I know not whether the command of a Maſter, and the misfortunes of a Friend will be ſufficient to oblige me to make a voyage into *Africa*. I ſay, a Voyage, Madam (added he) becauſe at this preſent I account *Rome* my Country; for a Lover has no other but that of his Miſtreſs. That which you ſay, is very obliging (reply'd *Plotina*) but being I am equitable and generous, I will not cauſe you to be deficient either to your Prince or to your Friend. All that I deſire of you, is, that you will not depart till we be return'd to *Rome*, and *Aronces* be acquitted. We hope this will ſhortly be effected; for the Queen of *Hetruria*, the Princeſs of the *Leontines*, th generous *Melintha*, and the amiable *Herſilia* have ſignifi'd to my ſiſter and me this morning, that they were going this day to make their utmoſt inſtance with *Porſenna*: I promiſe you more then you deſire, Madam (ſaid he to her) for I ingage not to depart at all unleſs you command me. As he was ſpeaking thus, *Valeria* enter'd, and told them *Lucilius* had ſent word that all the friends of *Aronces* were gone to intercede ſo urgently with *Porſenna* in his behalf, that a happy ſucceſs was to be expected thereby. Which news ſomething ſatisfying the minds of theſe two amiable Virgins, *Plotina* told *Valeria* what *Amilcar* had ſaid to her, and then intreated him to declare what unhappineſs it was that had befallen his friend he ſpoke of. Since the misfortunes of others ſometimes a little ſolace our own (ſaid he) I will content your curioſity, and no doubt you will agree that my Friend is to be pity'd, that love is the ſame in all places, and that there is no infelicity ſo great, but that another may be found like it. After this, *Valeria* and *Plotina* knowing that *Clelia* was with *Hermilia*, gave order that none ſhould interrupt them: and then *Amilcar* began to ſpeak in theſe terms.

The Hiſtory of CLORANISBES and LYSONICA.

YOu have heard me ſpeak ſo much of *Carthage*, and you are ſo well inform'd of all that relates to my Country, of which the perſons are, whom I am to ſpeak of, that I ſhall in a manner wholly forbear to ſpeak any thing of the original of *Utica*, its manners, magnificence, cuſtoms, or gallantry, being the ſame with thoſe of *Carthage*; for I preſuppoſe that as I, being an *African*, am become a *Roman* for your ſakes, ſo you being *Romans* are become half *Africans* for mine. I ſhall therefore only tell you, that *Cloranisbes*, whoſe adventures I am to relate, is of a very illuſtrious Lineage, and that he is one of the moſt worthy, courageous, accompliſht and agreeable perſons in the world. He has a very noble air, a lofty countenance, and in brief, wants nothing that can get a man eſteem, merit love or friendſhip. He has neglected no means to accompliſh himſelf; for he has travell'd, and has been in *Greece* to learn all that could not be taught him in *Africa*. Nor has he done like ſome young perſons, who ſeem in the beginning of their lives to deſign to acquire extraordinary worth, but after they have learnt many things which are ſutable for the world, they become idle and never practiſe any thing which they learnt. For my part, I account thoſe, that have attain'd ſome good qualities, and afterwards are in a long incertainty what they ought to doe, to be as void of Reaſon as a Pilot, who ſhould furniſh a Ship with all things neceſſary for a long Voyage, weigh Anchor, hoiſe Sayl, and then not knowing whither he would goe, abandon himſelf to the pleaſure of the Wind, and put himſelf in danger of being ſwallow'd up by a quick-ſand, or ſplit againſt a Rock. Yet the World abounds with ſuch people, as have learnt the Art Military, and were never afterwards at the War; with others, who have had dancing-Maſters, and never goe to Balls, and which is worſt, with others, who have learnt to ſpeak ſeveral languages, and ſpeak their own ill; and with others too, who are born in the world, and do not underſtand it. I crave your pardon for my compari-

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ſon and my obſervations, but I could not refrain them; hereafter I will be more cautious of digreſſing ſo far from *Cloranisbes*. Know then, that having learnt all things requiſite to the accompliſhing of a brave man, he determin'd to paſs his life at the Court, and to doe all he could to obtain honour there. Accordingly in the beginning of his manhood, a War being fallen out between *Numidia* and *Maſſilia*, he ſignaliz'd himſelf in it, and perform'd actions worthy of great applauſe. So that the Prince of *Carthage* was pleas'd to take him into favour, and to reſide about him. I need not put you in mind (amiable *Plotina*, and charming *Valeria*) that this Prince is call'd ſo, only by reaſon he is deſcended from an Aunt of *Dido*, and that ordinarily he dwells at *Utica*; becauſe I ſuppoſe you remember to have heard that 'tis only a Title which he wears, though he has no authority in *Carthage*. Nevertheleſs, he has great intereſt there, but he is a Soveraign only in his own State. So that he is really but Prince of *Utica*, though he is ſtil'd otherwiſe. This City is of a very ſtrong ſituation, upon the ſhore of the Sea, and near a great River, thirty miles from *Carthage*. Its Original is very dubious, it has been ruin'd and rebuilt, it has [illegible]'d its name too ſundry times, and it may be ſaid, that 'tis one of the moſt inconſtant Cities of the World in all things. 'Tis true, the air of the Country is apt to inſpire levity, and therefore the changes are leſs to be wonder'd which happen in theſe places then in others. *Numidians* and *Maſſilians* who are neighbours, are levity it ſelf; and 'tis [illegible] ther without Reaſon that people relie not too much upon the faith o[illegible] *cans*. Not but that honeſty is of every Country, and conſtancie is ſometimes to be met with at *Utica* as well as at *Rome*. Yea, there is a Prophe ſie which affirms, that in this City ſhall one day be ſeen the greateſt example of conſtancie that ever was heard of, and that it ſhall be accounted a modern City, although it be very ancient. But ſince I know not what is to come, I cannot aſſure you, whether this Prediction be true or falſe, but only that the Court of the Prince of *Utica* is very agreeable. For all the brave perſons of *Carthage* goe thither frequently to viſit the Prince, and moſt of the youth of Quality of *Numidia* come to learn gallantry under the Prince of *Carthage*. The Ladies there have noble aſpects and delightful wits; and though there are few great Beauties amongſt them, yet there are abundance infinitely amiable, and indeed ſcarce any unhandſome. They are all pleaſing, merry, and gentle; but how lovely ſoever they were, *Cloranisbes* at his return from his Travels did not become amorous. His mind was ſo fill'd with the *Greek* beauties that had charm'd him, and the gallantry of *Athens* and *Corinth* ſo ſtrongly poſſeſs'd him, that he had nothing but ambition in his heart when he arriv'd at *Utica*. So that the deſire to pleaſe the Prince was the great ſpur to make him active. The Prince of *Carthage* had at that time a Siſter much elder then himſelf, who taking a fancie to rule him abſolutely, had a ſtrange jealouſie of every one that came neer him. Wherefore the merit of *Cloranisbes* cauſing her to be jealous of him, ſhe ſecretly did him all the bad offices ſhe could; though ſhe deported her ſelf civilly enough towards him before the Prince and the whole Court. But he was ſo amiable a perſon, and the Prince had ſuch a great inclination to love him, that her artifices were at firſt unprofitable. When ſhe ſaw ſhe could doe him no hurt, ſhe bethought her ſelf to remove him from the Court by ſome honorable way. And accordingly, as young as he was, ſhe caus'd the Prince to ſend him to negotiate affairs of importance in *Lybia*; at his return, a War hapning between *Carthage* and *Numidia*, he was made Commander of the Forces which the Prince ſent thither; but taking advantage of his abſence, ſhe caus'd a hundred things to be told the Prince, to render his fidelity ſuſpected to him. She alſo corrupted ſome Friends and ancient Domeſticks of *Cloranisbes*; after which, ſhe caus'd ſome of her own dependants to ſuggeſt ſeveral things to the Prince againſt *Cloranisbes*, which ſhould induce him to beleeve that he was a man of boundleſs ambition, that he held intelligence with the King of *Numidia*, that he betray'd *Carthage* and him too, and that it was very dangerous to ſuffer him longer in the head of the Army. Whereas nothing of importance was wont to be told the Prince, but he communicated it to the Princeſs his ſiſter, in whom he abſolutely confided, ſhe made ſhew not to beleeve the informations given againſt *Cloranisbes*, and offer'd to juſtifie him. But in fine (ſaid ſhe to him with unparallel'd diſſimulation) though I am perſwaded *Cloranisbes* is innocent, yet 'tis requiſite to act with as much prudence, as if he were beleev'd culpable; and therefore, my Lord, if I may counſel you, ſend a ſtrict order

to *Cloranisbes* to come immediately to you. If he comes, it will be fit to obſerve him and endeavor to diſcover the truth: if he does not, his diſobedience will argue his guilt. The Prince judging this advice of the Princeſs reaſonable, ſent an expreſs order to *Cloranisbes* to come forthwith to him, and to reſign the command of the Forces to another whom the Prince nam'd to him. But at the ſame time that this order was diſpatcht away, this ſubtle Princeſs oblig'd thoſe falſe Friends of *Cloranisbes* whom ſhe had ſuborn'd and treacherous Domeſticks to write to him to beware of coming. So that when *Cloranisbes* receiv'd the Princes's order, he received four tickets, which extremely perplex'd him; for, in the firſt he found only theſe words.

Very bad offices have been done you here; have a care, and diſtruſt all things.

In an other,

The Prince is much incenſed againſt you; the Princeſs excuſes you as much as ſhe is able, but cannot appeaſe him; take care of your affairs and your ſafety.

There was alſo a third, in which *Cloranisbes* found theſe words:

Your deſtruction is deſign'd, Cloranisbes, *therefore doe not truſt to your innocence; for they which have power to ruine the innocent, make them criminal when they pleaſe.*

But that which aſtoniſh'd *Cloranisbes* moſt was the fourth, which ſpoke thus:

If you obey the Princes Order, you cannot eſcape impriſonment or death; this is all that can be told you by a Friend who hazards his own fortune to ſave you.

You may judge, Madam, in what a perplexity *Cloranisbes* was; for he did not miſtruſt thoſe who gave him this advice. But that which wholly perſwaded him to think himſelf loſt was, that the Princeſs of *Carthage* having cunningly caus'd a rumor to be ſpread in *Utica*, that if *Cloranisbes* came, he ſhould be arreſted, he receiv'd alſo twenty other adviſo's, and particularly one from ſo faithful a Friend, that he could not doubt of it. Yet his own inclination led him to truſt to his innocence, and to goe to the Prince. But having conſulted two very prudent friends whom he had in the Army, they diſſwaded him from it. But if I doe not obey (ſaid *Cloranisbes*) I render my ſelf ſuſpected, and become culpable. Beleeve me (anſwer'd one of thoſe that counſel'd him) 'tis better for a man to render himſelf ſuſpected then miſerable: but to take a middle courſe in this extremity, and to teſtifie that you deſign not to render your ſelf Maſter of the Forces, leave the Army, and goe towards *Utica*; and whereas you have a houſe upon the frontier, feign your ſelf ſick, write to the Prince, that aſſoon as you recover you will goe to him, and in the mean time your friends will doe their utmoſt to diſcover what you are accus'd of, and juſtifie you to the Prince. This counſel ſeeming very prudent to *Cloranisbes*, he oppos'd his own inclination, and follow'd the adviſe of his friends. So he left the Army, made ſhew of intending to goe to *Utica*, feign'd himſelf ſick, when he was at his houſe upon the frontier, and writ to the Prince after the manner that he was counſell'd. But at the ſame time he anſwer'd all thoſe that had given him intelligence, and conjur'd them to ſend him what they could learn. Wherefore they that betray'd him ſhewing his Letters to the Princeſs, who endeavor'd to deſtroy him, ſhe made uſe of them to perſwade the Prince that he was not really ſick, and to inform him what a curioſity he had to know all that was ſpoken of him at *Utica*. For though he ſpoke in his Letters as being innocent, yet they contributed ſomething to make him ſeem culpable, becauſe they imply'd that he was not very ſick, that he was deſirous of intelligence, and durſt not truſt himſelf. But to make the matter worſe, this ſubtle Princeſs pretending to be his friend, ſent one of her own Phyſitians to him, to the end that if he were in health as ſhe beleev'd, he might inform the Prince of it; and that if he were ſick, ſhe might make him report that he was not. Now, for that a Fever is not to be had at pleaſure, *Cloranisbes* took his bed indeed, and carried himſelf like a ſick man; but the Phyſitian found that he was in health, and reported ſo to the Prince, who no longer doubting but that *Cloranisbes* was guilty, was ſo exaſperated againſt him, that all the interceſſions of his true friends could not hinder the Prince from ſending to forbid him coming neer to *Utica*; for the houſe where *Cloranisbes* ſtay'd, was upon the frontier. So that *Cloranisbes* was baniſht without knowing the cauſe of this ſeverity againſt him. At firſt he was extremely afflicted; but having a great and firm Soul, he took a reſolution on a ſudden, and writ to his Friends to deſire

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them not to trouble themſelves further about making his peace, aſſuring them that he found his heart ſtrong enough to be able to live in ſolitude, and enjoy himſelf without being concern'd with the reſt of the world. 'Tis true, there was a wiſe old man who contributed much to cauſe him to take this reſolution; for going to ſee one of his friends a days journey from his own houſe, he loſt his way, and went croſs the corner of a Forreſt. And finding a mountanous and barren Country beyond, he perceiv'd ſome miſerable Shepherds tilling a little corner of ground between the Rocks, and obſerv'd a venerable old man who liv'd in a cave not far off, and who with a countenance both melancholy and ſerene, ſaid to them, as he beheld them, Alas! poor people! beware of rendring your fields fruitful, leave your land uncultivated, if you love quiet; for if your Country become good, you will ſoon have War. *Cloranisbes* who ſtopt to ask the way, having heard what this venerable old man ſaid, ſeem'd ſurpris'd at it, and turning towards him, Tell me, I pray (ſaid he) for what reaſon you would make a deſert of the Country you dwell in. Becauſe (anſwer'd he) ſolitude is always inſeparable from deſerts, barrenneſs upholds ſolitude, virtue and peace are in ſolitude preſerv'd, and felicity found, if it be poſſible for men to be capable of it. This old man who was a *Greek*, though he ſpoke the *African* tongue, and whoſe name was *Andronodorus*, ſpoke this with ſo grave an air, that *Cloranisbes* believ'd that perhaps the Gods had caus'd him to meet with him for his comfort. Wherefore lighting from his horſe, and giving him to [illegible] which follow'd him, he drew *Andronodorus* apart, and askt him, who he was? where he liv'd? what had caus'd the averſion, which he had againſt the World? My Lord (ſaid he to him) I was born at *Samos*, and I was baniſht by *Polycrates* when he uſurp'd the Soveraign Power, becauſe he knew well I could not ſubmit. So I departed from my Country with all that I could carry in a Ship, intending to ſee if it were poſſible for the monſters of *Africa* to be more inhumane then the men of my Country. For in truth, my Lord, I acknowledge to the ſhame of mankind, I never found any thing but weakneſs, folly, injuſtice, and wickedneſs in all places where I have liv'd, and principally in thoſe where wealth and plenty are to be met with. I have had a father who took no thought for any thing but his pleaſures, I have had children who would have me mind nothing but theirs; my wife had virtue, but not goodneſs; my relations had no humanity, my friends were but little ſincere to my intereſts, my domeſticks were of ſmall fidelity; and in ſum, I may ſay, that in all places where I have liv'd, I have ſeen almoſt all others as unhappy as my ſelf, though they did not think ſo. But Fortune having caus'd me to ſuffer ſhipwrack upon the Coaſt of *Africa* long ago, and chance conducted me to a Cave on the ſide of this Forreſt which you have croſs'd, I took it for my habitation, and have liv'd here ſince by the aſſiſtance of a ſlave, who eſcap'd drowning with me, and with the help of ſome poor Fiſhers has till'd as much Land as is neceſſary for our ſubſiſtence. So that this little ſanctuary being encompaſs'd with a very great extent of Land which is not husbanded, I have enjoy'd much tranquillity ſince I came hither, without converſing with any but the Prieſt of a Temple not far from hence, who taught me his language. But I ſee theſe poor people at work, will make my Deſart arable; and ſo I look upon them as thoſe that go about to deſtroy my felicity; for, in brief, if they bring me neighbours, they will bring me enemies.

Cloranisbes then admiring *Andronodorus*, deſir'd him that he would lead him to his Cave; which at firſt he refus'd: but on a ſudden checking himſelf, Come, my Lord (ſaid he to him) come, for it is not fit for me to belye my ſelf, and after having affirm'd that virtue may be preſerv'd in ſolitude, to ſhew you only a wild and uncivil virtue. After this *Andronodorus* led *Cloranisbes* by a ſmall path little troden; before his Cave he found a little ruſtical Garden, but very neat, and in the Cave a Bed of Bulruſhes woven together, Seats of the ſame, ſome Books which he had borrow'd of the Prieſt, and Writing-Tables. Then *Andronodorus* took his turn to ask *Cloranisbes*, who he was? and this illuſtrious exile related his fortune to him. Upon which *Andronodorus*, who wiſht he could make Hermites of all the men in the World, ſet himſelf to perſwade him ſo earneſtly not to offer to reſiſt the will of the Gods, that he fell to tell him a hundred things, whereof I cannot refrain from telling you part. I beſeech you (ſaid he to *Cloranisbes*) ſuffer not your ſelf to run into that general errour of all men, who will always force their deſtiny. Reſign your ſelf to the conduct

of the Gods, and know that true Wiſdom conſiſts only in this. As long as I was in my own Country, I behav'd my ſelf like a good Patriot; but ſince Fortune caſt me into a ſtrange one, without ſubſiſtence, and without any ſanctuary, I made my ſelf one, and have found a ſafer in poverty and ſolitude, then I could have done elſewhere. For ſince I came hither, I have deceiv'd no perſon, and none has deceiv'd me. The errour of all men, is blindly to ſeek that which they have not; they who have no tranquillity, deſire it, but do not that which is requiſite to obtain it; and they who have, are weary of it, and think they ſhould be happier in a more turbulent way of life. When we are children, we long to be a little advanc'd in age; when we are very old, we wiſh we could again become children; and when we are in the prime age of our lives, we never conſider what we have been, nor what we muſt be, nor many times too, what we are; but only addict our ſelves to find out pleaſures, which are ſo momentany, that we ſcarce know whether they are pleaſures or no, becauſe ordinarily ſorrow follows them ſo cloſe, that it extinguiſhes all their ſweetneſs. Thus, *Cloranisbes*, you ſee what the World is, which you have ſo much regret to be baniſht from. But, wiſe *Andronodorus* (anſwer'd he) as I am far from your age, ſo I am from your wiſdom; and therefore I ſhould find it a hard matter not to ſtrive all I could againſt my bad fortune. But, who told you that it is bad? (ſaid *Andronodorus*) do you know the ſecrets of deſtiny? and is it not your duty to conform your ſelf to it? We have ſometimes ſeen people think that they were out of their way, who in the mean time eſcap'd being overwhelm'd under the ruines of a houſe which had fallen upon them if they had follow'd the ordinary way. Therefore 'tis the grand ſecret, as I told you, to ſubmit to the decree of Heaven, and to have ſo noble a ſoul, and ſo rational a mind, as to be always ready to paſs from good to bad fortune, from riches to poverty, from health to ſickneſs, from liberty to ſervitude, and from life to death. This certainly is that which *Pythagoras* intended to ſignifie by his Metempſychoſis or tranſmigration of ſouls; for no doubt he only meant to intimate, that the ſoul of man could not be all things. 'Tis fit then not to reſiſt our deſtiny, it behoves us to ſubmit to it; if the Gods will that you live at Court, they will draw you thither, whether you endeavour it or no; and if they do not, you will but torment your ſelf in vain. But in brief, not to repeat to you all the diſcourſe of the ſolitary *Andronodorus* to *Cloranisbes*, I ſhall tell you that he comforted him, and that *Cloranisbes* reſolving to comply with his fortune without tormenting himſelf more, contracted a friendſhip with this wiſe old man to whom he offer'd his houſe to retire into, which he would not accept, and return'd home without caring for any other counſel but that of *Artamidorus*. And therefore he writ to his Friends at *Utica*, that they would give over ſoliciting for his revocation, telling them it was ſufficient if they only maintain'd that he had done nothing to deſerve his diſfavour, and that he deſir'd nothing more from their aſſiſtance. He writ this to them ſo earneſtly, that they obey'd his pleaſure; and as Princes eaſily enough forget what they do not ſee, and delight in, the Prince of *Carthage* no longer thought of *Cloranisbes*. For my part I much regretted him; for I was his Friend; but, in fine, it behov'd him to comfort himſelf for his abſence, and I comforted my ſelf ſweetly enough with two or three Miſtreſſes, which I courted about that time. Nevertheleſs, as jovial as you ſee me, I can aſſure you *Cloranisbes* was better pleas'd with me then with any of his Friends; for I had the confidence to ask the Prince's permiſſion to go ſee him in his Deſart, though I knew well enough that the Princeſs of *Carthage* was offended at it. In the mean time *Cloranisbes* delighted himſelf in his ſolitude with embelliſhing his houſe, which he made very agreeable; he alſo addicted himſelf much to reading; and having ſlaves that were skill'd in Muſick, he diverted himſelf very innocently. The firſt time I viſited him, I found him ſo merry, ſo ſatisfi'd with his retirement, in ſo good health, and with ſuch tranquillity of mind, that I took occaſion to jeſt with him about it. How? (ſaid I to him) *Cloranisbes*, ſo goodly a perſon, ſo full of wit, ſo rational, ſo fit for ſociety and gallantry, be happy with Meadows, Rivers, Woods and Fountains? What? can *Cloranisbes* be ſo jovial as I ſee him, without Nymphs, without Ladies, without Shepherdeſſes, and without having ſo much as one poor *Iris*? Yes (anſwer'd he, ſmiling) and I am ſo pleas'd in having no need of any but my ſelf to be happy, as no man can be more. I confeſs to you, I laugh'd at his wiſdom; I gave him the hearing of all that his Hermite had ſaid to him, but he did

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not convert me; I left him to his opinion, and carried back my own. Six months after, I went again to visit him; but I found him much chang'd, he seem'd sad and paler then ordinary; and though he was more decent, and even more magnificent then I had seen him formerly, yet I perceiv'd well something troubled his mind. Methinks (said I to him assoon as I observ'd it) your countenance tells me your felicity of solitude has not lasted you very long. *Cloranisbes* smil'd to hear me speak thus, but though he told me he was sick, yet I knew that his malady was rather in mind then body. But being I was to stay with him some days, I would not press him too much at first, and we went to walk together upon a Terrace, the prospect of which was very handsome. After which, having some orders to give to a Painter who was embellishing a Banquetting-house at the end of his Garden, he askt me liberty to go thither, and left me to walk whither I would. Wherefore having a purpose to inquire of a man that belong'd to him, with whom he intrusted many things, I went to seek him in the house, from one room to another, and not finding him, I stay'd at last in *Cloranisbes* closet which I found open. And being naturally curious, I could not see Verses upon the Table without reading them; for knowing *Cloranisbes* made very good, and perceiving those that lay there were written with his own hand, my curiosity was redoubled. So that taking them up, I read them with much pleasure, because they seem'd very amorous. But that which made me consider them more, was, for that I accounted them an infallible proof that *Clornisbes* was in love, and that his sadness only proceeded from thence. At the same instant a conceit coming in my head to play a prank with him, I set my self with all diligence to copy them out, and I was so happy that I had done transcribing them a good while before I found *Cloranisbes* again. For I went out of his Closet without being seen by any person, and going forth of the house enter'd into an Orchard to take a good long turn, feigning to seek for *Cloranisbes*, who at last met me. All the evening I found him sufficiently sad, though he endeavor'd to seem otherwise: I pretended to be a little weary and sleepy, to the end I might retire in good time. So being led to my apartment, I was at liberty to execute the design I had. I spent all the evening in translating those Verses into *Greek*; for I had formerly travell'd into *Greece*, and so had *Cloranisbes*. So that that language was not unknown to us.

Having pass'd the night in this Translation, I slept so late, that *Cloranisbes* fearing I was not well, came to my chamber, and ask'd me whether I were sick, slothful, or sleepy. I assure you (said I to him, awaking my self) I cannot tell you which; and besides (added I) you were so pensive last night, that I imagin'd I should doe you a pleasure in leaving you to entertain your own thoughts. You are not wont to be so complacent to the loss of your own pleasure (answer'd *Cloranisbes*) but however rise, and let us walk. I obey'd him, and we went together into a Grove which is extremely agreeable. We had not gone a hundred paces in it, but turning my self toward him, See, *Cloranisbes* (said I to him) a very fit place to make Verses in, and I doubt not but your leasure has occasion'd you to write excellent things. Solitary people (answer'd he) have so few subjects to write of, that their fancies furnish them with nothing agreeable; for, to tell you the truth, 'tis so common to declaim against Fortune, that I would not chuse it. For my part (reply'd I) Verses that are not of Love, must be admirably good to please me; for since Verses were no doubt invented for Love and Mirth, they must have something of both, to charm me. But as to the matter of Verses (added I) I must shew you an Elegie that was given me, which in my conceit is very passionate, and I have made a Copy of them my self, to give you. In speaking this, I drew forth the Translation which I had of *Cloranisbes* Elegy into *Greek*, out of his own language, which naturally is not very fit for Poetry. At first *Cloranisbes* took it without thinking to find any thing in it that he knew; but he had scarce read four Verses, when looking upon me, Ha! *Amilcar* (said he to me) see the greatest chance in the world. How? (said I to him very seriously.) The sence of these four Verses (reply'd he) agrees so exactly with four which I made, that nothing was ever seen so like. Such things always surprise when they happen (answer'd I coldly) but 'tis not very frequent; and I my self (added I confidently) have made Verses which I have found almost word for word in *Hesiode*, whom I had not read at the time when I made them. So that it could not be said that they remain'd in my memory unwittingly, and that I believ'd I compos'd them though

I only remembred them. Therefore 'tis not to be much wonder'd at, that your conceit ſhould jump with that of another; and when conformity is only in the ſenſe and not in the words, the chance is leſs merveilous. After this, *Cloranisbes* proceeded to read; but the more he read, the more he was aſtoniſht; he ſtopt at each Verſe with incredible amazement, and not imagining it poſſible for me to have ſeen his Verſes, or having ſeen them, to have had time to tranſlate them, he made exclamations at every word; and having told me a hundred times, This is ſtrange, this is admirable, this is wonderful, this is incredible, and teſtifi'd his amazement in all manners he could, he was, in fine, wholly aſtoniſht that I was not ſo at all. No doubt (added he) 'tis becauſe you beleeve there are only ſome thoughts in the Verſes you ſhow me, which reſemble thoſe which I have made. I certainly beleeve ſo (anſwer'd I) and I wonder as much at your aſtoniſhment, as you doe at the conformity of your Verſes with theſe which I ſhew you. Ha! *Amilcar* (cry'd he) you doe not underſtand how the matter is; and to force you to admiration, mark well the Elegie which I am going to repeat to you, and if you doe not finde that the beginning, continuance, and end are the ſame, never beleeve me. After which *Cloranisbes* repeated his Elegie, and I taking my turn to feign aſtoniſhment, ſtopt at every Verſe, and made cryes of admiration, which ſurpaſs'd all his before. But in fine (ſaid I to him, after he had done repeating the Elegie) it is impoſſible this ſhould be the effect of meer chance, you muſt have borrow'd this ſenſe from ſome other, or ſome other from you. *Cloranisbes* then fell to make a thouſand Oaths to me, that he had never before ſeen the Verſes which I ſhew'd him. It muſt be a long while then (ſaid I to him) ſince you compoſed yours; you gave Copies of them when you were in *Greece*, and ſome one that underſtands our Language, deſir'd to inrich his own with them. That cannot be (anſwer'd he) for 'tis but three days agoe that theſe Verſes were made, and I have not ſhow'd them to any whatſoever. So that this accident muſt be look'd upon as a prodigy. But doe you know (added he) who is the Author of thoſe Verſes which ſo much reſemble mine? No (anſwer'd I confidently) but a Kinſman of *Theſpis* ſent them to me by a Ship that came to *Utica*. But as far as I perceive (added I) you make Love-Verſes in your ſolitude.

But as far as I perceive (ſaid *Plotina* interrupting him) you intend that we ſhall not hear *Cloranisbes* Verſes, and you have forgot that *Valeria* underſtands the language into which you tranſlated them well enough to hear them with pleaſure. I have not forgotten any thing that is lovely in you (anſwer'd *Amilcar*) but becauſe I was but the Tranſlator of thoſe Verſes, I durſt not ſhew you them unleſs you had commanded me, though I ſomething deſir'd it. But ſince you have ſome curioſity for them, you ſhall have them in your own language; for when I began to underſtand it, I tranſlated them a ſecond time in this manner. See then what were the ſentiments of *Cloranisbes*.

Elegie to MELANTHA.

IT was within a pleaſing ſolitude,
Where free from cares and from inquietude,
My thoughts an undiſturb'd ſereneſs found,
And in themſelves my eaſie wiſhes crown'd.
A goodly plain, a Meadow flowry fair,
With the ſoft courtſhip of the perfum'd air,
Cenſing the fields, or bubbling ſtreams that paſs
Ore pebbles, or that thrid the matted graſs;
The charming notes of birds that move delight,
And the more charming ſilence of the night,
Courts noiſeful pleaſures taught me to deſpiſe,
And joyt of undeſigning ſhades to prize.
There I without ambition, love, or ſtrife,
Paſs'd the ſoft minutes of a careleſs life;
Until Melantha's *fatal beauty found*

My

My desert out ; straight from th'unhappy ground
Away the disinchanted pleasures flew,
And rest for ever bad my Soul adieu.
Since then my mind by melancholy seiz'd,
And raging pangs of jealousie diseas'd,
Like a crack'd Mirror thousand forms doth shew
Of Rivals, whom Melantha *never knew.*
My lightest wish was death, hopeless to move
That heart that only could ambition love.
And still the more I pay'd profound respect,
My slighted service found the more neglect ;
As if my adoration were a crime,
Or dying sighs were murmurs out of time.
And yet obdurate as she is, I find
No other passion can divert my mind
While she not pitying my forlorn estate
Can finde no easier object for her hate.
If it be so, ye Gods, I only crave
That last relief despairing Lovers have.
May grief destroy me, and Melantha *finde*
A Victime fit for her ambitious minde.

If *Cloranisbes*'s Verses (said *Valeria*) be as passionate as yours, he must certainly have been very amorous. For my part (added *Plotina*) I doe not doubt of it ; for *Amilcar*'s Verses are ordinarily more sprightly then these, but not so passionate. However (added she, turning towards him) proceed if you please to the sequel of the History of *Cloranisbes* ; for I extremely long to know whether he told you upon whom he made these so amorous Verses.

I am so desirous to obey you, Madam (answer'd *Amilcar*) that I will not stay to answer the illusive commendation you have given the Verses which I make. To return therefore where I was, I shall tell you, that turning my self towards *Cloranisbes*, But as far as I perceive (said I to him) you make Love-Verses in your solitude, and make them as well as if you were amorous. Nevertheless I do not much believe that you can be so ; for to speak truth, there are not many *African* Ladies to be found in the Country that are fit to take such hearts as that of *Cloranisbes*. Alas ! (answer'd he sighing) I thought indeed to live in safety in my Desart : but, to my unhappiness, I have seen so divine a person here, that I have not been able to resist her charms. Then I press'd *Cloranisbes* to tell me who that fair one was, where he had seen her, and how he became in love with her : for as for the name of *Melantha* which you give her in your Verses (said I to her) I know 'tis but a name of love. *Cloranisbes* told me that since he was banisht he had seen but two or three of his Friends, and my self, who had visited him twice, excepting the solitary *Andronodorus* whom he saw very frequently ; till one day, walking in a great Waste that leads to the way which goes to *Massilia*, he beheld a handsome slave, who saluting him respectfully, told him, some Ladies of quality desir'd him to permit them to see his Garden. Wherefore having not yet forgot to be civil, he answer'd him that he should joyfully receive the honour which they would do his house. But that he might not fail in the respect which it behov'd him to give them, he ask'd the slave their names ; and was told that there was the wife of a man of chief quality of *Missilia* at a house not far distant from his ; that this Lady's name was *Cyrene* ; that she had her daughter with her who was nam'd *Lysonice*, and two of her kinswomen who dwelt with her. The slave added also that, to divert them, *Cyrene* purposed to let them see all the fair houses thereabouts. Upon which *Cloranisbes* sending the slave back speedily, prepar'd himself to receive these Ladies in the best manner he could, though it was something troublesome to him at that time to be oblig'd to spend a day in Ceremony ; for in the humour he was in then, he could have lik'd better to see a Painter at work whom he had in his house, or hear a slave sing that belong'd to him and had an excellent voice, or entertain himself with a Book, or his own thoughts, then to receive Ladies whom he believ'd

liev'd he ſhould never ſee more then this time. Nevertheleſs in conſideration of civility, he order'd his ſervants to make preparation to receive them. And then cauſing a handſome horſe to be brought to him, he rid to meet them as far as he could. When he approacht their Chariot, he firſt beheld *Cyrene*, who though of good age ſeem'd to him to have a graceful countenance. But preſently after all that were with her lifting up their Vails, he ſaw the charming *Lyſonice* her daughter, and he ſaw her ſo beautiful, that his eyes were dazled, his heart was mov'd, and his reaſon almoſt wholly laid aſide at that moment, ſo that he had like to have made his complement to *Lyſonice* without ſpeaking at all to *Cyrene* or her Friends, who were notwithſtanding very amiable. Yet at length he recollected himſelf from his dumb admiration; and beginning to ſpeak, I would not have believ'd, Madam (ſaid *Cloranisbes* to *Cyrene*) that an unfortunate Exile could have receiv'd ſo great an honour; and if I could have foreſeen it, I could have endeavour'd to put my Deſart in a condition to divert ſo fair a company. Since we find you in it, (anſwer'd *Cyrene* obligingly) we have nothing more to deſire. For my part (added one of her Kinſwomen, whoſe name was *Paſilia*) when the Maſter of the houſe is a perſon of merit, I do not much care to find that the Garden-plots and walks are not decently kept. I am altogether of your mind (added a ſprightly Virgin nam'd *Deliſa.*) And as for me (ſaid the fair *Lyſonice*) I have at preſent the greateſt conſolation in the World, in ſeeing an Exile who is neither ſavage or incivil; for whereas we our ſelves are Exiles, it makes me hope that we ſhall preſerve ſome civility in our Deſart, ſince *Cloranisbes* has retain'd ſo much in his. What? Madam (cry'd *Cloranisbes* looking upon *Lyſonice*) can ſuch a perſon as you be exil'd? If it be ſo, it muſt needs be only becauſe your beauty is too redoubtable to thoſe that baniſh you. *Cloranisbes* had no ſooner ſaid this, but *Lyſonice* bluſht, and he perceiv'd it would have been better to have ſpoken of the worth of Ladies in general then of *Lyſonice* in particular; but it was not in his power to repreſs his firſt ſentiment. But *Cyrene*, to interrupt the praiſes given her daughter, entreated *Cloranisbes* that he would do them the favour to let them ſee his houſe. And ſo, they went thither-wards ſlowly, continuing their diſcourſe.

Cyrene told *Cloranisbes* that the King of *Maſſilia* had baniſht the valiant *Boſtar* her Husband by the artifices of ſome enviers he had in this Court, and that having been ſent to a houſe of his own upon the frontier, he had obey'd, and arriv'd there only fifteen days ago. *Cloranisbes* heard with pleaſure that which *Cyrene* ſaid to him; and though he knew no reaſon for it, yet he was glad that *Lyſonice* was in Exile, and that he had ſome conformity with ſo fair a perſon. At length having paſs'd a great Waſte and two Courts, this fair company alighted before a ſtately entrance of ſtone-ſteps: for though the Architecture of this houſe is ſomething barbarous, 'tis notwithſtanding magnificent. For inſtead of the Statues of the Graces, *Venus*, *Diana*, or *Apollo*, as in other places, here were repreſented huge Lyons, Tygers and Panthers; and in imboſs'd imagery, Crocodiles devouring paſſengers, frays of ſavage beaſts, and ſhapes of the moſt extraordinary monſters that have been ſeen in *Africa*. But, in fine, this houſe is very handſome though built after the ancient mode; ſo that *Cyrene* commended it with as much earneſtneſs as a perſon could do that deſir'd to pleaſe the Maſter of it. I beſeech you, Madam (ſaid *Cloranisbes* to her) do not ſo extol a thing which does not deſerve it; for I am none of thoſe who ſeek to be commended for what has been made by Architects who are dead many ages ago; and if you have any thing to commend me for, it muſt be (added he ſmiling) for not having lov'd Lyons, Tygers and Panthers ſo much as my anceſtors. In ſpeaking this, he oblig'd *Cyrene* to enter into a Hall, the painting of which was newly finiſht, where the hiſtory of *Diana* was admirably repreſented. It not being uſual in *Maſſilia* to ſee ſuch rare Pictures, all the Ladies were charm'd with thoſe, and ſtay'd a good time to behold them, during which they all made it apparent that they were infinitely ingenious, and eſpecially *Lyſonice*. After this *Cloranisbes* cauſ'd them to paſs into a Chamber hung with Tapeſtry of *Sydon*; for having been a great Traveller, he had renounc'd the ſimplicity of *Numidia*. Then he led them into a Cabinet open on three ſides, the proſpect of which was very handſome; it was full of Pictures, Books, and Muſical Inſtruments; and round about it were Cuſhions wrought with flowers, and a plat of Sea-bulruſhes cover'd the floor. But as far as I perceive (ſaid *Lyſonice* pleaſantly, when the company was all ſet) you purpoſe to be eternally baniſh'd, by ſo delightful-

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ly adorning your Desart. Yet I am not of your humour; for I shall always so fancie to my self to return to the Court in a few days, that I look upon all the deformities of a disorder'd house as things which comfort me, and assure me I shall not stay long there. You are so fit for the World (answer'd *Cloranisbes*) that 'tis not to be wonder'd if you love it: but you are also so amiable, that you ought never to fear solitude in what place soever you be. I know not whether I can fear solitude (reply'd she) but I am sure I very much fear bad company; and that which makes me dislike continuing in the Country, is not so much the fear of seeing no body, as of seeing people that displease me. I believe what you say (answer'd *Delisia*) but I believe too that you love agreeable company. I grant it (reply'd she) but I had rather not see any whatsoever, then see some whom I dislike. Did you consider well what you say, Daughter (said *Cyrene* smiling) you would not speak so positively. Indeed (added *Pasilia*) they who have so ambitious a soul as you, can never think it possible for themselves to conform to solitude; which is a way repugnant to ambition. I beseech you (said *Lysonice*) do not use raillery upon me before such a person as *Cloranisbes*, who does not know me so well as to discern how far he ought to believe you. No, no, Madam (answer'd *Cloranisbes*) do not fear that I think any thing of you which is not to your advantage; for your beauty so powerfully disposes hearts to judge favourably of you, that I find I cannot believe any thing against you. Since 'tis so (said *Lysonice*, perceiving her Mother was talking to *Pasilia* at a window) I desie you to speak all that you please. Then I shall tell *Cloranisbes* (said *Delisia* to whom she spoke) what a dispute we had by the way as we came hither; and I believe, as prepossess'd as he is with your beauty, he will not acknowledge that your sentiment is more just then mine. We shall see that (answer'd *Lysonice* coldly.) I beseech you (said *Cloranisbes* then to *Delisia*) do not force me to be against you. Provided you will swear to me (answer'd she) that you will judge sincerely and without partiality, I desire no more of you; and without so much as expecting your oath, you shall know that, after much discourse too long to relate, *Lysonice* gave us to understand that she should like better to marry a King whom she hated, and who should always hate her, then a man whom she lov'd, and who always should love her, if he were of a mean fortune. The meanness of mine (reply'd *Cloranisbes*) no doubt ought to make me declare against *Lysonice*, but since I judge nothing according to my own interests, I cannot resolve to condemn her without first hearing her.

For my part (said *Lysonice*) since inclination is a thing which arises in us without the help of our reason, I might, if I would, dispense with speaking any thing upon this matter; but however, I will acknowledge ingenuously, that ambition seems to me the most noble passion of all. I know not, whether it be the most noble (answer'd *Cloranisbes*) but I know well it is not the most sweet. Be it what it will (said she) I apprehend a thousand pleasures in seeing ones self above all those that surround us, and I fancie tedious discontentment in a mean fortune. As for me (said *Delisia*) I should account my self more happy with a plain shepherd whom I lov'd, then with a King whom I hated. If I hated his person (answer'd *Lysonice*) I should love the degree he advanc'd me to, and his greatness. But if I lov'd a shepherd (reply'd *Delisia*) I should be contented with his fortune, I should love him even to his Cottage, and I should be more happy in seeing him feed his Flocks by a Rivers side, then you would be upon the Throne, if you shar'd it with a Prince whom you hated. Beleeve me (answer'd *Lysonice*) Love is a fine thing in Verses and in Pictures; but considering it a little prudently, I think all the blessings of it are very imaginary. If you examine ambition aright (reply'd *Delisia*) you will see that all the favours of Fortune do not affect the Soul sensibly. 'Tis true (said *Cloranisbes*) the desires of Love proceed directly from the heart, but those of ambition only from the mind. I doe not understand these distinctions very well (answer'd *Lysonice*) but I know, the thought of being a Queen flatters my heart pleasingly; and that of being lov'd makes no great impression in my mind. 'Tis because you doe not conceive (reply'd *Cloranisbes*) there can be any thing in the world worthy of being lov'd by you; and because 'tis more easie for you to imagine that there should be a King so just as to make you a Queen, and give you a Crown which Fortune has not given you. You draw your self very civilly out of this matter (said *Lysonice*) but nevertheless, I know you judge me too ambitious, and therefore I will not give you leasure to explain your self more clearly, for fear *Delisia* triumph to my disadvantage; moreo-

ver, 'tis fit to mind my Mother, that we have not too much time to ſee the Gardens of ſo fair a houſe, and to return home. And ſo riſing up, ſhe oblig'd *Cyrene* to goe walk; and this lovely company went to ſee the Gardens, the Orchards, and a Grove which was behind them; but they were much ſurpris'd to finde a very noble and handſome Collation in a Banquetting-houſe which ſtood in the middle of the Grove. With which while theſe Ladies were entertain'd, they were delighted with the noiſe of a little conſort of Country-Muſick, very agreeably. And after it was ended, the Muſitian which belong'd to *Cloranisbes*, ſung admirably well; by which time it was grown late, and ſo the Ladies went away extremely ſatisfi'd with the civility, wit, and magnificence of *Cloranisbes*, who with ſeveral of his Attendants conducted them half their way. When he left, *Cyrene* deſir'd him to goe and viſit them, and he told her, that having intended to requeſt her permiſſion to doe it, he ſhould not fail to obey her: after which they parted. *Cloranisbes*, as he return'd home, was ſufficiently penſive, though he did not imagine that he was fallen in Love. Yet the idea of *Lyſonice* accompani'd him in all places; which, being it was agreeable, he did not care to extinguiſh out of his memory, but on the contrary entertain'd it with pleaſure. The next day going to ſee a Painter work, whom he had at his houſe, he found him more merry then ordinary; of which deſiring to know the cauſe, Whence comes it (ſaid he to him) that I ſee you ſo joyful? My Lord (anſwer'd he) I have been a whole moneth ſeeking in my fancie for an air of a head to make a *Venus*, and could not hit upon one; but I found one yeſterday without trouble; for whilſt the Ladies were at the Collation in the Banquetting-houſe of the Grove, I ſtole the Picture of her they nam'd *Lyſonice*. How? (ſaid *Cloranisbes* ſurpris'd) could you make any thing that reſembles her? Yes, my Lord (anſwer'd he) and upon the plain deſign which I made yeſterday, I am confident to make an excellent Picture for reſemblance. I pray doe not execute your intention (ſaid *Cloranisbes* ſmiling) for it would diſturb my quiet, if I ſaw *Lyſonice*'s Picture often. Nevertheleſs, *Cloranisbes* askt him to ſhew him the draught which he had made, and found it very much reſembling. He alſo deſir'd to keep it; but the Painter who had a *Venus* to make, was ſo importunate with him, that he was conſtrain'd to let him have it to make uſe of for his intended Piece.

The next day *Cloranisbes* went to ſee *Andronodorus*, and told him of the Adventure he had had; for after he had cur'd him of his ambition, he gave him an account of whatever hapned to him. But he had no ſooner done relating to him the viſit he had receiv'd, but the wiſe Hermit taking his turn to ſpeak, Ha! *Cloranisbes* (ſaid he to him) have a care of your ſelf; for love is not much better then ambition, and if I am not miſtaken, your heart has more propenſity to ſubmit to the Tyranny of the one then of the other. I confeſs it, wiſe *Andronodorus* (anſwer'd *Cloranisbes*) but in this caſe methinks 'tis ſo eaſie for my Reaſon to defend my heart, that I ought not to fear being ſurpris'd. For *Lyſonice* and I have ſo different intereſts, that I think it is not eaſie for Love and Fortune joyn'd together to unite us; and beſides, I have already obſerv'd *Lyſonice* has a very ambitious Soul, and ſo it would be in vain for an Exile to offer to become her Servant. Yet, I ſay once more, have a care of your ſelf (reply'd *Andronodorus*) for if there be no other obſtacles then thoſe you mention, to keep you from being in love, you are ſo already; for 'tis certain, difficulty produces a greater progreſs towards love then facility. Beware, then to fortifie your Reaſon well, if you mind not to loſe the contentment you have obtain'd. But doe you think (ſaid *Cloranisbes*) there is no Love commendable? I think there may be (anſwer'd this wiſe old man) and I grant there is nothing more excellent then a lawful, tender, and conſtant Love: but *Cloranisbes*, where will you find two perſons that love one another, who have minds ſo generous, hearts ſo tender, and Souls ſo conſtant, as to love one another ardently and for ever? And yet without all theſe conditions, Love is but a weakneſs, a crime, and a folly. So that, conſidering the almoſt impoſſibility to finde a woman which deſerves to be lov'd, or knows how to love, 'tis beſt for a man to preſerve his liberty. Love founded upon beauty can never out-live it, and many times dyes before it: Love which is eſtabliſht out of vanity, is but vanity it ſelf, and cannot laſt: that which proceeds from the intereſts of Fortune, is nothing but covetouſneſs; that which is inſpir'd only by youth, paſſes away with it, and is nothing but levity and inconſtancie: that which ariſes from the temper or conſtitution,

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is blind, groſs, and brutiſh: and there is none durable or commendable, but that which is produc'd by virtue. Defend your ſelf then courageouſly againſt Love, if you beleeve me, and ſuffer not your ſelf to be ſurpris'd by ſo dangerous an Enemy. Doe not flatter your ſelf with the thought that there may be calm Loves: for,

As Spring without Weſt-winds has never been,
So Love without deſires was never ſeen.

Therefore enjoy the quiet in which your are, *Cloranisbes*, and remember that flight is the only courſe that can ſecure you.

The diſcourſe of *Andronodorus* very much mov'd *Cloranisbes*; and yet he could not reſolve to forbear giving a viſit to *Cyrene* and *Lyſonice*, but he really purpoſed to goe thither but once. At his return home, he found his Painter had finiſht the head of his *Venus*, and that this Picture ſo much reſembled *Lyſonice* that it was the ſame. His heart was mov'd with it, and he could not behold it without pleaſure and diſturbance; nevertheleſs, at the ſame time he laught at himſelf for his weakneſs, and ſo went to his reſt. But the next morning he could not keep himſelf from going again to *Lyſonice*'s Picture, and the day following he went to the houſe of the valiant *Boſtar*, father of this fair perſon, who receiv'd him with extraordinary careſſes, and led him to the apartment of *Cyrene*, where *Lyſonice*, *Paſilia*, and *Deliſia* were. Whereas he had receiv'd theſe Ladies with much civility before, they receiv'd him ſo now; and this obliging reception adding ſomething to the charms of *Lyſonice*, prov'd a further ingagement of the heart of *Cloranisbes*. At firſt *Boſtar* began to diſcourſe about their common misfortunes, by which they were both exil'd; complaining that Princes ordinarily think themſelves diſpens'd with from gratitude, and that they owe nothing to thoſe which ſerve them; then, lamenting their unhappineſs, in that they can ſcarce ever diſtinguiſh flatterers from their true friends, nor know the clear truth; and which is worſt, care not to know it, being willing to be deceiv'd, but not to recompenſe ſuch as are faithful to them; and finally, in that they do more good to thoſe that hurt them, then to thoſe that have done them ſervice. But after this *Boſtar* being retir'd upon occaſion of ſome buſineſs, the converſation was chang'd, and became pleaſant, mirthful, and divertiſing, that *Cloranisbes*, to his unhappineſs, judg'd this converſe more delightful then with the ſolitary *Andronodorus*. He offer'd to return home at night, but *Boſtar* and *Cyrene* detain'd him till the next day: whereby having had more time to know *Lyſonice*'s wit, he was ſo taken with it, that he perceiv'd it would be very troubleſome to him to reſiſt her. All her diſcourſe was agreeable, and though ſhe had a little vehemence in her mind, yet her eyes ſhew'd ſo much ſweetneſs, and that vehemence was ſo ſprightly, that ſhe made it part of her gracefulneſs.

Thus *Cloranisbes* who went thither free, return'd home without almoſt the leaſt doubting of his Captivity. Yet he ſtay'd ſix days before he went again to the houſe of *Boſtar*, during which the poor *Andronodorus* dy'd. This loſs afflicted him, and perhaps would have hindred him from returning ſo ſoon to *Cyrene*'s houſe, if all thoſe fair exiles, had not ſent a complement to oblige him to viſit them. His ſadneſs being diſcernable in his countenance, they askt him the cauſe of it; which having told them, *Lyſonice* ſpoke with aſtoniſhment concerning ſuch as confine themſelves to eternal ſolitude, not being able to comprehend how 'tis poſſible for any one to renounce ſociety for ever. But ſhe ſpoke ſo ingeniouſly, that though her diſcourſe was repugnant to the ſentiments *Cloranisbes* had at that time, he was an exceeding admirer of her. But not to inſiſt upon ſuch ſmall matters, having greater to tell you, The more *Cloranisbes* beheld *Lyſonice*, the more charming he found her, and became the more amorous.

Shortly after *Boſtar* took his turn to viſit him, and ſo did all the Ladies, who were extremely amaz'd to ſee the Picture of *Lyſonice* at his houſe. This beautiful Virgin immediately bluſht at the ſight of it, and askt *Cloranisbes* where he took it. When you have told me (anſwer'd he ſoftly) fair *Lyſonice*, where you have put the heart you have taken from me, I ſhall tell you how I came by your Picture. Beleeve me *Cloranisbes* (reply'd ſhe) if you had my Picture no more then I have your heart, you would not have it at all. You mean, Madam (anſwer'd he) that you would not

have it be yours. In good earneſt (ſaid ſhe to him) I conceive women in baniſhment do not much mind taking of hearts; and men in the ſame condition have enough to do to ſupport their adverſity, without ſuffering them to be taken imprudently. Ah! too charming *Lyſonice* (anſwer'd *Cloranisbes*) 'tis always pertinent to love you. This little converſation was at this time interrupted; for *Cyrene*, *Deliſia*, and *Paſilia*, who had ſtay'd to conſider the Picture, came and joyn'd with them; but, in fine, though what *Cloranisbes* ſaid to *Lyſonice* might have been taken only in the way of gallantry, yet he was glad he had ſpoken. As, for *Lyſonice*, ſhe made no reflection upon it at that time. I do not tell you that *Cloranisbes* gave this fair company all the divertiſement, that could be had in the Country; but I aſſure you he became deſperately amorous of *Lyſonice*; and having the counſels of *Andronodorus* no longer, the remembrance of thoſe he had formerly given him was too weak to withſtand the charms of this admirable Lady, whom then he ſaw very frequently. Moreover he ſought an opportunity to ſpeak to her of his growing paſſion, and found it; but ſhe receiv'd him ſo fiercely, that he was more miſerable after he had diſcover'd his love to her then before. Believe me, *Cloranisbes* (ſaid ſhe to him one day when he conjur'd her to ſuffer him to love her) Love is not ſuitable for the unhappy, nor does it belong to the infortunate to love one another; it would be too much to have complaints to make both of Fortune and Love at the ſame time. Ha! Madam (ſaid *Cloranisbes* to her) I am perſwaded you cannot but have a great averſion for me; for if it were not ſo, you would on the contrary find there would be ſome ſweetneſs to your ſelf in raigning abſolutely in my heart, and that love is a conſolation of all ſorts of infelicities. No, no, *Cloranisbes* (ſaid ſhe to him) do not imagine I have any averſion for you, for I aſſure you I know very well all the excellent qualities you are indu'd with; but you are an Exile, and ſo am I; I love the World, I am ambitious, and I hate ſolitude: judge then, whether, as things now ſtand, 'tis poſſible for you to render me happy. But, Madam (anſwer'd he) Fortune may change, and 'tis eaſie for me not to be perpetually in baniſhment. Not but that I could eaſily diſpenſe with the World if I enjoy'd you (added he) but ſince you love it, I will love it too for your ſake, I will hate Solitude, and Love ſhall anew inſpire me with ambition.

Thus (amiable *Plotina*) ſtood the caſe of *Cloranisbes* with *Lyſonice*, when I was at his houſe, when I found thoſe Love-verſes, and when I play'd the prank of tranſlating them, to perplex him. After this afflicted Lover had related to me all that I have rehears'd to you, he complain'd of his unhappineſs in a moſt paſſionate manner. For, my dear *Amilcar* (ſaid he to me) no man alive can love more ardently then I do, none can have leſs hope then I have; and finally, none can reſent greater torment. I know *Lyſonice* has ſeveral Lovers at the Court of *Maſſilia*, who beſtir themſelves to their power to make *Boſtar*'s peace: ſo that if he be recall'd, I ſhall looſe *Lyſonice* for ever, and live in my Deſart tormented with love, jealouſie and deſpair. *Boſtar*, without doubt, does not hate me (added he) *Cyrene* loves me very tenderly; and *Paſilia* and *Deliſia* are for me; but *Lyſonice*, with all her eſteem, is ſenſible to nothing but ambition. But however (ſaid I) is not her heart ſenſible of joy? Yes (anſwer'd he) and I know not whether it be partly becauſe ſhe loves pleaſures and is very ambitious. If you credit me (reply'd I) inſtead of complaining continually as you do, ſtudy to divert her, carry me to *Boſtar*'s houſe, to whom I will give hope of your return to *Utica*, and ſuffer me a little to obſerve your Miſtreſs. But if you ſhould go and become my Rival (anſwer'd *Cloranisbes*) I ſhould be much more unhappy. If I ſhould (reply'd I ſmiling) it would be probably for ſo ſhort a time, that I ſhould not have leiſure to prejudice you. For beſides that 'tis ſeldome I have any long Loves, I am to ſtay here but eight days; ſo that my abſence would cure me of my paſſion.

At that time, charming *Plotina*, you had not yet taught me to love conſtantly. But, in fine, *Cloranisbes* promis'd to carry me the day following to *Boſtar*'s houſe. Where accordingly, I found that *Cyrene* was a handſome woman, to whom one might ſtill offer an idle heart, without being lyable to blame; I found *Paſilia* very amiable, *Deliſia* infinitely agreeable, and *Lyſonice* ſo fair and ſo charming, that if my Friend had not lov'd her, I ſhould have infallibly become her ſervant. But becauſe I would not augment his miſeries, I haſtned as much as poſſibly I could to make choice be-

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tween *Paſilia* and *Deliſia*. And having well conſider'd them both, I fix'd my eſt upon *Deliſia*. Whereas I came from the Court, *Lyſonice* receiv'd me with joy; and when I ſaid I believ'd *Cloranisbes* was likely to be recall'd ſpeedily, ſhe treated him a little better that day then ordinary. Moreover, I deſcrib'd the Court of *Utica* to her ſo gallant, and the vicinity of *Carthage* ſo commodious and pleaſant, that me thought, if *Cloranisbes* were recall'd, ſhe would eaſily reſolve to marry him. In the interim, it being my happineſs to pleaſe all this fair company, *Boſtar* propos'd to us to ſtay at his houſe, during the eight days alotted me to abide with *Cloranisbes*. Wherefore, conceiving it would be advantagious to my Friend if we accepted his offer, I carri'd the matter ſo handſomely, that they ſeem'd almoſt to force us to ſtay there. In this time *I* lov'd *Deliſia*, *I* did not hate *Paſilia*, *I* was very complacential to *Cyrene*, and *I* alſo lov'd a young *Phœnician* Virgin who came to *Boſtar*'s houſe, and whoſe name was *Phelinice*. She is indeed a very lovely Lady, of an indifferent ſtature, but extreme well ſhap'd; ſhe has a round viſage, a little dimple in her chin, a lively complexion, a ſomewhat high forehead, a handſome mouth, a very pleaſing ſmile, black and ſparkling eyes, purely white hands, and hair of the faireſt bright cheſtnut, that ever was ſeen; which is very rare in that Country. But though *Phelinice* be always very agreeable, yet ſhe is infinitely more upon one of theſe days, in which ſhe has a certain ſweet and a little careſſing complacency, which becomes her admirably. She is naturally good, diſcreet, and generous; ſhe is both debonaire and melancholy; ſhe is very ingenious, and is capable of more things then many others who make greater oſtentation then ſhe. Pleaſure is ſufficiently ſuitable to her inclination, though ſhe can diſpenſe with it when 'tis fitting to do ſo; as for her Friends, ſhe loves them well, but yet a little leſs then ſhe thinks, becauſe ſhe does not believe her ſelf ſo well belov'd by them as ſhe really is; and having taken up a conceit, that true friendſhip may be without an abſolute confiding intimacy, it is hard for her to eſcape the upbraidings of her Friends. Yet this does not hinder her from being very amiable and very worthy to be lov'd; and therefore *I* lov'd her at leaſt as much as *Deliſia* and *Paſilia*. But being ſhe was but one day with us, I was quit of her for four and twenty hours love.

The eight days we ſtay'd there, were ſpent very delightfully; for having no other deſign but to divert our ſelves, we ſatisfi'd our deſires, notwithſtanding all the ambition of *Lyſonice*. We went a hunting and a fiſhing, we walkt, we made jovial Sonnets, and extemporary Verſes; we ſometimes talk'd ſeriouſly, and many times otherwiſe, and, in brief, we had very divertiſing converſations. That which often render'd them agreeable, was, for that liv'd ruſtical people in the places adjacent, whoſe Country modes made *Lyſonice* deſperate, & gave her occaſion to declare againſt the Country very agreeably. But foraſmuch as *I* know well enough how to counterfeit all ſorts of people, *I* diverted her ſufficiently in converſing with theſe people, as if *I* had been one of them. For I could imitate their looks, ſpeak their language, and transform my ſelf abſolutely into a noble Bumpkin. And by this folly *I* drew pleaſure from a thing which otherwiſe would have been very diſguſtful to her.

In the mean time *Cloranisbes* imploy'd all his endeavours to win the heart of *Lyſonice*; he knew well that ſhe eſteem'd him, and nothing was ſo prejudicial to him as his quality of being an Exile: but this difficulty was in a manner inſuperable, and made him extremely unhappy. And the more, becauſe he durſt not hope to make his peace with the Prince of *Carthage*; for I had given him to underſtand that it was the Princeſs who was his chief enemy. However, he diſſembled his ſentiments, and omitted nothing whereby he might pleaſe *Lyſonice*. But at length, the eight days being ended, I departed, and I dare ſay, *Cloranisbes* and I left behind us ſome regret for our abſence. For my part, I was melancholy till I was return'd to *Utica*, but eſpecially at my leaving of *Cloranisbes* amidſt the inquietudes of his violent affection. *I* promis'd him at parting, to do him all the ſervice lay in my power, and indeed *I* did not fail of my word. And I had a better opportunity to do it then at any time before, becauſe the Princeſs of *Carthage*, who alone had procur'd *Cloranisbes* diſgrace, was now out of favour with the Prince her ſelf, and conſtrain'd to retire into the Country. I forgot to tell you, that when I took leave of *Cloranisbes*, I promis'd him not to diſcover his paſſion to any, nor ſo much as to ſay I had ſeen *Lyſonice*; and that in my return, the Painter who had workt for him in his Deſart, follow'd me and came to *Utica*. For

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that *Cloranisbes* had desir'd me to assist him as much as I could, I did not fail to do so; and he soon got imployment.

Now the Prince of *Carthage* having some secret design to make War, and knowing that *Bostar* was banisht from the Court of the King his Master, that he liv'd not far from *Cloranisbes*, and had a very strong place which belong'd to him, he purposed to gain him to his interest, to the end to make him declare for them; wherefore having happily dispos'd him to recall *Cloranisbes*, I acted so dextrously that he gave me Commission to send to my Friend that he might return. This news made *Cloranisbes* both joyful and sorrowful; for knowing his exile was an obstacle to him to be lov'd by *Lysonice*, he was glad for being recall'd to Court; but then he was on the other side extremely afflicted, for that he could not cease to be an exile without being absent from his Mistress. Nevertheless whereas this absence might possibly prove to the advantage of his Love, he resolv'd upon it, and went to take leave of *Bostar*, *Cyrene*, *Lysonice*, and the Ladies his Friends. He promis'd them to return to see them, and desir'd their permission to write to them. *Lysonice* was more pleasing towards him this day, then she had been ever before, and having an opportunity to entertain her apart for a quarter of an hour, Suffer me, Madam (said he to her) to complain of the joy which the end of my banishment gives you. You ought rather to thank me for it (said she to him) for 'tis a sign that I sensibly interest my self in your happiness. But, Madam (reply'd he) is it possible for one that has given you his heart to be happy when he is absent from you? I know not whether or no you will be happy at *Utica* (answer'd she) but I know well you would have been always unhappy here. But, *Cloranisbes* (added this fair Virgin) I will not have you go away ill satisfied of me; know then, that I am perswaded, when one loves another ardently, he ought always to study more to content him, then his own pleasure; and so, when a Lover studies only to enjoy his Mistress, without considering whether he can render her fortune happy, he loves but imperfectly. Therefore conceiving that adversity and love cannot subsist together, I have been unwilling to encourage the affection you pretend towards me, for fear of increasing your unhappiness. But, in fine, I esteem you infinitely, and if I were capable of love, I doubt not but I should affect you rather then any other. This, *Cloranisbes*, is all that can be said by an Exile to a man who is not yet wholly discharg'd of his banishment (if I may so speak) an exile, I say, who accounts nothing more unjust then not always to imploy the greatest endeavours for advancing the greatness and honour of the person lov'd.

Although this which *Lysonice* said to *Cloranisbes* was not too obliging, nevertheless perceiving that she was willing to give him a little hope, he was ravisht with it, and us'd the most passionate and exquisite blandishments to her that the most ardent love can inspire an inamorate with; after which, he came back to *Utica*. I had a purpose to have gone to meet him, and give him notice that his Painter, who had kept a copy of *Lysonice*'s picture, had show'd it to the Prince; who was so charm'd with *Lysonice*'s beauty, that he kept the Picture and plac't it in his Chamber: but the Prince having taken me to hunting with him, *Cloranisbes* arriv'd at *Utica* a quarter of an hour before we return'd hither. And going to wait upon the Prince at the Palace, he was extremely surpris'd to see *Lysonice*'s picture in her Chamber. This thought so wholly took up his mind, that though the Prince's arrival caus'd a sufficient noise in the Court of the Palace, he scarce heard it at all. Yet at length he went to meet him in the Court, and being the Prince lov'd him very well, and believ'd he stood in need of him, he caress'd and embrac'd him with tenderness. Let us forget what is pass'd, *Cloranisbes* (said he to him) and make amends for it with the future; so that you may be never separated from my interests. *Cloranisbes* very respectfully answer'd to that which the Prince said to him; who after that, fell to speak of the hunting and several indifferent matters. But some time after he was in his Chamber, he caus'd *Cloranisbes* to enter into his Closet, where when he had discours'd very obligingly to him, and *Cloranisbes* fully justifi'd himself, he told him that to testifie to him that he believ'd him innocent, he would presently put confidence in him, and impart to him his desires to bring *Bostar* to his interests. I know he is mal-content with the King of *Massilia* (said he to him) that he is couragious, has reputation amongst these Nations, and is master of a strong place; therefore you must endeavour to gain him to me, and oblige him to declare himself for me when I shall desire it.

My

My Lord (anſwer'd *Cloranisbes*, who was glad of this imployment) I am ſufficiently capable to bring to paſs that which you deſire; For *Boſtar* has ſome eſteem for me. Then you muſt return ſecretly to him (added the Prince) but ſeeing it concerns me that this negotiation be neither tedious nor unſucceſsful, I am to ask you, whether *Boſtar*'s Daughter, whoſe Picture you have ſeen in my Chamber, be as handſome as it; for, if ſhe be, you muſt tell *Boſtar* I am ready to marry her, on condition he will do what I deſire. You know (added he) I have always ſet up my reſolution never to marry a woman but who is admirably fair; therefore, it behoves you to anſwer me punctually, and tell me whether *Lyſonice* be like her picture: for I ſay again if ſhe be as unhandſome, I ſhall be glad that ſhe be the means to unite *Boſtar* and me; ſeeing I never beheld any thing ſo handſome as this Picture, and I am in love with it.

Cloranisbes was then extremely perplex'd; the love he had for *Lyſonice* combated with his generoſity, which urg'd him to tell a truth which might content the ambition of that fair perſon; but he had ſo little time to deliberate upon a thing moſt difficult to reſolve upon, that Love being unable to conſent that he ſhould yield up his Miſtreſs, and not daring to tell the Prince he was amorous of *Lyſonice*, eſpecially not being much lov'd by her, he told him, 'twas true, *Lyſonice* was a great beauty, but in his own eye ſhe came much ſhort of her Picture. Perhaps (ſaid the Prince to him) you have not well conſider'd her; for baniſht perſons have uſually ſo many other things to take up their minds, that their eyes may commit injuſtices. But however (added the Prince) it is requiſite that you go to *Boſtar*, and treat with him, and conſider *Lyſonice* well: and then in caſe ſhe be as handſome as her Picture, you may confidently aſſure *Boſtar* that I will marry her. If ſhe be not, offer him a greater fortune in my Dominions then he has in that of the King his Maſter; and do not come back till this treaty be accompliſht. *Cloranisbes* being unable to contradict the Prince, accepted the imployment, which he gave him, and prepar'd himſelf to depart the next day. But when he came to ſpend the evening with me, I ſaw him ſo afflicted that I pityed him. I knew not what to think at firſt; for though the Prince accounted *Lyſonice*'s Picture very handſome, yet I was ignorant of his ſecret intention; ſo that I could do nothing but conjecture. I aſſure you (ſaid *I* to *Cloranisbes*) I never told the Prince that I had ſeen *Lyſonice*, nor that you were in love with her, but it was your Painter's doing, who being ambitious to ſhew what he could do, caus'd her Picture to be ſeen by the Prince. Alas! my dear *Amilcar* (ſaid he to me) I am unfortunate. After which exclamation he related to me what had befallen him. But (ſaid I to him) you do not account that you need be ſo perplex'd; For if I were in your place, I would tell the Prince I was amorous of *Lyſonice*; it not being credible that he is ſo much in love with her picture as to contend for her with you. But you do not conſider what you ſay (anſwer'd he) for the Prince has not onely had always a fanſie to marry the handſomeſt woman in the World, if he could, but he aims in this Marriage to bring *Boſtar* over to his intereſts; ſo that ſhould I tell him of my love to *Lyſonice*, he would look upon me as an obſtacle to his deſign; and being I am not yet too well eſtabliſht in his mind, I ſhould ruine my ſelf therein for ever; I ſhould cauſe him to baniſh me a ſecond time, and eternally deprive my ſelf of the hope of pretending to *Lyſonice*. But what then intend you to do? (ſaid I.) Alas! my dear *Amilcar* (anſwer'd he) I know not; for, to examine things aright, I betray *Lyſonice* as well as the prince, by ſaying ſhe is leſs handſome then her Picture, ſince nothing is more true then that her Picture is a thouſand times leſs handſome then her ſelf; and which is worſt (added he) *I* am a wretch who love only my own felicity, who have no regard to *Lyſonice*'s advancement, who offer to keep her from that which of all things in the World moſt ſuites with her inclination, and who, having no aſſurance of being happy, go about to hinder her from being ſo, as without doubt ſhe would be, if ſhe became wife to the Prince of *Carthage*. For all this, *I* cannot overcome my paſſion, my generoſity muſt yield to it, *Lyſonice* muſt be injur'd becauſe *I* love her, and becauſe *I* cannot deprive my ſelf of her; and though *I* am to betray both the Prince, *Boſtar* and *Lyſonice*, yet 'tis abſolutely neceſſary that *I* looſe not hope, and beware of being the inſtrument to put her into the arms of another, whoſe affection being only grounded on her beauty, would in a ſhort time diminiſh. So that, when *I* conſider well, 'tis for *Lyſonice*'s own ſake that *I* muſt hinder her from becoming Princeſs of *Carthage*;

or at leaſt I will perſwade my ſelf ſo. *Cloranisbes* ſpoke this ſo pathetically, that he caus'd me to pity him. But again, (ſaid I to him) What intend you to doe? I intend (anſwer'd he) to employ all my power to invite *Boſtar* into the intereſts of the Prince, without mentioning the Marriage of *Lyſonice*; and if my negotiation prove happy, at my return I will give the Prince an account of it, and at laſt tell him that *Lyſonice* is leſs handſome then her Picture. And being he does not know her, that fancie of his will vaniſh. But withall, to hinder *Lyſonice* from convincing me of untruth, and appearing ſo ſoon at the Court, I will handſomly perſwade *Boſtar* to leave *Cyrene* and *Lyſonice* in that important place which he holds, whither he would not goe at firſt, for fear of rendring himſelf more ſuſpected to the King of *Maſſilia*. But when all that you ſpeak is done (ſaid I to him) *Lyſonice* will not be yours. No (anſwer'd he) but ſhe will not be anothers, and 'tis poſſible in proceſs of time ſhe may be mine.

I ſpoke many things more to *Cloranisbes*, to which he anſwer'd as one prepoſſeſs'd by his paſſion. Nevertheleſs, he could take no very firm reſolution, and the incertainty which diſtracted him made his greateſt torment. So he went away unreſolv'd, and continu'd his journey in the ſame manner; and when he was arriv'd neer *Boſtar*'s houſe, he was almoſt in the mind that his great affection might induce him to give over pretending to *Lyſonice*, and to tell her ingenuouſly the truth. But when at his arrival he beheld her upon the Stone-ſtair entrance, going to walk with *Paſilia* and *Deliſia*, this ſight deſtroy'd all his deſigns, and caus'd him to take an immovable reſolution to do all he could to marry *Lyſonice*. He had no ſooner reſolv'd thus, but he lookt upon matters in another manner, he beleev'd there was no unfaithfulneſs in doing what he did, that he having lov'd *Lyſonice* a long time, and the Prince loving but her Picture, he might innocently practiſe a deceit, and that provided he could ingage *Boſtar* in the intereſts of his Maſter, he was not Criminal in not mentioning his marriage with *Lyſonice*. In effect, without amuſing my ſelf too long in telling you after what manner he acted, I ſhall only tell you, that he manag'd *Boſtars* mind ſo well, that he brought him to that which he deſir'd, which was ſo much the more eaſily done, becauſe he was advertis'd the King of *Maſſilia* had reſolv'd to deſtroy him: ſo *Cloranisbes* almoſt intirely concluded the treaty with *Boſtar*.

All this while *Lyſonice* no longer conſidering *Cloranisbes* as an Exile, but on the contrary as a man that might free her ſelf from being ſuch, treated him better then ordinary, ſuffered him to ſpeak to her of his paſſion, and did not forbid him even to hope. This confirming *Cloranisbes* in the reſolution he had taken, he remain'd firm in it, and was more amorous then he had been; as without doubt nothing ſerves more to augment love then hope.

At his return he was receiv'd very well by the Prince, eſpecially when he inform'd him that his negotiation was ſucceſsful. Yet he was ſufficiently diſcontented when *Cloranisbes* aſſur'd him too, that *Lyſonice* was not ſo fair in his eyes as her Picture. Not but that ſhe is handſome, my Lord (ſaid he to him) but either I underſtand not your inclination, or I am perſwaded her beauty would not affect you. For my part (added the Prince in a great indignation) I cannot ſufficiently blame the weakneſs of women in general, who will always have their Pictures made handſomer then themſelves, and will be more oblig'd to the Painter then to Nature, without conſidering that it would be more pleaſing for them to hear it ſaid, that they are more handſome then their Pictures, then to perceive in the eyes of ſuch as behold their Portraitures, that they judge they have been flatter'd. Beleeve me (ſaid I to the Prince; for I was preſent at this converſation) all the world deſires to be flatter'd; people will have flattering Pictures, they admit of adulation with delight, they will be flatter'd even in their houſes, and trifles; and I know a woman that has a little Dog who would take it very ill if ſhe were not flatter'd in conceit of him; and whoſo would be her friend, muſt confidently affirm that 'tis the handſomeſt Dog in the world. Judge then, my Lord (added I) if thoſe women are not to be pardon'd who deſire to have the appellation of plump, fair, and roſie given them, to have arch'd eyes, little mouths, and fair hands, and handſome arms attributed to them, though they have none of all theſe. They muſt therefore be pardon'd a weakneſs which they cannot be hindred from (anſwer'd *Cloranisbes*.) For my part (reply'd *Cloranisbes*) I cannot pardon the Painter who has made the Picture of *Lyſonice* handſomer then ſhe is; for I ſhould have extremely lov'd a woman as fair as that. But, in fine, ſince 'tis ſo, I muſt be ſatisfi'd,

tisfi'd, and to put it out of my mind (added he) I will have that deceitful Picture taken away. And accordingly he gave it to *Cloranisbes*, who receiv'd it joyfully. However (added he) 'tis sufficient that your negotiation succeeds well.

The next day the Prince sent *Cloranisbes* back again to *Bostar*; the Treaty was sign'd, and *Bostar*, not caring any longer for being suspected by the King of *Massilia*, went forthwith to that important place which belong'd to him with *Cyrene*, *Lysonice*, and the two Ladies his Kinswomen. The Prince of *Carthage* sent some men to him to strengthen his Garrison: at length the business became so much rumor'd, that it could not be doubted of. In the interim, *Cloranisbes* increasing in favour, the favours of *Lysonice* were also augmented towards him; and according as he was consider'd by his Master, he was likewise by his Mistress, who at this time gave him all grounds to beleeve that she would obey without resistance, if *Bostar* commanded her to marry him. *Cyrene* greatly wisht this Marriage; and *Bostar* himself desir'd it, both out of affection to *Cloranisbes*, and to content *Lysonice*, who he knew did not dislike it, and more also out of Policie. But sometimes he wonder'd much, that *Cloranisbes*, who he knew was passionately amorous of *Lysonice*, did not speak to him about it.

After divers matters which 'tis not necessary to tell you, because they relate only to the interests of the King of *Massilia* and the Prince of *Carthage*, *Bostar* came to *Utica* to confer with the Prince of *Carthage*, who was then a great Lover of a Lady of Quality in his Court; but he did not bring *Cyrene* nor *Lysonice* thither, who remain'd in the strong place I told you of. *Cloranisbes* love being now very violent, and observing the Prince ingaged in an affection which agreeably employ'd him, he thought he might begin in good earnest to think of being happy. Wherefore he speaks in private to *Bostar* about his love to *Lysonice*, askt him, if he might hope to be happy, and conjures him to open his heart to him, as himself is resolv'd to open his own to him. *Bostar* approves his design, and tells him that he promises him his daughter: after which *Cloranisbes* gave him a thousand thanks. But, my Lord (said he to him) if you please to have me happy, it lies in your power to render me absolutely so; for I know the Prince of *Carthage* is of so nice and suspicious an humor, that if I should appear very amorous of *Lysonice*, I should be always suspected by him. If I should but express my self desirous to marry, he would less esteem me for it, and think me less addicted to his interests: therefore to accomplish my happiness, and keep him from beleeving me more devoted to you then to himself, it is requisite to act in such manner, that he may think I marry *Lysonice* only because he commands me to doe it; and in fine, 'tis your part to bring him to command it. Though it be not the custome (answer'd *Bostar*) for a father to speak first of marrying his daughter, yet I have so earnest a desire to give you mine, that I will dispense with the ordinary decorum for your sake. And accordingly *Bostar* manag'd this affair with the Prince in such sort, that he oblig'd him to think fit of his own accord for him to marry *Lysonice* into his Court, to the end that important place which belong'd to him, might not after his death be possess'd by any person that depended on the King of *Massilia*. 'Tis for that reason, my Lord (said *Bostar* to the Prince) that I presume to desire a husband of you for *Lysonice*. The Prince judging this Proposition of *Bostar* might be to his advantage, receiv'd it well, and set himself to think who would be a fit person in his Court to marry *Lysonice*. At first he cast his eyes towards me; but a moment after remembring how great an Enemy I was to marriage, he diverted his thoughts to several others, but he found some obstacles in all: at length he thought of *Cloranisbes*, and nevertheless he durst not name him to *Bostar*, because remembring in what manner he had heard him speak of *Lysonice*, he fear'd he might have some aversion against her. Whereof being desirous to be satisfi'd, he only told *Bostar* that he would think upon it. Assoon as night was come, the Prince speaking in private to *Cloranisbes*, propounded the business to him with all the Reasons which Political interest suggested to him, to perswade him to marry *Lysonice*. Not that I will compell you to it (said he) if you have any aversion for her; but if she be indifferent to you, undoubtedly you can doe nothing more advantageous for your self, nor important for me; for you are not ignorant of what importance the place is which belongs to *Bostar*, and which will be yours after his death. *Cloranisbes* heard this which the Prince said to him, with a joy so great, that he had some difficulty to dissemble it. Yet he was so much Master of himself, that he receiv'd this Proposal like a man averse to marry, and who would not re-

ſolve upon it, but only becauſe it was the Prince's pleaſure; who therefore thank'd him for the conſent he gave to it.

Now the Prince being us'd to proceed haſtily in all things which he undertakes, the next morning he told *Boſtar* he had found a husband for *Lyſonice*, and then nam'd *Cloranisbes* to him, who was accepted as you may imagine. Wherefore being impatient till the buſineſs were accompliſh'd, it was reſolv'd *Cloranisbes* ſhould return with *Boſtar* to marry *Lyſonice*. At firſt the Prince would have had *Lyſonice* have come to *Utica*; but *Cloranisbes* repreſenting to him that there was danger in leaving the place ſo long without the preſence of *Boſtar*, *Cyrene*, and *Lyſonice*, he at length determin'd that it was beſt for *Cloranisbes* to goe along with *Boſtar* thither; and the Prince told me, that to render the feaſt more delightful, he would permit me to go to the Nuptials. You may judge how joyful *Cloranisbes* was; for in the tranſports of his contentment, he foreſaw nothing but delight and happineſs for all the remainder of his life. *Lyſonice* had treated him well the laſt time he ſaw her; her ambition had wherewith to be contented, as well as her love; *Boſtar* and *Cyrene* lov'd him; and the Prince being amorous of another at this time, he did not think there was any thing to be fear'd. So then he ſtudied only how to give *Lyſonice* every thing which he imagin'd might pleaſe her. Knowing ſhe affected magnificence, there was no peice of State in *Carthage* that might befit her, but he gave it her; and procur'd her ſuch a handſome retinue, that nothing could be deſir'd more. But, in fine, we departed with *Boſtar*, and went to finde *Cyrene* and *Lyſonice*, who having been advertis'd of the ſtate of matters, receiv'd us admirably well. *Lyſonice*, having heard the Prince of *Carthage*'s Court many times ſpoken of as a very gallant Court, was extremely joyful to think that ſhe ſhould be in a very conſiderable rank there; ſeeing ſhe ſhould marry a man whom the Prince lov'd very well, and whoſe merit made him worthy of the love of all the world. *Cloranisbes* obſerving her ſo well ſatisfi'd, was the happieſt man in the world; as without doubt there is nothing more ſweet in love, then to cauſe the felicity of a perſon whom we love. And indeed I never ſaw a perſon have a more real joy then that which *Cloranisbes* had; for though there was ſome deceit in his proceeding, yet Love render'd it excuſable, and his paſſion was too ardent then to ſuffer him to be capable of repenting. But becauſe he was wholly taken up with entertaining his Miſtreſs and his own joys, he deſir'd me to take ſome care for the magnificence of the Feaſt. Wherefore ſearching in my memory all the gallantries which I had ſeen in my travels, I may ſay, I contributed ſomething to the divertiſement of the Marriage. I omit to tell you that *Boſtar* made continual feaſtings for three days, that there were publike ſports, and ſeveral exerciſes, for which *Lyſonice* gave the prize, that on the Feaſt-day there was a very gallant Ball; but I ſhall only tell you, that the next day, becauſe all the *Africans* are exquiſite Dancers, we made a kind of a Maſque, which I had deviſ'd, wherein *Paſilia*, *Deliſia*, and ſome other Ladies danc'd; and it was receiv'd not without ſome applauſe.

Though we were not at the Marriage (ſaid *Plotina* interrupting him) doe not think but we will be at the Maſque, and you ſhall not eſcape without telling us ſomething of it.

If I could remember the Verſes (anſwer'd *Amilcar*) I would tell you them with pleaſure, but they were made in ſuch haſte, that I did not think them worthy of reteining. The unpremeditated Poetry of *Amilcar* (ſaid *Valeria*) excels the moſt elaborate of others. However (ſaid *Plotina*) tell us the Subject and Order of the Maſque, and at leaſt ſome of the Verſes. I will, Madam, (anſwer'd he) but firſt, I muſt tell you, that I deviſ'd it, that being the perſons there were partly of the Court, and partly of the Country, I feign'd that there were two Cupids, one which might be nam'd the Cupid of the Court, and the other the Country-Cupid. And therefore I intitul'd our Maſque

The different Effects of LOVE.

THe Caſtle wherein we were, having a large Hall, *I* caus'd a great Theatre to be erected in it from ſide to ſide. One end of it was adorn'd with the repreſentation of ſtately Palaces, and the other with an agreeable Landskip. On the right

right side of the Theatre appear'd first the *Cupid* of the Court with a Bow painted and guilded, a Quiver of the same, adorn'd with Jewels, his Wings painted and guilded, a Torch in his hand, and follow'd by Jealousie, Dissimulation, Fear and Fury.

On the other side of the Theatre appear'd the Country-*Cupid* with a Bow and a Quiver adorn'd with flowers, follow'd by Hope, Laughter, Sports, Pleasures, and Jealousie, which appear'd not so frightful as the other, and was accompani'd onely with light fears and suspitions which I had represented pleasantly enough.

Then either of these *Cupids* made a Speech, in which they related their power. After which defying one another to give proofs of it, they danc'd together in a threatning manner.

After this, the Entries were diversifi'd, namely, there was one of the *Cupid* of the Court, and another of the *Cupid* of the Country, with a different sort of Musick agreeing to either of them; of which I am going to give you as good a relation as my memory will permit me.

But to the end the several Entries might not be confounded, the two *Cupids* always appear'd there alternately, shewing the effects which they pretended to have caus'd.

The first Entry of the *Cupid* of the Court, was a King in love with a Young Shepherdess; and the first of the *Cupid* of the Country, was a Young Shepherd coming out of a poor Cottage, proper, jovial, spruce, active at all sorts of exercises, though he had been taught the same only by Love.

The second Entry of the *Cupid* of the Court was an old Miser, offering all his Treasure to a Young Mistress, who laught at him as she took them: and the second Entry of the Country *Cupid* was a Young Shepherd, who giving his Shepherdess but a Sheephook engraven with the letters of her name, was receiv'd by him with a thousand caresses.

The third Entry of the *Cupid* of the Court, was three jealous and ill-us'd Lovers, fighting together in the presence of their Mistress who laught at them; and the third Entry of the Country *Cupid* was two Shepherds, who singing the best they could before their Mistress, had an innocent contest together, of which her heart was the subject.

The fourth Entry of the *Cupid* of the Court was a foolish Gossip, delivering Letters, Bracelets of Hair and Pictures to four Lovers, without their perceiving it, with which she made her self pleasant with an old she-friend of hers: and the fourth Entry of the Country *Cupid* was a young Shepherdess, who having a Sheep of her Flock stray'd away, carefully sought for it, and afterwards receiv'd it from the hand of her Shepherd who brought it back to her, after he had slain a Wolf that would have prey'd upon it.

The fifth Entry of the *Cupid* of the Court was a Young *Lacedemonian* Virgin, follow'd by four *Athenians*, who requir'd their hearts again of her, intimating thereby that the hatred of Nations does not hinder but love may arise between persons that are enemies: and the fifth Entry of the Country *Cupid*, was a Young Shepherdess, looking upon three Young Shepherds who strove for the prize of a race: the first running very swiftly without regarding her, arriv'd at the Goal before the rest; the second turning his head to see her, was cast behind; and the third not being able to pass further, stay'd just before her; after which the Young Shepherdess gave a Garland of Flowers to those that had run best, but she gave her heart to the third: at which the others were so discontented, that they went away in great despair.

The last Entry of the *Cupid* of the Court was men and women of quality, who having danc'd a while, stood in order to hear a Sonnet sung by Youth, which was admirably well represented, and in few words spoke a thousand things in praise of the *Cupid* of the Court, to whom alone belong'd gallantry, magnificence, and liberality: and the sixth and last Entry of the Country *Cupid* was several Shepherds and Shepherdesses, who danc'd to songs under Trees, alternately answering one another. That which they sung was a kind of Dialogue, in which I made a little merry Satyre against the *Cupid* of the Court, and an *Elogium* in favour of the innocence of the Country *Cupid*. After which those of the Court and the Shepherds uniting, and there appearing but one *Cupid*, who represented something of both the other which had

been ſeen, they acknowledg'd one another, and ended the Mask with a Speech, which concluded, to the honour of Love, and in the name of all thoſe that had appear'd.

Come then and let's adore
At Courts and pleaſant Springs,
This lovely Conqueror
Of Shepherds and of Kings.
Unhappy he whoſe heart
Receives not Cupid's *wound,*
Without the torments of his Dart,
No pleaſure's to be found.

How? (ſaid *Plotina*) do you think you ſhall not tell us ſome of the Verſes of the Mask? In good earneſt, Madam (anſwer'd *Amilcar*) I have the greateſt deſire in the World to do it, but it does not pleaſe my memorie; and all that I can do, is only to tell you the four Verſes which I made for that young *Lacedemonian* Virgin who was follow'd by the four *Athenians*, which requir'd their hearts again of her: yet they did not ſerve, and I was forc't to make others, becauſe I had *Greece* ſo much in my head when I made them, that I did not remember I was in *Africa*. But they were theſe.

Why, unjuſt enemies, do you accuſe me?
I've ſtoln a hundred hearts (ſo Love refuſe me!)
But how can any dwels in Greece *not know,*
My Country Sparta's *Laws do theft allow?*

No doubt you will ſay I have ſtudied very deeply, and adde that I have an odde memory; but ſince I know not how to do otherwiſe, 'tis better that you do not interrupt me, but ſuffer me to finiſh my ſtory. I will not detain you with exaggerating *Cloranisbes* joy; for it was great beyond the poſſibility of expreſſion. *Boſtar* alſo was highly contented, *Cyrene* was extremely ſatisfi'd; *Paſilia* and *Deliſia*, hoping to go to the Court with their Kinſwoman, were raviſht with joy; and *Lyſonice* having marri'd a very worthy perſon that lov'd her ardently, and who ſhe believ'd would ſhortly carry her to *Utica*, ſeem'd as contented as any one in the World. Soon after I was recall'd by the Prince, and oblig'd to leave *Cloranisbes* with the fair *Lyſoniee*. At my taking leave of him, he deſir'd me to ſpeak as little as I could of *Lyſonice* when I ſhould be with the Prince, and only to ſay by the by that her beauty was much improv'd ſince I had ſeen her firſt; but above all, to beware of diſcovering that he was amorous of her: and accordingly I did as he deſir'd, and that with ſufficient addreſs. So being oblig'd by the Prince to come away about ſome affairs of his, I departed as you have known, and left things in that condition.

But I have underſtood by a Friend of *Cloranisbes* whom he has ſent to me, that the face of things is ſince much alter'd. For fifteen days after his Nuptials the Prince recall'd him to *Utica*. *Lyſonice* was deſirous to accompany her Husband; but for that he was loth the Prince ſhould ſee her ſo ſoon, he told her, that having as yet no houſe there fit for her accommodation, it was more requiſite for himſelf to go alone to make preparations; chuſing rather to part for ſome time from the perſon whom he lov'd, then to venture to have her ſeen by the Prince ſo ſoon after his marriage; for he found that he had not ſufficient power over himſelf to hide his paſſion for *Lyſonice*, if they ſhould be ſeen together at *Utica*. Beſides, it is always natural enough to defer a thing which we fear, as much as poſſibly we can. So he left *Lyſonice*, and promis'd her that he would return to her with all ſpeed. At his coming to the Court, he found the Prince had broken off with his Miſtreſs, was very much offended with her, likely never to love her more. Whereupon *Cloranisbes* us'd all the induſtry and addreſs he could to re-engage him, that ſo having his mind prepoſſeſt, he might take leſs notice of *Lyſonice*'s beauty when he ſhould ſee her: but he could effect nothing. In the interim he writ every day to his dear *Lyſonice*, he ſent her preſents continually, and not having ceas'd to be a Lover by becoming a Husband, there was

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no cares which he did not uſe to pleaſe her: he went to ſee her ſeveral times; and as often as he ſaw her, he found out new impediments of her journey to *Utica*. One time he ſaid his houſe was not ready; another, that it was requiſite to expect till the Princeſs of *Carthage* were reconcil'd with her brother; another, that Winter was not a healthful ſeaſon wherein to go and reſide at *Utica*: ſo that, though *Lyſonice* accounted the time very long, yet ſhe did not disbelieve what *Cloranisbes* told her, but hop'd that at leaſt in the Spring ſhe ſhould go to Court. The Winter-time was thus paſs'd over, but Spring being come, *Cloranisbes* found himſelf ſufficiently perplex'd; for *Lyſonice* knowing he had a houſe in the Country within half a days journey of *Utica*, ſhe askt him to permit her at leaſt to go thither for a month. Which not daring to refuſe her, and judging alſo that it would be more convenient for him to go and ſee her there then elſewhere, he conſented to. So *Lyſonice* went to that place, and *Paſilia* and *Deliſia* with her: but aſſoon as it was known at *Utica* that ſhe was there, ſeveral perſons went to viſit her, *Cloranisbes* with all his addreſs being unable to hinder them. Wherefore, ſeeing *Lyſonice* has one of thoſe ſurpriſing beauties, which ſuch as behold the firſt time cannot refrain from ſpeaking of, all that ſaw her, highly cry'd her up at their return to *Utica*, and rais'd ſuch a report of her, that the Prince of *Carthage* hearing how exceedingly ſhe was extoll'd, was ſurpris'd at it, calling to mind what *Cloranisbes* had anſwer'd him, when he ſhew'd him *Lyſonice*'s picture. Which ſticking much in his thoughts, he ask'd one of thoſe that had ſeen *Lyſonice* whether he remembred to have ſometimes ſeen a picture of her in his Chamber. Yes, my Lord (ſaid that man, who knew nothing of what had paſs'd between the Prince and *Cloranisbes*) but I can aſſure you without falſhood, that *Lyſonice* is a thouſand times handſomer then that picture. But are you well aſſur'd of what you ſay? (reply'd the Prince) It will be eaſie for you, my Lord (anſwer'd the man) to be ſatisfi'd of it; for 'tis unlikely that *Lyſonice* will never come to *Utica*. After this the Prince ſeem'd ſufficiently penſive; for coming to conſider that *Cloranisbes* did not cauſe his wife to come to Court, and that he had ſeen her while he was in baniſhment, he began to ſuſpect that he might have told him an untruth; wherefore being deſirous to know the certainty, and to be reſolv'd by his own eyes, he purpoſed to go a hunting towards the ſide where *Lyſonice*'s houſe was, without letting *Cloranisbes* know of it, to the end he might not remove her. And indeed the Prince us'd ſo much care to hide his intention, that *Cloranisbes* was not advertis'd of it till the Prince was on horſe-back for the hunting match. This put him to a great perplexity: nevertheleſs he conceal'd his diſturbance, and went to the hunting with the reſt. He ſeem'd alſo a more forward Hunter then any of thoſe that follow'd the Prince; and whereas 'tis eaſie to turn out of the way in a chaſe, without any notice to be taken of it, *Cloranisbes*, who knew the ſhorteſt and moſt unfrequented paſſages to go from *Utica* to his Houſe, ſeparated from the reſt in a Wood, and putting his Horſe on at full ſpeed, went with incredible diligence to find *Lyſonice*, who was but beginning to dreſs her Head, and who in the tediouſneſs of ſolitude did not much mind attiring her ſelf. When ſhe ſaw *Cloranisbes* arrive in ſuch apparent haſte, ſhe askt him what the matter was, and how it hapned that he arriv'd ſo early: For you muſt needs have ſet forth very betimes in the morning (added ſhe) or elſe you have travell'd very faſt. I have done both (anſwer'd he) and the cauſe of my coming in ſuch haſte, is, for that I believe the Prince will come hither at the end of the chaſe. *Lyſonice* being very glad of this news, bid her women advertiſe *Paſilia* and *Deliſia* of it; after which, turning her ſelf towards *Cloranisbes*, You have much oblig'd me (ſaid ſhe to him) in giving me this notice; for otherwiſe, the Prince would have found me in a negligent dreſs which would have ſham'd you. Go then (added ſhe) and give order to your people to make ſome handſome preparations for entertaining the Prince, and in the mean time (continu'd ſhe ſmiling) I will go and dreſs my ſelf to the beſt advantage I can, to the end to do you honour. I beſeech you Madam (ſaid he to her) enter into your Cloſet a moment, that I may ſpeak with you there. *Lyſonice* not being able to conjecture what *Cloranisbes* had to ſay to her, ariſe up, and did as he deſir'd. She was no ſooner enter'd into her Cloſet, but *Cloranisbes* looking upon her with very much love and ſadneſs together, I beſeech you, my dear *Lyſonice* (ſaid he to her) do not refuſe me a requeſt I have to make to you; and when you have granted it me, never ask me wherefore I made it. Since what you ſay to me (anſwer'd ſhe) ſignifies ſome diffidence, you muſt permit me to be a lit-

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tle ſurpris'd. However, ſpeak, if you pleaſe, what you deſire of me. I wiſh (ſaid he to her) that, if you will oblige me, you would feign your ſelf ſick to day, and inſtead of adorning your ſelf, as you intend, be as careleſſely attir'd as you can; let the Curtains of your Windows be drawn, let the Pillows of your Bed be depreſs'd, and finally, let there be ſo little day in your Chamber that the Prince may not yet know that I am the moſt happy of all men. How? my Lord (interrupted *Lyſonice*, bluſhing with anger) is the ſolitude then in which I am, an effect of ſo ſtrange a jealouſie, as renders you capable of the moſt outragious caution that ever was? What? my Lord (added ſhe again) do you believe that if I ſhould excite love in the Prince, it would be eaſie for him to excite the like in me, now I am your Wife? I confeſs indeed (continu'd this offended Fair) that being naturally ambitious, if he had lov'd me heretofore, he might have been not ill-treated, even though he were not ſo worthy a perſon as he is; but as things are now, you do me an injury which cannot be repair'd. Alas! charming *Lyſonice* (ſaid he to her) *I* beſeech you do not condemn me ſo lightly. I ſwear to you I am not jealous; 'tis ambition alone which cauſes me to act thus, and 'tis only for your ſake that I make you a requeſt which ſeems ſo unreaſonable to you. But grant me, if it be poſſible, that which I deſire of you, without obliging me to tell you the reaſon which forces me to it; and go not to imagine that I ſuſpect your virtue, or out of a ſentiment of jealouſie fear, leſt the Prince ſhould excite love in you. That which I do has another cauſe, I ſwear to you with all the ſincerity of which I am capable. No, no, my Lord (reply'd ſhe) you can have no other ſentiment in your ſoul, but jealouſie; and I ſee well (added ſhe with tears in her eyes) that I am only to prepare my ſelf to be the moſt unhappy perſon in the world. For what means is there to cure a jealouſie which foreſees the future ſo far off? and how can ſuch an injury as this be forgotten? I have in a manner ſeen nothing but Trees ſince I was your Wife (proceeded ſhe in great paſſion) I have heard nothing but Birds, and convers'd with none but *Paſilia*, *Deliſia* and your ſelf; and yet, I ſee, this does not hinder you from being jealous. I proteſt to you once again, Madam (ſaid he to her) I am not jealous. But if you are not (anſwer'd ſhe) tell me then the reaſon which obliges you to make me ſo ſtrange a requeſt. The fear of being leſs lov'd by you Madam (reply'd he) is the ſole cauſe which hinders me from telling you that which you deſire. I aſſure you (ſaid ſhe) this motion of yours is ſo ſtrange, that you can tell me nothing which is more; & my mind is ſo diſturb'd with the ill-grounded ſuſpition you have of my virtue, that I think this injury will never be obliterated out of it. Then *Cloranisbes* ſeeing *Lyſonice* was extremely incens'd, reſolv'd of a ſudden to tell her the truth, though he fear'd ſhe would poſſibly hate him for having hinder'd her from being Princeſs of *Carthage*. Nevertheleſs, he had liv'd ſo well with her, he was in a dignity ſo conſiderable, and ſhe liv'd ſo well with him, that he hop'd it might be advantagious to him to tell her the proceeding he had us'd to attain her. So having made a thouſand proteſtations to her of a ſerious affection, he began to tell her, that he had given her a teſtimony of love which ſhe knew not of, and for which withall, he fear'd ſhe would not thank him. After which he ingenuouſly confeſt his whole proceeding to her, as it was done, and ſo let her know that the love he had for her, had oblig'd him to tell the Prince ſhe was not ſo handſome as her Picture, and conſequently to hinder her from marrying. *Cloranisbes* told her this with all the art imaginable: but after all, *Lyſonice* knew very well, that had it not been for him, ſhe had been Princeſs of *Carthage*; whereupon ſhe could not keep her ſelf from ſeeming ſurpris'd and changing colour. Which *Cloranisbes* obſerving, Well, Madam (ſaid he to her) had I not reaſon to be unwilling to tell you the truth? but I beſeech you, conſider every thing thoroughly which may render me excuſable to you. The ſole exceſs of my paſſion cauſ'd me to betray the Prince, and the ſole exceſs of my paſſion has oblig'd me to make the requeſt to you which I have done. For, in fine, if the Prince ſee you with all your charms, in the condition wherein I know his mind is to day, he will perhaps baniſh me, and then you will be the Wife of an unfortunate exile, which is certainly the thing you fear moſt in the World. For my part, I declare to you, if you were of another humor, I ſhould glory in being baniſht with you, and be ſo far from entreating you to hide your beauty, that I ſhould deſire you to make it more conſpicuous with all that Art can adde to Nature, to the end to be rather baniſh'd and go live in ſome agreeable Deſart, where you would be inſtead of all things to me,

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and where I ſhould account my ſelf happy with you alone. But on the contrary, Madam, your inclination leading you to love the world, and being unwilling to reſtrain it, I conjure you to appear negligedly this day in the eyes of the Prince, and defer making your ſelf ſeen with all your charms, till his Love be ſettled upon ſome Lady; for when he is amorous, he is prejudic'd againſt the beauty of all other women. By this means he may ſee you without knowing that I have betray'd him; and after this, you ſhall come to *Utica*, and live there as you pleaſe. In the mean time pardon me, my dear *Lyſonice*, the Treaſon I have committed againſt you, be contented to reign abſolutely in my heart, and conſider that if I had not lov'd you, I had not debar'd you of a glory which you deſerve. Being you have much wit, my Lord (anſwer'd ſhe) you turn things as you pleaſe. Not but that, what you have done in this occaſion (added ſhe) has been the act of a ſelf-intereſted, and not at all of a generous Lover; for if you had acted nobly, you ſhould firſt have told me the truth, and afterwards endeavor'd to perſwade me to preſer you before the Prince; but, in fine, let us leave what is paſt as it is, it being always fruitleſs to ſpeak of it; but for the preſent know, I do not ceaſe to beleeve, after all which you have ſaid, that the requeſt you have made to me is ſufficiently injurious.

As *Cloranisbes* was going to anſwer, one came to tell him that a great many Hunters appear'd in the Plain; ſo that beleeving it was the Prince, being unwilling he ſhould finde him at home, he was conſtrain'd to leave *Lyſonice* in haſte, and goe forth at a back-door. But before he left her, he ſaid ſeveral very paſſionate things to her, whereto ſhe gave no direct anſwer. After which getting upon his Horſe, he went to fetch a great compaſs, to come and overtake the Prince; who was not ſo neer as *Cloranisbes* ſervants had beleev'd; becauſe, by thinking to take a ſhorter way, he loſt himſelf in a Wood. In the mean time *Lyſonice* who is naturally ambitious, could not hinder her ſelf from having a ſecret anger for the teſtimony of Love *Cloranisbes* had render'd her; although ſhe had no deſign to be reveng'd on him for it in a Criminal way: but ſhe could never reſolve to counterfeit her ſelf ſick, and appear careleſly dreſs'd. On the contrary, beleeving that when the Prince had ſeen, ſhe ſhould afterwards go to the Court, ſhe lik'd better that he ſhould ſee her on a ſudden, then defer it longer; and as nothing is more repugnant to a handſome perſon then to ſhow her ſelf after a manner diſadvantageous to her beauty, *Lyſonice* attir' d her ſelf as well as ſhe was accuſtom'd, and ſomething better too; though, as I ſaid, ſhe had no intention to excite love in the Prince, but only to deſpite *Cloranisbes*, & to be afterwards at liberty to live at Court. After ſhe was dreſs'd, *Paſilia* and *Delifia* who had adorn'd themſelves too, came to her, and were much ſurpris'd to obſerve that ſhe had ſome kinde of commotion mix'd with anger in her eyes, which denoted to them that ſhe was troubled. So that demanding the cauſe of her, ſhe told it them with a certain air, which gave them to underſtand that ambition was always her predominant paſſion. A little while after, the ſound of hunting inſtruments was heard, which ſigniſi'd the approaching arrival of the Prince. And preſently *Lyſonice* beheld a body of perſons of Quality, a great number of ſlaves, and a very magnificent equipage enter into the Court. But this pomp rather afflicted then pleas'd her, out of the thought that *Cloranisbes* had hindred her from being wife to the Prince for whom this magnificence was.

In the mean time *Cloranisbes* having fetcht a great turn, had overtaken the Prince of *Carthage*, without his ſuſpecting that he had been at his houſe; and to act the more cunningly, he made as if he had not known that the Prince intended to goe ſee *Lyſonice*. So that addreſſing to him, If I had known, my Lord (ſaid he to him) that you intended to hunt on this ſide, I ſhould have order'd *Lyſonice* to have caus'd a Collation to be prepar'd for you at the end of the Chaſe; but I conceiv'd it was not fit to dare to propound to you to go to a place where you are not expected. Perſons of my condition (ſaid the Prince) are ſo accuſtom'd to be expected, that ſometimes they delight to go where they are not; and therefore ſince I am ſo neer your houſe, I will go ſee *Lyſonice*. Being ſhe writ to me yeſterday that ſhe was a little indiſpos'd (reply'd *Cloranisbes*, beleeving his wife would do as he had deſir'd her) I know not whether ſhe will be in a condition to receive the honour which you intend to do her. We ſhall ſee that preſently (anſwer'd the Prince) for the hunting does not pleaſure me ſo well to day, as that I have any mind to continue it longer. And ſo taking the ſhorteſt way,

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the Prince being preceded or follow'd by all his Attendants, went to *Cloranisbes* house, which was not inferior to that wherein he first saw *Lysonice*. But in entring into the second Court, *Cloranisbes* was much surpris'd to see *Lysonice* upon the Stone-stairs of the entrance, accompani'd with *Pasilia* and *Delisia*, and to see her there in an attire, which though it had little shew of the Country negligence, was nevertheless graceful and magnificent; for he knew thereby that her mind was much exasperated: yet he dissembled his thoughts at that time. But for that *Lysonice* was handsomer in the open day then in the shadow, the Prince of *Carthage* & all his followers were so surprised with the rare lustre of her beauty, that they could not contain from testifyng their admiration. The Prince of *Carthage* who was alighted from his horse, assoon as he perceiv'd *Lysonice*, went towards her with precipitation, and saluted her with a civility which signifi'd to her that he accounted her admirably handsome; for he had almost omitted to salute *Pasilia* and *Delisia*, though they were very amiable. I am more oblig'd to *Cloranisbes* then I thought, Madam (said the Prince to *Lysonice*) for his constant residence with me; for being so fair a person as I see you are, it would be more acceptable for him to be with you. The pleasure of doing a duty is so great (answer'd she) that 'tis not much to be wonder'd, my Lord, if *Cloranisbes* prefer you before me. 'Tis a pleasure (reply'd the Prince sufficient roughly) which perhaps he has not always so much lov'd. After this, being enter'd into the Hall, the conversation of the Prince with *Lysonice* continu'd. The Persons of Quality that accompani'd him discours'd amongst themselves, or with *Pasilia* and *Delisia*: and *Cloranisbes* being in a strange perplexity, spoke sometimes to one and sometimes to another; for his mind was incens'd with *Lysonice*'s proceedings, he fear'd lest the Prince should discover the truth, and he apprehended above all things that *Lysonice* would love him no more, and that she could not pardon him the deceit his passion had caus'd him to commit. In the mean time the Prince of *Carthage* finding *Lysonice* every moment more handsome, could not contain from expressing part of what he thought. For my part (said he to her) I confess I do not understand wherefore *Cloranisbes* has not told me a thousand times of his happiness, and why he hath not continually discours'd to me of you. 'Tis no doubt (answer'd she coldly) because a husband scarce ever speaks pertinently of his wife. But before he had married you (reply'd the Prince) he spoke to me as little of you; but on the contrary he declin'd speaking of you, and moreover affirm'd to me that a picture which I had of you, was a flattering Picture. Nevertheless, I see at present that he went far from the truth in speaking so. For my part, my Lord (answer'd *Lysonice* blushing with indignation) I so little know my self, that I know not whether *Cloranibes* had not reason: but I co nceive well, he would have done more obligingly for me, by suffering you to beleev e that I was as handsome as my Picture. I agree with you, Madam (reply'd he) and I think moreover he would have more oblig'd me then you by not opposing my admiration. But to repair the injury that I did your beauty, by beleeving your Picture handsomer then your self, I will this day begin to admire you anew, and to publish that there is no beauty in the world comparable to yours. *Lysonice* hereupon so modestly declin'd the praises which the Prince gave her, that she appear'd thereby the more charming. And then she acted with such address, that she drew *Pasilia* and *Delisia* into their conversation, which by degrees became altogether general.

After this the Prince with his Company went to walk, and at his return he found a stately Collation, though there was but a very short time to prepare it; and then began the discourse to be about hunting, gaming, and other divertisements. The Prince told *Cloranisbes* aloud, that it was not just to leave *Lysonice* so long in the Country, that she was too fit for the world to live in solitude; and that it was requisite to cause her to goe speedily to Court. *Cloranisbes* being unwilling to pass for a jealous husband, answer'd that *Lysonice* was Mistress of her own actions, and might do what pleas'd her self. I have all my life so little known by experience (reply'd she) what it is to do ones own will, that I know not whether I ought to begin to learn, for fear if I did it once I should desire to do it all my life. Not that I accuse *Cloranisbes* (added she) but all women in general are expos'd to this unhappiness, and a part of their virtue consists ordinarily in having no other will but theirs to whom the Law of Morality subjects them. 'Tis true (said *Pasilia*) we are

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born under the neceſſity to obey almoſt always, and never to command. On the contrary (anſwer'd the Prince) all obey beauty, and it belongs only to Ladies to command. Men requeſt all their lives, and never command. In truth, my Lord (reply'd *Deliſia*) I know not whether they requeſt or command, but I know well they ordinarily doe what they pleaſe. In effect (added *Lyſonice*) aſſoon as young perſons ceaſe to learn to read, they begin to have ſo good opinion of themſelves, as to think they are more able then their Maſters, more deſerving then their Fathers, and more wiſe then the Law: and as for their Miſtreſſes, I aſſure you, they know not very well how to obey them, they love them for their own ſakes only, they ſeek their own intereſt, without caring for the perſons whom they love; and in fine, they always do whatever is agreeable to their own humor, without conſidering the will of another. While *Lyſonice* was ſpeaking thus, *Cloranisbes* was gone to ſhew a Kinſman of the Prince a very handſome Horſe which he had a deſire to, ſo that *Lyſonice* ſpoke with liberty of the ſubjection of women. Not that I ſpeak out of diſcontent (continu'd ſhe) becauſe I deſire many things which I do not; but only becauſe there is indeed ſome kinde of injuſtice in being eternally ſervile. I account this Law as hard as you do (anſwer'd *Paſilia*) but I confeſs to the ſhame of my Sex, women many times uſe liberty ſo ill, when it is allow'd them intirely, that the folly of ſome excuſes in ſome ſort the ſervitude of all the reſt. For I know a woman in *Maſſilia* who has done a hundred extravagancies in her life, which ſhe would not have committed if ſhe had not had a too indulgent husband. Ha! *Paſilia* (reply'd *Deliſia*) there was never any that could be call'd ſo. For my part (ſaid the Prince ſmiling) I beleeve a handſome woman can never have one too indulgent. And for my part (ſaid *Paliſia*) I conceive a Goſſip and a young imprudent woman can never have one too ſevere. Yet 'tis a ſtrange thing (ſaid the Prince) for a husband to guard his wife. 'Tis a ſtranger (anſwer'd *Paſilia*) to ſee a man voluntarily ſhut his eyes that he may not ſee how many gallants his wife has that follow her, write to her, ſhew her Letters, boaſt of her favours, and laugh both at her and him. But what ſhould an honeſt man do (reply'd *Deliſia*) when he is ſo unhappy as to have a wife who has no true virtue nor government of her ſelf? for I do not account thoſe wives virtuous, who becauſe they are not abſolutely criminal, make no ſcruple of beginning ſeveral Gallantries which expoſe them to ſlander, and cauſe them to commit a thouſand follies which render them deſpis'd even by them for whoſe ſakes they do them. You have reaſon (anſwer'd *Lyſonice*) not to put the leſs criminal Goſſips in the rank of women indued with virtue; for certainly if they be not the moſt culpable of all, they are always the moſt fooliſh. I am of your mind (reply'd *Deliſia*) but however what muſt a poor husband do, who is ſo unhappy as to have a wife of this humor? If my judgment may paſs (anſwer'd the Prince) he ſhall take his pleaſure on his own ſide as well as he can, and ſee nothing but what he is willing to ſee. And if my judgment may paſs (reply'd *Paſilia*) a husband that has a ſuch kind of wife, muſt flatter her for ſome time, he muſt endeavor to win her by ſweetneſs, reaſon, and addreſs, to procure her virtuous Friends of her own Sex, to ſee that ſhe have not a ſlave to wait upupon her that is not virtuous, to cauſe her to love innocent pleaſures; and laſtly, to cauſe her at leaſt in ſome ſort to fear him, if ſhe cannot love him. If all this prove ineffectual, I allow him to act like a Maſter, to regulate the viſits which ſhe gives and receives, and ſend her too into the Country. For, in fine, I will not have a husband peaceably endure his wife to be a Goſſip. But is there any thing which ſeems more ſtrange (ſaid the Prince) then a jealous husband? people laugh at him and flout him, and ſay that by being jealous, he almoſt deſerves to have his wife a Goſſip. A jealous Sot (anſwer'd *Paſilia*) is certainly a ſottiſh thing; but a gallant prudent man ought not to be lookt upon as one that is jealous. On the contrary he is to be pityed and eſteem'd: but as for one that is of a jealous nature, who perſecutes an innocent wife without cauſe or colour, I conſent that he be derided for it, and that whatever may augment his jealouſie be wiſh'd to befall him. Were you deſirous to be married ſpeedily at *Utica* (reply'd *Lyſonice* ſmiling) you could not ſpeak better then you do, to give a good opinion of your ſelf.

After this, becauſe it was ſufficiently late, the Prince retir'd, but ſo ſurpris'd and ſo charm'd with *Lyſonice*, that he could not refrain from expreſſing how amiable he judg'd her. At parting, he askt her, whether ſhe would not come ſhortly to *Utica*,

and omitted to tell her nothing which he thought requiſite to teſtifie to her that ſhe pleas'd him infinitely. *Cloranisbes* having been call'd by the Prince, could not ſpeak to *Lyſonice*; beſides, loving her ſo much as he did, and the deceit his love had made him guilty of being diſcover'd to her, he knew not very well what to ſay to her; for how diſſatisfied ſoever he was, he was loath to make any ſharp complaint, and ſo he left her without ſpeaking to her.

The Prince of *Carthage* was ſo penſive all the way as he return'd, that he ſcarce ſpoke twenty words till he arriv'd at *Utica*. But when he was there, and beheld *Cloranisbes* alone with him, he look'd ſtedfaſtly upon him, and ſpeaking to him, Confeſs the truth, *Cloranisbes* (ſaid he to him) when I ſhow'd you *Lyſonice*'s Picture one day, you told me it was handſomer then ſhe, only becauſe you accounted her the handſomeſt perſon in the world? I acknowledge it ingenuouſly, my Lord (anſwer'd he) but if I would I could maintain to you, that I accounted *Lyſonice* leſs handſome then her Picture; for none could convince me of an untruth; ſince we ſee every day, that which pleaſes one, diſpleaſes another, and opinions are different upon all ſorts of things. Ha! *Cloranisbes* (reply'd the Prince) that may be in mean beauties, but *Lyſonice* is not of this rank, and no perſon in the world can pretend to have ſeen any thing, or conceive that a Painter could make a Picture ſo handſome as ſhe: and this was the reaſon (added he) that you would have her be yours and not mine. It was not, my Lord (anſwer'd *Cloranisbes*) becauſe *Lyſonice* was fair, that I fail'd in my duty, but only becauſe I deſperately lov'd her. I underſtand it ſo (reply'd the Prince) but if it be true that you betray'd me becauſe you lov'd her, it is alſo true that you lov'd her becauſe ſhe was handſome. However it be, my Lord (anſwer'd *Cloranisbes*) I did not fail in my duty without reluctancie, and I account my ſelf ſo unhappy in having been Criminal againſt you, that the thought of it diſturbs part of my felicity. Being what is paſs'd cannot be recall'd (ſaid the Prince) let us ſpeak no more of it. But for that it is not juſt for *Lyſonice* to ſuffer for your ſake, cauſe her to come to Court, and do not keep her longer in a ſolitude, which no queſtion is tedious to her. *Cloranisbes* then ſpoke all he thought conducive to excuſe himſelf with the Prince, who accordingly made ſemblance of being ſatisfied with him. So that *Cloranisbes* was now almoſt glad that the buſineſs was over thus; to the end he might be no longer oblig'd to cauſe *Lyſonice* to ſtay in the Country. Yet he was much diſcontented that ſhe had refus'd to be careleſly dreſs'd that day; however beleeving ſhe had done ſo out of deſpight which had ſomething of noble in it, he ſought to appeaſe himſelf. But ſo did not *Lyſonice*; for having ſeen the Prince, all that great equipage of hunting, and all his Court, ambition reviv'd in her heart; and ſhe was ſo far from conſidering what *Cloranisbes* had done as a teſtimony of his love, that ſhe judg'd it a weakneſs of his paſſion, and an injurious fact. Yet *Paſilia* and *Deliſia* did all they could to temper her mind; but all they could obtain was, that ſhe would conſtrain her ſelf as much as ſhe could from teſtifying further reſentment to *Cloranisbes*. For, in fine, (ſaid *Paſilia* to her) that which is paſs'd cannot be recall'd; and moreover after all, you are wife of a very worthy man, who loves you dearly, and who being belov'd by the Prince, holds one of the firſt ranks in the Court. I confeſs (anſwer'd *Lyſonice*) but if I am not deceiv'd, he will not hold it long; and if the art of conjectures be not abſolutely falſe, I am expos'd to many infelicities. Yet I am reſolv'd (added ſhe) to ſupport them with the greateſt conſtancie I can, and to do nothing which may cauſe me to deſerve the misfortunes which I foreſee will befall me. Theſe were the ſentiments of *Lyſonice*.

Cloranisbes who always lov'd her with the higheſt ardor, and who would not be accounted jealous neither by her, nor the Prince, nor the Court, writ to her the next day to tell her that he deſir'd her to come to *Utica*, without taking any notice of that which ſhe had deny'd him. This motion ſufficiently pleas'd *Lyſonice*, who reſolv'd without ſcruple to obey *Cloranisbes*. So ſhe joyfully left her Deſart, and went to *Utica* accompani'd with her too amiable Kinſwomen. Aſſoon as ſhe arriv'd there, ſhe was viſited by the Prince, all the men of Quality, and all the Ladies; and her beauty was ſo cry'd up in the Court, that ſcarce any thing elſe was ſpoken of. The moſt eminent Beauties willingly yeelded to her, and confeſs'd that nothing could equal the charms of *Lyſonice*. This fair perſon much affecting the world, ſhe was at firſt ſo glad of being there, that ſhe forgot part of her diſcontent. Not but that as often as

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ſhe ſaw the Prince, or beheld only his Palace or Windows, ſome diſpleaſing thoughts aroſe in her mind.

But now the preſence of *Lyſonice*, and the deſire to pleaſe her, occaſion'd the making of ſeveral appointments for divertiſement in the Court. *Cloranisbes* had made indeed ſome obliging reproaches to *Lyſonice* for having refuſ'd to do as he had deſir'd her: but being he ſtill lov'd her ardently, this little anger was eaſily appeas'd. But if *Cloranisbes* was in quiet, the Prince of *Carthage* was not; for though he had a great dearneſs for *Cloranisbes*, yet after he had ſeen *Lyſonice*, it came of a ſudden to decreaſe, and ſhortly to be wholly extinct. But which was moſt cruel, at th rate friendſhip diminiſh'd in his heart towards *Cloranisbes*, love augmented for *Lyſonice*, and he became ſo amorous of her, that he had not a moment of reſt. He would have oppos'd his paſſion with a ſentiment of generoſity in the beginning, and of friendſhip too for *Cloranisbes*; and to fortifie himſelf to that purpoſe, he diſcover'd his ſecret to him that is come hither to find me, whoſe name is *Anberbal*, and told him that he was the moſt unhappy of all men. For, in fine (ſaid he to him) I love a perſon, who I know well would have lov'd me out of ambition, if *Cloranisbes* had not betray'd me, and who perhaps now out of honour will never love me. But, my Lord (anſwer'd he to whom he intruſted the ſecret of his heart) would you have been ſatisfi'd with it, if *Lyſonice* had lov'd you only out of an ambitious ſentiment? Believe me (reply'd the Prince) it matters not much to a Love out of what ſentiments he is lov'd, provided he be ſo; nor ought he much to care whether it be for his good perſonage, for his wit, or for his quality. For my part, my Lord (anſwer'd my Friend) I ſhould be more ſcrupulous then you; for if I were not lov'd for my own ſake, I would not be lov'd at all. That which you ſay (reply'd the Prince) is plauſibly ſaid by one that loves nothing; but when a man is amorous, he turns to another language; and rather then never be lov'd, I would be ſo for a thouſand extrinſecal conſiderations, in which my merit has no part. As for me, my Lord (ſaid *Anberbal*) I am of opinion the more a man loves, the harder he is to be contented; and ſo, I confeſs ingenuouſly to you, that if I lov'd, I would be lov'd again for my own ſelf; and I ſhould make no eſteem of thoſe favours which I did not owe to a great affection. If it were in my power to chuſe (anſwer'd the Prince) I would wiſh that which you ſpeak; but it being otherwiſe, I content my ſelf with what I can; and there is nothing which I am not capable of ſuffering, rather then to be never favour'd. For the aim of love is the poſſeſſion of the perſon whom we love, and therefore this only ought to be ſought after, and all means whereby it is attainable are good, be it by wit, by merit, or dignity of condition. But, my Lord (reply'd *Anberbal*) do you not think that *Lyſonice* undoubtedly loves her Husband, and that *Cloranisbes* is ſo zealous for your ſervice, that he deſerves you ſhould not deſtroy his felicity? I know all that you ſay (anſwer'd the Prince) but I know alſo that *Clorqnisbes* has betray'd me; and if I ſhall have no regard to his intereſts, I ſhould do againſt him but what he has done againſt me: and whereas you ſay, *Lyſonice* undoubtedly loves her husband, I have to anſwer you that an ambitious Wife may be more eaſily unfaithful then another; but becauſe I do not pretend to engage her in a criminal love, I will onely oblige *Cloranisbes*, as the Law permits, to reſign her to me, that I may marry her, and he may marry another. How? my Lord (ſaid *Anberbal*) do you care for having divided favours? if ſo, permit me to tell you with all the reſpect I owe you, that you know not how to love well. For according to the humor I am of, I ſhould like better never to obtain any thing of a perſon I lov'd, provided my Rivals were as unhappy as my ſelf, then to obtain the higheſt favours on condition they were alſo granted to another. Ha! *Anberbal* (ſaid the Prince) this that you ſpeak is too heroical for me, and I am ſtrongly perſwaded it would be abſolutely impoſſible but a man truly amorous, if he were put to his choice, to be favour'd with another Rival, or never to be ſo at all on condition no other ſhould be more, he would chuſe rather to be favour'd in that manner then never to be at all. I know well there ſeems ſomething unreaſonable in that which I ſay (continu'd the Prince) but however I ſhall never conceive as long as I live, that a man can be unwilling to obtain the favours of a perſon whom he loves. I confeſs it my Lord (anſwer'd *Anberbal*) but yet aſſoon as I believ'd a woman capable of dividing her favours, I ſhould love her no longer at all. Therefore my ſentiments are not to be wonder'd at, being more truly amorous then yours. Be it how it will (ſaid the Prince) I love

Lysonice; and if she be willing to love me, and *Cloranisbes* to resign her to me, I will marry her with joy; and I declare to you, there is nothing which I will not attempt to cause my design to succeed.

Anberbal spoke many things further to avert the Prince from this resolution, but they were to no effect. But that he might have more frequent occasion of seeing *Lysonice*, he recall'd the Princess of *Carthage* to Court, who was ravish'd to observe the Prince's passion, because she hop'd to make use of it to be reveng'd on *Cloranisbes* whom she did not affect. To which purpose she made a thousand caresses to *Lysonice*, and sent to invite her to her continually. *Cloranisbes* soon perceiv'd the passion of the Prince and the design of the Princess; so that he was extremely afflicted at it, and could not keep himself from appearing sad, what resolution soever he had to dissemble his discontent. Whereupon *Lysonice* believing he was jealous, was much offended in her mind at it, because she could not endure to be suspected.

In the mean time the Prince's passion augmenting every day, he resolv'd to discover it to *Lysonice*, and so afterwards to speak to *Cloranisbes* of it, in case he found any favourable disposition in the mind of this fair person. Being it is always easie for a Soveraign to find occasion of speaking in private, he soon had one to open his passion to *Lysonice*; though indeed it fell out naturally enough, after a conversation which I am going to relate to you.

The Prince found *Lysonice* at the lodgings of the Princess of *Carthage*, where there were also *Pasilia*, *Delisia* and divers other Ladies: *Anberbal* was there too, and several men of quality. *Cloranisbes* who attended on the Prince, seeing *Lysonice* arrive, would have gone away, that he might not see such things in the eyes of his Master as would extremely displease him, though he was not jealous. But the Princess of *Carthage* maliciously detain'd him, upon a pretext of having something to speak with him about; for she liv'd very civilly with him, though she hated him. At first the discourse was about an Insurrection which was at that time at *Carthage*; but insensibly passing from Policy to Love, it came to be question'd, Who is the most unhappy, a Lover that receives a thousand favours from his Mistress, and is jealous of her, or one that obtains none other, and has no jealousie at all. For my part (said the Prince) I put no comparison between these; for I account it the greatest of all unhappinesses not to be lov'd at all, and to obtain no favour from the person who is lov'd. Though I am not jealous (answer'd *Cloranisbes*) nevertheless, my Lord, I am of an opinion contrary to yours, and strongly perswaded that a jealous Lover, will be a thousand times more miserable, though he obtain a thousand favours, then he who obtains nothing, if he be free from jealousie. What? (reply'd the Prince) do you conceive a greater infelicity in love then not to be lov'd at all, and to desire a thousand things which you dare not hope? Ha! my Lord (answer'd *Cloranisbes*) there is nothing so bold as hope, and nothing so impossible which a man who loves ardently cannot hope. So that in his greatest torments he makes a comfort to himself which does not forsake him; the future seems more agreeable to him then the present; and hope never abandoning him, he is never altogether miserable. But on the contrary, a favour'd Lover, who is jealous, has nothing but fear for an inseparable companion. Every thing causes him to fear, every things disquiets and afflicts him; and the very favours which he receives, becoming suspected to him, he imagines then when he is favour'd he is deluded, and that he is not treated well but onely to be betray'd. All which you say, is very cruel (reply'd the Prince) but do you count it nothing to be continually in fear of being never favour'd at all? 'Tis a very severe sentiment (answer'd *Cloranisbes*) but nothing neer that which causes a perpetual fear of loosing that which we enjoy and think we have purchas'd with a thousand services, and can never loose without injustice. Inasmuch as the fancie always magnifies all sorts of pleasures (reply'd the Prince) I conceive that a man not hoping to obtain the sweetnesses which he imagines infinite, is more miserable, then he who fears to loose a good which he knows what it is. Ha! my Lord (cry'd *Cloranisbes*) assoon as the advantagious pre-conceiv'd opinion ceases in love, love it self ceases, and jealousie would cease also if it could. But whereas on the contrary, that prepossession of the imagination increases at the same measure that jealousie does, a man by continuing jealous, comes at length not only to believe that the good which he enjoys is the greatest of all goods, but withall to perswade himself that all the people in the world believe it such, desire it, seek after it, and

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are ready to raviſh it from him. Judge therefore, my Lord, if there be any compariſon between an unhappy Lover free from jealouſie, and a favour'd Lover who is jealous. No (anſwer'd the Prince) there is none; for an unhappy Lover without jealouſie, is ſo much the more jealous, in that he can never cauſe his unhappineſs to ceaſe; becauſe it does not depend on himſelf. Whereas a jealous Lover, and who is jealous without cauſe, needs only to make a great reſolution, and to make uſe of his Reaſon to cure his evil. Ha! my Lord (cry'd *Cloranisbes* again) you ill underſtand jealouſie, if you believe a jealous man able to cure himſelf of the evil which perſecutes him. On the contrary he encreaſes it every inſtant, by falſe conjectures, ill-deduc'd conſequences, a thouſand groundleſs ſuſpicions, continual fears, cauſeleſs reflections, and imaginations void of all probability. A jealous man accounts nothing impoſſible, he believes he ſees what he does not ſee, he believes he hears what he does not hear; there is not one of his ſenſes but is liable to betray him, and his very reaſon, being perverted by his fancie, and no longer underſtanding the art to diſtinguiſh truth from falſhood, ſerves further to delude him, and render him more miſerable. You ſpeak ſo well of jealouſie (ſaid the Princeſs of *Carthage* maliciouſly) that certainly you muſt needs have been very jealous: I ſay, have been (added ſhe) for the virtue of *Lyſonice* is too great to permit you to be ſo ſtill; and ſhe is too fair to ſuſpect you of having any other affection. *Lyſonice* bluſht at this diſcourſe, and to hide her colour turn'd away her head, and fell to ſpeak to *Anherbal*. As for *Cloranisbes*, he ſaid gallantly enough, that the queſtion was not about a jealous Husband, but a jealous Lover, and that in what manner ſoever the caſe were conſider'd, he was wholly un-concern'd in the conteſtation. After this, there came ſome Ladies, who cauſed the converſation to change, and propounded to the Princeſs of *Carthage* to go take the air upon the Sea-ſhore, in a place where it is as ſtreight as a and where it is as even as the courſe of the Olympick-Games. So that this motion being agreed to, all the Ladies went in Chariots, and men on horſe-back, excepting *Cloranisbes*, who went not along with the company. When they were arriv'd at the Sea-ſhore, all the Court walkt a foot in the handſomeſt place of the World; for when 'tis calm, the Sea as gently drives its billows upon the ſhore, as if it were no deeper then a ſmall River. The ſand of it is of a fair colour, the ſhells which are ſeen on that ſide are very agreeable, and the herbs which the waves caſt upon the banks delight the eyes with their lively and various colours. Beſides, this vaſt extent of Sea which ſeems to unite with the Heaven, has a kind of grand aſpect which pleaſes, and inſpires reſpect. On the other ſide ſtands *Utica* which makes a handſome ſhew, and ſeveral other Villages, and many Cottages of Fiſhermen who by their ruſticity adorn this maritime proſpect. In one place people are ſeen drying their Nets, and others mending them; in another, women making Baskets of Bulruſhes which ſerve for fiſhing; otherwhere Fiſher-boats ſcatter'd upon the Sea, and men ſitting upon the Rocks, who holding lines in their hands, are as attentive and immovable as the Rocks upon which they ſit. But however, obſerve what a place it was in which all this fair Court went to divert themſelves. The Sun was then ſetting, and his laſt rays guilding all the ſurface of the Sea, and painting all the Clouds almoſt with the very colours of the morning, preſented ſo fair a ſight to the eyes of *Lyſonice*, that leaving all the reſt of the company to go forward, ſhe ſate down by the Sea ſide upon a Rock cover'd with verdant moſs, and fell to conſider with pleaſure theſe ſeveral effects of the declining Sun. But ſhe had ſcarce began to muſe, when the Prince leaving *Anherbal* to whom he was ſpeaking, went to her, and reſpectfully interrupted her. I beſeech you Madam (ſaid he to her) tell me whether you decide the queſtion in your mind, of which *Cloranisbes* and I lately diſputed. In truth, my Lord (ſaid ſhe to him and ariſe up) I was not thinking of it, but I was only conſidering at this inſtant whether the Sea were not more graceful then the Sky. That's but an inconſiderable queſtion to entertain the mind of a fair perſon (anſwer'd he) who has a thouſand other things to think of; however, being this ſight pleaſes you, ſtay where you are, and only ſuffer me to be with you. And ſo *Lyſonice* placing her ſelf again upon the Rock where ſhe ſate, the Prince ſeated himſelf upon another which was right againſt her, and began to diſcourſe to her. I wiſh, Madam (ſaid he to her) whilſt your eyes are diverted with ſeeing all thoſe tremulous lights which the waves beating upon one another ſhew you, you would really tell me, what ſentiment you were of a while ſince during our diſpute, and whether you would not

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more pity a Lover that were not jealous and had the unhappiness not to be lov'd, then one that were favour'd and extremely jealous. I am so perswaded (answer'd *Lysonice*) that such as are causelly jealous deserve all the torments which they suffer, that I need not deliberate to determine my self in favour of an unhappy Lover, who is not jealous, and to grant him my compassion rather then to a favor'd and jealous Lover, who almost ever becoms the most inacceptable Lover in the world, assoon as he is possess'd with a vehement jealousie. *I* am oblig'd to you, Madam (said the Prince to her) and *I* owe you many thanks. In truth, my Lord (answer'd she) you have no great obligation to me, since *I* only speak my opinion so as it is. *I* have more then you beleeve (reply'd he) and to leave you no ground to doubt of it, know, *I* am one of those unhappy Lovers, who love with favours and without jealousie, but who love so desperately, that never was any Lover so miserable as I. When *I* engag'd my self to have compassion (said she) I did not imagine, my Lord, that you were concern'd in the case. That knowledge, Madam (answer'd the Prince) ought not to cause you to change that mind; on the contrary, *I* am perswaded there is not one of my Subjects for whom you ought to have so much compassion as for me. Methinks (reply'd she smiling) it would be a want of respect for any to dare to say they have pity on their Soveraign; and therefore, my Lord, you shall permit to seek out some other expression which may agree to you better. That you may find a more exact one (answer'd she) suffer me to tell you the greatness of my evil, for you cannot be ignorant of what nature it is, and no doubt you know, that after having lov'd your Picture which was less handsome then your self, I love you so ardently, that *I* have almost ceas'd to love *Cloranisbes* who has debar'd me of that which belong'd to me, and hinder'd you from being Princess of *Carthage*.

Lysonice no doubt, was much amaz'd at this discourse of the Prince, though she knew he was amorous of her. But her ambition made it a little less ungrateful to her; *Cloranisbes* discontent incens'd her mind, and she was infinitely troubled with the thought of his being jealous. But after all, the same temper which inclin'd her to ambition, caus'd her to love honour, and hinder'd her from being able to consent to a criminal love. Nevertheless, being she beleev'd *Cloranisbes* guilty of disloyal proceeding both towards the Prince and her self, and alike deficient in generosity to them both, she did not reject the Prince with so much severity as she would have done in another case. I grant, my Lord (said she to him) I am oblig'd to you for the love you had for my Picture, and I ought as long as I live to acknowledge the advantageous intention you had for my fortune at that time; but the case is not the same in reference to the love you say you have for me at present, which cannot be but injurious to me. Therefore, my Lord, do not destroy that first obligation by an injury; for as ambitious as I am, that passion is incapable of exciting me to commit an unworthiness. I beseech you, Madam (said the Prince to her) do not suspect me of offering to do an injury to a person whom I adore; I will but only love you, and I promise you too, to do all I can, that I may desire nothing else; but if I cannot give bounds to my passion, my desires and my hopes, I will do all I can to obtain your permission to demand you of *Cloranisbes*; for if you and he be so willing, the Laws will permit me to marry you. There are examples of this kind, and you may cease to be wife of *Cloranisbes*, and still become Princess of *Carthage*. I know not, my Lord, whether the Laws allow what you speak of (answer'd she, and rise up) but I know well, honour does not allow me to hear you further. Alas! I beseech you, Madam (cry'd the Prince, offering to detain her) do not make me desperate; for if you do, I shall hate *Cloranisbes*, I shall revenge my self of him, and be carri'd to the severest extremities. Consider that he minded his own contentment and not your advantage, but I require nothing of you which is not glorious unto you. No, no, my Lord (answer'd she, and began to go towards the Princess of *Carthage*, who was coming to them) all the ambition of my heart shall never cause me to do any thing against my duty; and therefore I conjure you not to persist obstinately in a design which will never succeed to you. The Prince could not answer her, because *Lysonice* having joyn'd with the Princess of *Carthage*, did not leave her all the rest of the evening.

But *Lysonice* seem'd so discontented and so pensive to *Pasilia* and *Delisia*, when she was return'd home, that they did not leave her in quiet till she told them the cause

of

of her melancholy. Whereupon, having related to them the diſcourſe ſhe had had with the Prince; Well, too inquiſitive Friends (ſaid ſhe to them) doe not you think I have reaſon to be melancholy? Is not my Deſtiny ſtrangely ſevere, to expoſe me to unhappineſſes made purpoſely for me, and which come under the apparences of good Fortune? When *Cloranisbes* married me, I was ſo weary of being in Exile, that I beleev'd I was going to be happy. Nevertheleſs, I paſs'd from Exile to ſolitude, and I found I had only chang'd my diſcontent. After that, I came to Court, but there I have liv'd with a continual melancholy to ſee that *Cloranisbes* whom I thought had lov'd me well, has lov'd only himſelf, and hinder'd me from being Princeſs of *Carthage*. However, being he is a perſon of merit, perhaps I ſhould at length have reſolv'd to cure my ſelf of my ambition and pardon him, if I had not obſerv'd in his heart, that if he is not jealous, he may be: and for my utmoſt unhappineſs, the Prince is become amorous of me, and propounds to me to ſeperate from *Cloranisbes* and marry me. Judge then in what a condition I am; for although I am ambitious (added ſhe) yet certainly I have affection for *Cloranisbes*; and ſhould my anger have diminiſht it, I confeſs to you, I could not reſolve to marry the Prince of *Carthage*. Such as marry again after the death of their husbands, I can by no means fancie; judge then whether I am capable of reſolving to forſake *Cloranisbes* to marry another. But ſince 'tis ſo (anſwer'd *Paſilia*) I ſee no need you have to be greatly perplex'd. I am of your mind (added *Deliſia.*) But for my part (excepted *Lyſonice*) I am not at all. For do not you conſider that if I be rigorous to the Prince, he will baniſh *Cloranisbes*; and if I keep fair terms with him, I ſhall increaſe his paſſion, and excite jealouſie in *Cloranisbes*, who perhaps will ſend me back into the Country? *Cloranisbes* is ſo good a man (anſwer'd *Paſilia*) that you may always do what pleaſes you. *Cloranisbes* loves himſelf ſo highly (reply'd ſhe) that 'tis for his own ſake only that he loves me with ſuch ardencie, and ſo he will conſider nothing but his own felicity. But what would you have him do? (ſaid *Paſilia.*) I would (anſwer'd ſhe) that if the Prince propoſes to him to marry me, he love me ſo well, as to come and tell me that he will conſider nothing but my ſatisfaction, and if I deſire it, conſent to our ſeparation, that ſo I may be Princeſs of *Carthage*. Ha! *Lyſonice* (reply'd *Deliſia*) if *Cloranisbes* could part with you to the Prince, he would love you too little. But ſince you ſay (added *Paſilia*) you would not be the wife of two husbands, what matter's it to you whether *Cloranisbes* conſent or no to a thing which you do not deſire? It is ſo great a matter to me (anſwer'd ſhe) that I find I ſhall be much diſſatisfi'd with him, if he be not ſo generous as to doe what ſhall pleaſe me without exception. It muſt be confeſs'd (ſaid *Paſilia*) the ſentiments of people are very different; for if I had a Lover or a Husband who were capable of parting with me to the greateſt King in the world, I ſhould hate him. I am not of your opinion (anſwer'd *Lyſonice* haſtily) for if *Cloranisbes* conſider onely himſelf, I ſhall repine at him in my heart; and though I am reſolv'd to continue his wife till death, yet I ſhall be ſo without any contentment; for I cannot endure thoſe people who love only with reſpect to themſelves, who conſider nothing but their own pleaſure, and mind nothing elſe. Such were the ſentiments of *Lyſonice*.

In the mean time the Prince's love augmenting from day to day, and the Princeſs of *Carthage* (who ſought only to remove *Cloranisbes* from the Court) ſubtilly promoting it, ſhe brought the matter to the utmoſt extremities, and took upon her to ſpeak to *Cloranisbes* in behalf of the Prince, to perſwade him to reſign *Lyſonice* to him. The diſcourſe ſhe made uſe of was ſubtle and crafty; ſhe made ſemblance of pitying his unhappineſs; ſhe accus'd the Prince of injuſtice: but at laſt ſhe gave him to underſtand that it was neceſſary for him to part with *Lyſonice*. *Cloranisbes* appear'd ſufficiently ſurpris'd at this diſcourſe; for though he well perceiv'd the Prince's love, yet he did not beleeve the matter would have gone ſo far. His greateſt diſcontent was, for that he imagin'd *Lyſonice* could not but have given way to the Prince to make this propoſal to him. However, he knew the buſineſs could not be effected without him; becauſe the Law requires that both the Husband and Wife equally conſent to their Divorce. But this did not hinder but that his minde was extremely perplex'd. *I* know, Madam (ſaid he at length to the Princeſs of *Carthage*) that *I* owe all things to the Prince, yet this does not hinder but that there are many

things

things which *I* may deny him without injuſtice; for, in fine, every thing which is impoſſible, is no part of my duty. *I* confeſs it (anſwer'd the Princeſs) but you can part with *Lyſonice*, and conſequently you ought, ſince the Prince cannot live without her, and you owe all things to him. *I* wiſh *I* had never lov'd *Lyſonice* (reply'd he) and the Prince had married her. But, Madam, ſeeing the Gods have permitted that *I* am her husband, *I* ſhall be ſo till death. If the Prince will take away my life, *I* conſent to it; he needs only chuſe ſuch a puniſhment as he pleaſes, *I* ſhall ſuffer it; but as for *Lyſonice*, *I* will never ſurrender her, no, though ſhe her ſelf ſhould conſent to the Prince's deſign. Have a care what you do, *Cloranisbes* (ſaid ſhe to him.) *I* I do all which I ought, Madam (anſwer'd he) inaſmuch as I do all which I can. After this, this ſubtle Princeſs feigning to pity him, craftily confirm'd him in the reſolution which he took, that ſo he might exaſperate the Prince againſt himſelf. Which being done, he went to his own houſe, where the Prince had newly been, on purpoſe to tell *Lyſonice* what he had caus'd to be propos'd to *Cloranisbes*. 'Tis certain ſhe very ill receiv'd him in ſpite of all her own ambition, and told him peremptorily, ſhe would never be his Wife, though ſhe much regretted that ſhe was not. Aſſoon as *Cloranisbes* enter'd, he underſtood *Lyſonice* knew of the propoſition which was made to him; and aſſoon as *Lyſonice* ſaw *Cloranisbes*, ſhe perceiv'd he had been ſpoken to about the Prince's deſign. So that being both ſufficiently perplex'd, they remain'd ſome time without ſpeaking; but at length *Cloranisbes* breaking the ſad ſilence, Well, Madam (ſaid he to her) will you be ſo generous as not to be offended if I deſire that you continue in the enjoyment of the unhappy *Cloranisbes* all your life, and if I cannot conſent that you be Princeſs of *Carthage*? You are ſo accuſtom'd not to love me but for your own ſake (anſwer'd ſhe) that 'tis eaſie for me to conjecture what anſwer you would have me give you. 'Tis as eaſie too (reply'd he) for me to gueſs what you would have me ſay to you; but I confeſs it, ambitious *Lyſonice*, my love for you is ſtill as great as your ambition; and therefore do not think it ſtrange if I cannot reſolve to part with you to the Prince. I know I deſtroy both my own fortune and yours, but I know I cannot reſolve to looſe you. 'Tis true (added he) perhaps I endanger diſpleaſing you by not reſigning you, and looſing your heart by deſiring to retain your perſon; but though you ſhould hate me, I cannot ceaſe to love you, nor conſent that the Prince be happy with my loſs, & enrich himſelf with my own treaſure. But alas! whence is it that your love is not equal to mine? if it were, you would ſuffer baniſhment, & the ſubverſion of your fortune would not trouble you: but to ſpeak ſincerely, you lov'd the Favorite of the Prince of *Carthage* when you lov'd me, without confiding in the perſon of *Cloranisbes*, and ſo 'tis no wonder if you love the Prince better then the Favorite. I hear all which you ſay (anſwer'd *Lyſonice* coldly) as ſo many new ſigns of a ſelf-intereſted love; however, to aſſure you that I will not marry the Prince, know, I have this day depriv'd him of all manner of hope. Ha! how happy am I (interrupted *Cloranisbes*) if you ſpeak truth! Do not be ſo forward to thank me (anſwer'd ſhe) for I do it more out of honour then affection; for, in fine, I confeſs to you, *Cloranisbes*, I am not ſatisfi'd with yours. You have been diffident of me, and could not reſolve to tell me, that I might recover the fortune which you caus'd me to looſe by your fraud. However, content your ſelf, that I refuſe an advantage which would certainly have affected my heart, and do not pretend I have any obligation to you for a deed which is likely to render both of us unhappy. The worſt is, the miſchief has no remedy, and our ſtrange deſtiny will have us prove infallibly miſerable. For being you love me only for your own ſake; when time ſhall have a little chang'd me, you will likewiſe be chang'd towards me; and ſo I ſhall ſee my ſelf without your affection, and you, perhaps, with repentance for having lov'd me. But be it how it will, I muſt reſolve to ſeek my conſolation in my ſelf. If you lov'd me as well as I love you, and ſhall love you as long as I live (reply'd *Cloranisbes*) you would ſpeak after another manner; but I am not ſo happy; and 'tis left onely to my choice to be more or leſs miſerable. You would certainly have been more happy (anſwer'd *Lyſonice*) if you had leſs ſtudied to be ſo.

As *Cloranisbes* was going to anſwer, one of his Friends came to inquire for him, to give him notice that the Prince of *Carthage* was extremely incens'd againſt him, and that his love of *Lyſonice* was ſo violent, that it was capable to carry him to any kind of injuſtice. If he take away my life (anſwer'd he without being mov'd) he will oblige me;

me; but to pretend to deprive me of *Lysonice*, is that which I will never endure. But you muſt know the Princeſs of *Carthage* (who deſign'd only to ruine *Cloranisbes*, and would not that her Brother ſhould marry *Lysonice*) caus'd it to be told this fair perſon that the Prince intended to take her away by force; not doubting but this would oblige her to withdraw her ſelf from *Utica*. For though ſhe well underſtood ſhe was ambitious, yet ſhe knew too that ſhe tender'd honour above all things. And accordingly *Lysonice* no ſooner receiv'd this information, but ſhutting her ſelf into her Cloſet with *Paſilia* and *Deliſia*, ſhe told them ſhe abſolutely reſolv'd to go and return to her Father and Mother, in that fortifi'd place which they held, without imparting her purpoſe to any perſon, not even to *Cloranisbes* himſelf; And then telling them what intelligence had been given her. I ſhall be ſo ſecret (ſaid ſhe to them) in my flight, becauſe if the Prince ſhould violently ſeize upon me, all the World would believe I was the cauſe of it my ſelf, and nothing but death could manifeſt my innocence. 'Tis the beſt courſe therefore not to venture the having need of ſo violent a remedy. Not, that flight and ſolitude are of more value to me, but I ſhall at leaſt have the advantage of making it apparent that I know how to over-rule my inclinations when I pleaſe. *Paſilia* and *Deliſia* would have perſwaded her to tell *Cloranisbes* of her purpoſe; but ſhe was inflexible: No, no, (ſaid ſhe to them) 'tis beſt that he be able to ſay with truth that he knew not of my departure; that ſo the Prince may not accuſe him of it. Wherefore without further delay, ſhe pretended the next morning ſhe would go ſpend the day at the houſe of a Lady which was her Friend, ſtanding without the City: but inſtead of doing ſo, ſhe took a by-way which led towards the place where ſhe choſe her retreat. At night a ſlave came to tell *Cloranisbes* that ſhe would lye at her Friend's houſe: but *Cloranisbes* ſaid nothing to it, though it was not her cuſtom; and the Prince being indiſpos'd that day, did not go to ſeek her. The next morning indeed he ſent a complement to her to know her health; and when it was told him, ſhe lay out of the City, he took a reſolution to go viſit her in the afternoon. But he was much aſtoniſht to receive a Letter from *Lysonice*, in which he found theſe words.

LYSONICE to the Prince of CARTHAGE.

ACcuſe not Cloranisbes *of my departure; for I proteſt to you, my Lord, he knows not that I am gone: 'tis a deſign which I have put in execution without imparting it to him. But I believ'd I could take no better courſe for your quiet and my own, then to take a perſon from your ſight who can never render you happy, but might render you unjuſt. I do not pray you to pardon me, but onely not to hate* Cloranisbes.

No ſooner had the Prince read this Letter, but he was ſtrangely tranſported both againſt *Lysonice* and *Cloranisbes*. So that, as he is of a violent temper, he commanded ſome perſons to go ask *Cloranisbes* from himſelf where *Lysonice* was, and to ſecure him, if he did not tell preciſely. *Anherbal*, who receiv'd this order, was very much perplex'd; for juſt as he arriv'd at his houſe, *Cloranisbes* had done reading a Letter which *Lysonice* had written and ſent to him, and was conceiv'd almoſt in theſe terms.

LYSONICE to CLORANISBES.

YOu will ſee by my flight that I do not care to be Princeſs of Carthage, *and you will ſee by all my actions that you ought to have had more confidence in my generoſity. But as for affection, expect none from a perſon whom you have never lov'd but for your own ſake only. No doubt I will always do all whatſoever honour requires me, but look for no more from me. I juſtifie you as much as I can to the Prince; 'tis all can be done for you by an unhappy perſon who will let you know the*

place of her ſanctuary when ſhe is at diſtance enough to be no longer in fear that the Prince of Carthage *ſhould violently ſeize upon her.*

As *Cloranisbes* ended reading this Letter, *Anherbal* enter'd, and told him what order he had receiv'd from the Prince. Did *I* know where *Lyſonice* is (anſwer'd *Cloranisbes*) *I* would not tell you; ſince *I* underſtand by a Letter which *I* juſt now receiv'd from her that the Prince had a deſign to ſeiſe upon her by force: but in truth *I* have no hand in her flight, and *I* come to learn it by a Letter which ſhe has writ to me. *Anherbal* being of late become one of his intimate friends, he accordingly ſhew'd him *Lyſonice*'s Letter, at which he was amaz'd. Wherefore he took upon him to go tell the Prince that which he had ſeen, without ſecuring *Cloranisbes*. But the Prince interpreting all that was ſaid to him as a colluſion, fell into choler againſt *Anherbal*, and forthwith ſent away the Captain of his Guards to arreſt *Cloranisbes*, who was now extremely glad to know *Lyſonice* was no longer at *Utica*. However, the Prince ſent after her; but being ſhe travell'd all the day and night before, and took an unfrequented way, thoſe whom he ſent after her could not find her. Whereupon, he grew into a rage which nothing could appeaſe, or equal; unleſs it were the grief of *Cloranisbes*, who in the midſt of all thoſe misfortunes reſented more the diſpleaſure he had in not being lov'd by *Lyſonice*, then any of the reſt.

Aſſoon as this fair perſon was got to *Boſtar*, this generous *African* writ to the Prince to complain of his violence, and giving him to underſtand that if he us'd *Cloranisbes* ill, he would make his peace with the King of *Maſſilia*, and forſake his part. But on the other ſide, the Prince of *Carthage*, who intended to cauſe *Lyſonice* to come back to *Utica*, anſwer'd him that *Cloranisbes* ſhould never be at liberty unleſs *Lyſonice* return'd, and that he would not promiſe for his life, if he deſerted his Party to take that of the King of *Maſſilia*. *Lyſonice* ſeeing things in this condition, remain'd reſolute, and always declar'd that ſhe would not return to *Utica*; notwithſtanding *Cyrene* her Mother ſo repreſented to her, that perhaps ſhe would be the cauſe of her husbands death, that ſhe reſolv'd to write to him by a ſecret way which was preſcribed to her; and ſhe writ in this manner.

LYSONICE to CLORANISBES.

SEnd me word whether you had rather ſee me a priſoner then be ſo your ſelf; if you had, I will go to Utica *to deliver you; for though you love me not but for your own ſake, I will act generouſly for my own.*

This Letter was ſecretly delivered to *Cloranisbes*, who anſwer'd to it in theſe terms.

CLORANISBES to LYSONICE.

YOur liberty is a thouſand times dearer to me then my own; therefore take no care to deliver me, which perhaps death will ſhortly do, and then you will be Miſtreſs of your ſelf. If my Vows be heard, you ſhall be Queen of Maſſilia, *but never Princeſs of* Carthage. *And when I ſhall be no longer in being, remember I have never diſpleaſed you but through exceſs of love.*

You may judge that this Letter did not oblige *Lyſonice* to change her mind, and ſo ſhe did not go to *Utica*: but neither did the Prince of *Carthage* ſet *Cloranisbes* at liberty. Divers perſons have beſtir'd themſelves in negotiating to accommodate ſo great a difference: but for that the Princeſs of *Carthage* has ſo great a power over the Prince her Brother, he is obſtinate not to deliver *Cloranisbes*, againſt whom crimes of State are forg'd which he never committed, to the end the people may repine the leſs. Wherefore this Prince having declar'd that unleſs *Lyſonice* change her minde within four months, he will put *Cloranibes* to death, this fair perſon beleeving I have

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ſufficient influence over the Prince's minde, has ſent one of my friends to me to deſire that I would return ſpeedily, to endeavor the calming of this great ſtorm: and by a rare chance, the Prince, not knowing any thing of *Lyſonice*'s deſign, has given order to the ſame man, to come and command me in his name to return aſſoon as poſſible I can. But being uncertain whether I were in *Sicily*, or here, he paſs'd through *Agrigentum*, where by the way he ſaw the generous Prince of that place.

Oh! I beſeech you (ſaid *Plotina* interrupting him) tell me ſome news of him if you know any; for the Prince of *Agrigentum* ſeem'd ſo worthy a man when the Hiſtory of *Artemidorus* was related to us, that I ſhould be glad to know whether you have heard any thing concerning him, and whether the amiable *Philonice* his daughter be ſtill amongſt the Veiled Virgins. 'Tis certain ſhe is there ſtill (anſwer'd *Amilcar*) and a Lady a very faithful Friend of hers whom ſhe left in the world, regrets her continually. But as for the Prince of *Agrigentum*, he is married again to a perſon ſo accompliſht that nothing can be deſir'd more to her. For there lives not a handſomer perſon in the world, and there never was any whoſe vertue has been more ſolid and more generally acknowledg'd, nor whoſe deportment has been more uniformly prudent, nor whoſe goodneſs has been greater or more agreeable. All the lineaments of her countenance are wonderfully handſome, her eyes have as much lovelineſs and ſweetneſs as the moſt exquiſite Painters can fancie; her mouth is very graceful, the ſhape of her viſage very noble, her complexion admirably fair, her hair of a rare bright colour, her ſtature proper, her deportment comely, her aſpect very modeſt, ſweet, and diſcreet, her neck graceful, her arms pure, and her hands well-ſhap'd; and he that would repreſent virtue, muſt draw the Picture of the admirable *Artelicia*. All the world has approv'd the choice of the Prince of *Agrigentum*, whoſe generoſity is perpetually the ſame. But, in fine, amiable *Plotina*, you ſee reaſon and generoſity require me to take a voyage into *Africa*, to ſerve an unfortunate Friend, and to give the Prince an account of the ſtate of affairs in *Sicily*. But being Love does not require it, I know not what will be done, and beſides I feel I know not what kind of ſecret motion in my Soul, which tells me I ſhall not return into *Africa*. However, I would fain know a little better then I do all the beginning of your life, Content your ſelf (anſwer'd *Plotina*) in knowing that you are much diſfavour'd in my heart, and let me leave what is paſs'd, as that which we can have nothing to do with; but at preſent I have a great deal of pity for *Cloranisbes*. I pity him as much as you (ſaid *Valeria*) and *Lyſonice* alſo; for had ſhe a little leſs ambition, ſhe would be perfectly amiable. She is more ſo then you can imagine (anſwer'd *Amilcar*) and 'tis no wonder that *Cloranisbes* is ſtill her Lover though he be her husband, and that the Prince loves her ſo far as to be injuſt for her. But how came it (ſaid *Plotina*) that you did not love her? As I never had any great paſſion before I ſaw you, Madam (anſwer'd *Amilcar*) ſo I became not much more amorous then I was willing to be; and therefore having regard to my friendſhip with *Cloranisbes*, I over-rul'd my heart in ſpight of all *Lyſonice*'s charms, and left it for ſome days between the hands of *Paſilia* or *Deliſia*; for to ſpeak ſincerely, I know not to which of two I made moſt courtſhip; but this I know with certainty, that I have never any ſo much as you: and aſſuredly it ought not to be much wonder'd at; ſo not ſo frequent to meet with extraordinary perſons who can inſpire great paſſi Youth excites nothing but delight; beauty, nothing but deſires; virtue alone, eſteem and reſpect; great wit, admiration; eminent goodneſs, friendſhip: So that to frame a perſon who may produce at the ſame time delight, deſires, eſteem, reſpect, admiration, friendſhip, and love, it is requiſite that ſhe be indu'd with all that I have mention'd, and together with all theſe, with an inexpreſſible pleaſingneſs, ſuch as you have. For, as for my part, I could ſooner diſpenſe with the want of extraordinary youth, and great beauty, then that I know not what charmingneſs which is found in your eyes and in your wit. And, in fine, I ſpeak boldly to the diſparagement of beauty, I have all my life profeſs'd I would have a Miſtreſs who could pleaſe me without ſeeing her, with whom I might walk in the dark without tediouſneſs and melancholy, and who was alſo fit to be an agreeable Friend, in caſe it ſhould come to paſs that I lov'd her no longer as a Miſtreſs. You ſpeak very prudently (reply'd *Plotina*) but to be as wiſe as you are (continu'd ſhe) I think I ſhould have done well not to countenance the affection of a ſtranger; for I begin to fear your departure

more then consists with my quiet. Ha! charming *Plotina* (said he) how delightful to me is this which you say, and how powerful to retain me eternally with you! While he was speaking thus, one brought a Letter, the superscription of which was addressed to *Plotina*: but having open'd it, she found that it was not intended to her, and contain'd only these four Verses:

Charming Hermilia! *here at* Rome, *I deem'd*
I onely as a Friend had you esteem'd:
But now I find your absence does discover
This truth unknown before, I am your Lover.

Plotina had scarce done reading them, but *Hermilia* enter'd, and gave her a Letter open'd; Certainly (said she to her) *Octavius* must needs have been mistaken, for he directs a Letter to me which does not suite with me. You will be confirm'd in that opinion (answer'd *Plotina*) by reading this which I give you, which will manifest to you, that my brother is really mistaken. *Hermilia* took it and read it; but as she was reading it she blusht, and her melancholy renewing at that instant by the remembrance of her Brother and her Lover, the tears came into her eyes. Which nevertheless she restrain'd, and returning *Plotina Octavius*'s Letter, I am so perswaded (said she to her softly) that in the condition I am in, I am fit onely to excite pity, that I cannot think I have been able to excite Love. Besides, if it were so, *Octavius* would be more unhappy thereby: for in truth I love my grief so much, that I believe I should hate whosoever would comfort me of it. *Plotina* would have answer'd *Hermilia* if *Telanus* had not arriv'd, who brought *Theomenes* to them, and told them that at the very time he was speaking, *Galerita*, the Princess of the *Leontines*, the generous *Melintha*, the charming *Hersilia*, all the Friends of *Aronces* and *Titus* too, were speaking in his favour to *Porsenna*; and he promis'd that the next morning he would let them know what the success was. But who is this *Hersilia* you speak of? (said the fair and melancholy *Hermilia*) What? (said *Plotina* looking attentively upon her) did not you take notice, the day the Queen of *Hetruria* came hither, of a very fair person who was with her, to whom *Melintha* was almost continually speaking, and who has so lovely an air? I assure you (answer'd *Hermilia*) I observ'd nothing, but had my mind fill'd only with my own sorrow, whilst that great Court was here. Were it but only to do something new (said *Amilcar*) 'tis fit to draw you the Picture of a person whom you saw and did not see. For my part (said *Plotina*) who am charm'd with her beauty, I shall be ravisht to understand a little more accurately who she is: and as for me (said *Valeria*) seeing she is *Melintha*'s friend, and does *Aronces* service, I am very curious of all that relates to her. *Theomenes* can better content your desire (answer'd *Telanus*) then any one, for he is *Hersilia*'s intimate friend. *I* am ready to do what the company pleases (said *Theomenes*) but if the fair *Hermilia* has not the same curiosity, *I* shall speak nothing of her person, but only of her wit and virtue. 'Tis true (answer'd this illustrious Sister of *Brutus*) few things in the world can make me curious; but being *I* am conscious that it is not just to molest all the world continually with our grief, and that when we seek not to cure it by death, we ought to overrule it, and learn at least to live, without appearing incivil and humersome; to reproach my self of my weakness in not being able to overcome my melancholy, *I* will confess ingenuously, that *I* know not whether *Hersilia* is brown or fair, tall or low; and next, *I* will demand of you, what manner of person it is whom you esteem, and who (*I* understand) is universally esteem'd. Know then, Madam (said *Theomenes*) *Hersilia* is of a very comely and agreeable stature. Her hair is the faireſt brown in the World, her visage oval, her eyes large and handsome, and of something a darkish blew, which renders them more sparkling and agreeable. She has a handsome mouth, pure teeth, and the air and cast of a sprightly person, of a person of condition, and of a person of the Court. Her Physiognomie is noble, there is lustre and delicateness in her beauty; she has no affectedness neither in her looks, nor words, nor actions; and though she has sometimes *I* know not what little discontented and fierce air, yet it serves rather to render her amiable then diminish her Charms. Her gracefulness is enforc'd, she dresses her self very exquisitely, and especially her head to the best advantage, without shewing too much or too

little

little art therein. One thing is very peculiar to *Hermilia*, namely, that without appearing moroſe, never any other Beauty was ſo averſe from all thoughts of Gallantry. In effect all the Court renders homage to her virtue, and has an extraordinary eſteem for her. *Herſilia*'s heart is naturally very noble, and her mind of good temper; ſhe ſees things as they are, and acts always as ſhe ought. She is naturally magnificent too and generous; ſhe is faithful, ſecret, and diſcreet; and though ſhe is not the freeſt perſon in the world of her careſſes, nevertheleſs ſhe is always very civil. She loves few people ardently, although otherwiſe ſhe is a very generous Friend. She is much affected with merit, and carefully ſeeks all opportunities to ſerve ſuch as are deſerving. She underſtands handſome compoſures exactly, and without making oſtentation of her wit, they that write Verſes well cannot judge of them better then ſhe. She is skill'd in divers Forreign Languages, ſhe ſpeaks very agreeably; and there is ſomething *I* know not what ſo charming both in her perſon and in her mind, that ſhe cannot be too much extoll'd. Having a conſiderable charge under the Queen, ſhe has many times occaſion to give proofs of her conduct, addreſs, and judgment; but whatever occaſion ſhe meets with, ſhe always comes off with glory; and it may be ſaid, in brief, that *Herſilia* is a Lady infinitely amiable. When ſhe does not eſteem any one, ſhe is ſufficiently put to't to conceal it; and ſhe is more abſolutely Miſtreſs of her inclination then of her averſion. Her piety is ſolid, and not like theirs, who affect a certain outſide auſterity which ſcarce ever reaches to the heart: and it may be ſaid without untruth, *Herſilia* is ſo accompliſht, that no greater perfections can be deſir'd in any perſon. Moreover, ſhe is highly reſpected by the generous *Artander* her husband, who has an eminent Office and a very conſiderable Goverment under the King, and who no doubt deſerves to have ſuch a virtuous wife as *Herſilia*. For he is of an illuſtrious family, has an heroick mind, great judgment, and capacity to manage the moſt difficult affairs. He is honorable, juſt, and valiant as any mortal can be; he has done ſeveral great and glorious actions in the Wars, which have acquir'd him a fair renown. But his valour produces neither vanity, nor pride, nor inſolence in him; and no man can be found that exceeds him in modeſty and prudence. He has ſome backwardneſs in his firſt addreſſes; but being very civil too, his ſerious humor does not diſoblige any; and in fine, it may be concluded that if *Herſilia* is worthy of *Artander*, *Artander* is worthy of *Herſilia*. All which *Theomenes* has ſpoken is ſo true (ſaid *Telanus*) that if he be deficient in any thing, 'tis in not ſpeaking enough of thoſe two excellent perſons. I acknowledge it (anſwer'd *Theomenes*) but the cauſe of it, is, becauſe I am ſo accuſtom'd to the modeſt humor of *Herſilia*, who will never have any to commend her, that I dare not ſo much as praiſe her in her abſence; ſo great a fear I have of ſtirring up that amiable little forwardneſs, which ſhe is ſometimes in raillery reproacht with, and withall which ſo well becomes her. But I would know (ſaid *Amilcar*) whether the fair *Hermilia*, who ſaw her and did not ſee her, the day the Queen of *Hetruria* came hither, has not heard that which *Theomenes* has ſpoken, and not attended to him. No (anſwer'd this fair Virgin) and I know now ſo well what a perſon *Herſilia* is, that if I ſtill took any care for the World, I would with all my heart reſemble her. You have no doubt wherewith to comfort your ſelf without reſembling her (ſaid *Plotina*) but 'tis true, if you ought to ceaſe being ſuch as you are, you would have reaſon to deſire to be ſuch as ſhe is; ſince ſhe is certainly a very lovely and excellent perſon. It needs be no wonder then that the generous *Melintha* loves her ſo much. Yet their humors are not alike (ſaid *Amilcar*) but having both of them very prudent wits, they never claſh, even in ſuch things wherein they do not agree. The truth is (ſaid *Telanus*) *Melintha* is much taken with the delights of ſolitude, which *Herſilia* does not care for: but this diverſity of ſentiments produces only an innocent conteſt, which occaſions them to ſpeak very agreeable things. When *Herſilia* (added *Theomenes*) is for ſome days at a little place of retirement, which my Siſter much affects, ſhe reproaches her pleaſantly for taking more pleaſure, in ſeeing from her Windows great Boats loaden with ſeveral Country-commodities paſs by, then in ſeeing ſome ſtately Horſe-race. For my part (ſaid *Plotina*) I ſhould ſide with *Herſilia* in this conteſt againſt *Melintha*: And I ſhould help *Melintha* (ſaid *Valeria*) to defend her ſelf againſt *Herſilia*. For I think nothing more delightfull then to ſee Boats afar off going to and fro upon a great River, to behold the Flocks diſpers'd in the Meadows, the Shepherds playing upon ſome ruſtick

ruſtick Inſtrument, and the Shepherdeſſes dancing at the corner of a Wood. Then you would like *Melintha*'s little houſe well (ſaid *Telanus*) for all things there are ſolitary, Country-like, and agreeable. In what place is this lovely ſolitude? (demanded *Valeria.*) It is neer *Cluſium* (anſwer'd *Theomenes*) but I undertake not to deſcribe it to you; *Telanus* muſt do that, if you deſire to know what manner of place it is. I willingly conſent thereto (reply'd *Telanus*) for I confeſſe to you, I am extremely pleas'd with it. Tell us then preciſely how it is (ſaid *Plotina*) but have a care what you ſpeak, for I advertiſe you, *Amilcar* who hears you, knows how to make the deſcription of a handſome place admirably. I am ſo accuſtom'd (anſwer'd *Telanus*) to yield to *Amilcar*, that I ſhall not be ſurpris'd if I be inferior to him in the art of making deſcriptions. For my part (ſaid *Amilcar*) I confeſs to you, I ſhall be much troubled if you ſurpaſs me. Happen what will (ſaid *Telanus*, after he had been deſir'd to repreſent the houſe of *Melintha*) I ſhall tell you the ſolitude I am to deſcribe has ſomething ſo pleaſing in it, that all Palaces muſt yield to it. But that which is more remarkable in this matter, is, that the admirable *Melintha* has made ſo conſiderable an alteration in this place, that it may be ſaid ſhe has almoſt wholly transform'd it. The firſt time I was there, I could not conceive it could become agreeable, the Garden behind the houſe was ſo exceedingly narrow, and all the ground was ſo declining and uneven that one would have thought he walkt upon the ſide of a precipice. So that though the proſpect of this place was very handſome, yet it was enjoy'd from ſo incommodious a ſtation, that this diminiſht part of its delightfulneſs. Nevertheleſs in a very ſhort time and with no great expence, *Melintha* has render'd it ſuch as I am going to deſcribe to you. The Court is of a largeneſs proportionable to the houſe, all which is ſeen of the building appears new and of a graceful plainneſs. There is a Hall which has a Chamber at one end and a kind of little Gallery at the other. It is open in the midſt of the ſide towards the Garden, which two ſtages of ſtone-ſtairs lead into, from whence is ſeen a green plat terraſs'd, of a very reaſonable greatneſs, a ruſtical Garden beneath, which leads inſenſibly deſcending into a little Grove, whoſe ſhadineſs is ſo much the more agreeable, for that there is heard from thence the murmur of a very pleaſant River which paſſes hard by. But to return to the ſtone-perron whence I have drawn your imagination, conceive, that you ſee from thence not only the terraſs'd green-plat, the ruſtical Garden, and the little Grove, but above twenty miles diſtance, with ſo charming a variety of objects, that nothing is more agreeable. For beyond all that I have mention'd there is ſeen a delightful River, in which are ſeveral little green Iſlands embelliſhing it in that place, between which many little Boats are ſeen paſſing to and fro. But a hundred paces from thence, this pleaſant River goes toward the right hand to diſcharge it ſelf into a greater, which is ſeen coming afar off; and being it comes winding, it is ſeen in ſeveral places at a great diſtance. So that beholding the water on both ſides, this little corner of Land wherein many Flocks are feeding, ſeems almoſt an Iſland between two Rivers which make an admirable ſhew; and beyond which are ſeen many handſome Villages, till the ſight looſes it ſelf: and on the left hand a ruſtick Bridge and a little houſe beyond, whoſe irregular ſtructure contributes ſomething to the handſomeneſs of the proſpect, as well as ſeveral remote Temples which are ſeen in divers places of the Plain. But having deſcrib'd this pleaſant Landskip to you, which is ſeen from all the apartments of the houſe, I muſt lead you up a curious and goodly Stair-caſe, and cauſe you to enter into a Chamber, the hangings of which are blew and ſilver, and the Windows reach from the top to the bottom, that ſo the ſight may be more free. Next, I muſt lead you into a little place in which there is nothing but chains, a little Table, two admirable Pictures with guilded frames, the deſigns of which having ſome correſpondence to ſolitude, agreeably fill the imagination. For in one of them is ſeen a very handſome woman, repreſented in a wild Country, wherein no living thing appears but this fair perſon, who ſeeming to be driven out of the World, leans upon a Tree in a careleſs manner, which manifeſts that the light it ſelf is no longer the object of her view, ſo retir'd ſhe appears into her ſelf. Her graceful fair hair is diſhevel'd upon her ſhoulders, the whiteneſs of which cannot be ſurpaſs'd but by the complexion of this ſolitary fair, in whoſe countenance is ſeen ſo ſweet a ſorrow, that joy it ſelf never caus'd any thing ſo agreeable. Her whole poſture has a negligence full of ſadneſs, which correſponds to her ſentiments. As much as is ſeen of her body is admirable,

rable, the little cloathing which appears is natural, the Landskip is done to the life; and, in fine, this piece is worthy of the excellent Painter who drew it, of the amiable place wherein it is, and of the admirable person to whom it belongs. But from this so delightful Cabinet you pass into a little Chamber, the most pleasant that ever was seen. The furniture of it is Grey, Isabella and White; there is also a very handsome solitary Landskip, the Bed stands in a little room apart: On one side of which is a large Window open from top to bottom, like all the rest, which have an Iron-rail to lean upon, of exquisite workmanship; and on the other, another great Window which opens into a little Closet, painted and guilded, where there is a Tablet in which *Jupiter* is portray'd, and where *Melintha* performes her devotions to the Gods, on such days as she cannot go to the publick Temples. But to conclude the description of this retreat of the admirable *Melintha*, you must know, that returning out of this little Chamber and the Cabinet where the picture of the fair Hermite is, you go into a Chamber, the Tapistry whereof is silver and blew, and from thence enter into a Cabinet which is the handsomest in the World, out at a great Window of which is seen the same prospect which I describ'd to you before. The form of this Cabinet is square; it is neither too high nor too low roof'd, it is hung round with goodly pictures whose frames are richly guilded, and which being of two different sizes, are plac'd in a very agreeable order. The fretwork has a very handsome piece in the midst, wherein the Painter has admirably represented sincerity, under the figure of a fair woman holding her heart in her hand. All the ornaments which encompasse this piece are very exquisite, and all the other pictures which are seen in this Cabinet, by the design of the excellent Painter who drew them according to *Melintha*'s order, represent several kinds of Landskips, and solitary persons inhabiting them. Such melancholy objects are seen in some of them, that they move the hearts of the spectators; in others, so sweet a solitude, as makes the solitary inhabitant envied; and, in brief, there is so lovely a variety in all these pieces, that Nature has not more in her productions then the admirable Painter has express'd in his works. But amongst the rest, there is a piece which hangs over a Couch, in which designing to represent several sorts of grief, he has done it so admirably, that it cannot be sufficiently commended. I forgot to tell you that on the side the door is of which is opposite to that of the Window, hangs a Looking-glass, which receiving all the objects of the prospect, gives a pleasant sight of it to one that looks not upon it. In a corner of this Cabinet a little Bay is contriv'd within the thickness of the Wall, to place Books in, where also *Melintha* would have a piece put, whose sight alone should excite sentiments of piety, notwithstanding any indisposednesse thereto: but this is not seen, but when one pleases. To conclude, this Cabinet is so handsome, so uniform and so stately, that there is no Palace in the World wherein it might not be admir'd. Thus I have shew'd you this little house, which pleases *Melintha* far more then a greater and fairer, which she has caus'd to be built at *Clusium*. I wonder not if it pleases her (answer'd *Plotina*) for as you represent it, I think I should delight to see Boats, Shepherds, Shepherdesses and Flocks of Sheep out of that amiable Cabinet: Especially (added *Valeria*) if there be good company. I agree with you (answer'd she) that agreeable company does no hurt; but, humor may add to the delight of the handsomest Desart in the World. But however, 'tis fit to do justice to *Telanus*, and confess that if he does not surpass *Amilcar* in description, he may pretend to equal him. I beseech you (said *Amilcar*) do not determine things so precisely, but rather give an ambiguous judgement, so that either of us may believe he has the advantage. Be it how it will (said *Theomenes*) you may be both commended without our fearing to misplace our praises.

As *Theomenes* was speaking thus, there was heard a great noise from without the Tents, which *Telanus* going to see what it meant, found it was caus'd by Souldiers quarrelling about *Aronces*, some of them saying the Camp ought to make an insurrection to deliver him; others, that it behov'd always to obey *Porsenna*; who knew well what he had to do. *Telanus* would have appeas'd and accorded them, but an old Souldier addressing to him, How? my Lord (said he to him) shall we let *Aronces* perish without attempting to deliver him, who is all our hope? No, no, it must not be; *Porsenna* may remember that heretofore himself was not deliver'd but by violence. We are newly told (added he) that the King speaks of putting him to death

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aſſoon as he has found *Mutius* : but it muſt not be endur'd that he commit this injuſtice, and we ſhall ſerve him, in ſerving *Aronces*. Hereupon *Telanus* judging it might be dangerous for *Aronces* to have the Army ſhew too much ardor for him ; to pacifie the incenſed Soldiers, told them he knew the Prince would ſhortly be cleared, and freed from his impriſonment : whereby he repreſſed part of their violence, and went to re-aſſure the fair *Romans*, whom the noiſe had alarm'd.

This evening and the next morning, the Queen of *Hetruria*, the Princeſſe of the *Leontines*, and all the friends of *Aronces* made their utmoſt inſtance for him to *Porſenna* ; but to no effect : for he was ſo perſwaded *Aronces* and *Mutius* had conſpir'd againſt him, that he could not have been more, if himſelf had been an ear-witneſſe of their Confederacie. And therefore (ſaid he to the Princeſs of the *Leontines*) 'tis onely out of regard to the formalities of juſtice, that *Aronces* is not yet dead ; and aſſoon as *Mutius* is found, and they whom I have in cuſtody ſhall maintain before him and *Aronces* that they were the inſtruments of this horrid Conſpiracie, which Love excited them to, nothing ſhall be able to hinder me from giving that great example of juſtice, which I owe to Poſterity and my own preſervation. All *Aronces*'s Friends perceiving reaſons, ſentiments of nature, and prayers prevail'd nothing with this prejudic'd Prince, told him he hazarded to ſee *Rome* againſt him, and to cauſe his own Army to mutiny. If you are minded to haſten *Aronces*'s death (anſwer'd he) you need but ſpeak as you do ; for if my Subjects rebel for the Criminal *Aronces*, 'tis a ſign that he is a rebel himſelf, that they look upon him as their head, and that the beſt courſe I can take is to puniſh a Parricide ſpeedily. The friends of *Aronces* would have reply'd, but the cruel *Tullia* arriving, they could not ; becauſe the King ſignifi'd that he was minded to be alone with her. Yet they repin'd ſo loudly that *Tullia* heard their murmurs : but being us'd to complaints and curſes, ſhe was not mov'd at them, but made ſhew of not having heard them. As for *Tarquin*, he continu'd at his Quarter, that he might keep his Forces in their duty, whilſt *Tullia* promoted her diſmal negotiation. *Titus* indeed was much devoted to *Aronces* intereſt, and was continually active for him : but as for *Sextus*, he had nothing in his heart but love for *Clelia*, and was ſo tranſported with it that he thought of nothing elſe. For whilſt all the Camp was in Allarm, *Tarquin* and *Tullia* were contriving to deſtroy *Aronces*, and all the Friends of this Prince in the Camp or at *Rome* were ſtudying to ſave him, *Sextus* was deviſing to carry away *Clelia* ; for in this confuſion the Hoſtages were guarded with leſs circumſpection, though *Porſenna* on the contrary had commanded they ſhould be kept moſt carefully. In order to which, *Sextus* corrupted ſome of the Soldiers which guarded *Clelia*, aſſur'd many to him of the King his Father's, and whereas the Tents of theſe fair *Romans* were upon the bank of *Tyber*, he gave order to have Boats in readineſs to convey her away by night. He prefix'd a day and hour to do it, and hop'd ſo well to carry on and accompliſh his purpoſe, that it might be beleev'd *Clelia* was carried away either by the *Romans*, or by the friends of *Aronces*, for fear *Porſenna* ſhould treat her rigorouſly. Moreover, he reſolv'd to ſend her to *Cumæ*, becauſe he had an intimate friendſhip with the Tyrant which reign'd there at that time. On the other ſide *Amilcar* going and coming continually from *Rome* to the Camp and from the Camp to *Rome*, divers conſultations were held in both theſe places for the deliverance of *Aronces* ; but no ſure courſe could be found out for bringing about ſo juſt a deſign. Some judg'd it beſt to get the Prince out of Priſon, that ſo he might afterwards juſtifie himſelf in freedome ; but ſuch as knew him well, beleev'd that ſhould his Guards be forc'd or corrupted, he would not have recourſe to flight, for fear it ſhould argue him to be criminal. Others thought it moſt expedient for the Camp and *Rome* to riſe of a ſudden, and go demand *Aronces* of *Porſenna* with Armes in hand ; but a Treaty having been made with this King, and *Rome* not being in a condition to venture a ſecond Siege, the Senate would not have conſented that the Pacification ſhould be infring'd. Beſides, the twenty fair *Romans* who were given in Hoſtage, having Lovers at *Rome*, they were not forward to ſuffer any ſuch reſolution to be taken as might bring them into danger. Some there were alſo who propounded to go to *Tarquin*'s Quarter, and following *Mutius*'s example, kill the Tyrant with the execrable *Tullia* : but this Propoſition was not approv'd. However, that ſomething might be done, it was reſolv'd that *Artemidorus* and *Themiſtus*, being two great Princes, ſhould go to *Porſenna* the next day, to tell him a very conſiderable

derable truth: for he interpreted *Mutius*'s departure to be a flight, and it was at length diſcover'd to proceed only from a deſpair of Love. For the laſt converſation *Mutius* had with *Valeria* made a deep impreſſion upon him; ſo that being deſirous to try whether, whilſt ſhe was at the Camp, he could more eaſily bring *Publicola* to be favorable to him, he went to him, and ſpoke to him with an air ſo little ſubmiſſive, that it was apparent he behav'd himſelf like the deliverer of *Rome*. At which *Publicola* being diſpleas'd, anſwer'd him with a generous ſincerity which caſt him into deſpair; for he ſo clearly intimated to him, that he ſhould not take his daughter from *Herminius*, that he became deſperate, leaving *Publicola* in a great fury, and ſoon after departed from *Rome*. Whereby it was eaſie to judge that Love was a greater cauſe of his abſence then any other conſideration. It was therefore reſolv'd that *Themiſtus* and *Artemidorus* ſhould go to *Porſenna* the next day, and tell what they had underſtood from *Publicola*, to the end *Mutius*'s departure might no longer paſs for an evidence againſt *Aronces*. Not, that what they had to ſay was a convincing truth, but it was at leaſt a favorable preſumption; and being they could do no better, they did as people uſe to do in great misfortunes, namely, rather to do a hundred things unprofitably, then fail of doing one thing which may be beneficial.

But whilſt all in *Rome* or the two Camps, were deviſing to deſtroy or ſave *Aronces*, this unfortunate Prince indur'd the greateſt torments an amorous heart which loves honour is capable of. He ſaw himſelf accus'd of a horrid crime, by a father whom he had deliver'd from a long impriſonment, and whoſe life he had ſav'd, and by a father whom he reſpected ſtill notwithſtanding the injuſtice he did him. But that which afflicted him moſt, was, that the letter he receiv'd from *Clelia*, perſwaded him either that ſhe beleev'd the accuſation charg'd upon him, or elſe accus'd him her ſelf of ſomething; and to augment his grief, he ſaw he had loſt the Letter, which might be of ſome ill conſequence to him if it were in the hands of *Porſenna*: ſo that his affliction was more then can be imagin'd. But he did not ſuffer alone; for *Clelia*'s mind was more diſquieted then ever any perſon's in the World. She lov'd *Aronces* more then her ſelf; but ſhe could not but beleeve, or at leaſt fear, that he was unfaithful to her. She wiſht nothing with more ardor then to hear *Porſenna* was appeas'd, and nevertheleſſe ſhe could not hear without indignation that *Lyſimena* acted with that generous confidence which led her to ſpeak to *Porſenna* whatever ſhe beleev'd might advantage *Aronces*, without conſidering that this augmented *Zenocrates*'s jealouſie: for being ſhe knew her ſelf innocent, ſhe conceiv'd it would be eaſie for her to juſtifie her ſelf at any time; and therefore ſhe continued to act the ſame generoſity in ſo important an occaſion. Which ſo diſguſted *Clelia*, that ſhe almoſt wiſht the prayers *Lyſimena* made to *Porſenna* would take no effect, that ſo *Aronces* might not owe his life and liberty to her. *Plotina* and *Valeria* being the confidents of all her ſorrows, ſhe ſpoke of nothing elſe to them when they were alone, eſpecially at nights; for theſe three fair perſons lay in the ſame place, not, but that it might be ſaid that theſe twenty fair *Romans* were in one and the ſame Tent, becauſe they had communication one with another; but nevertheleſſe, they had in a manner every one their own. *Clelia*, *Valeria*, and *Plotina* being one evening together lamenting their misfortunes, *Clelia* told her Friends ſhe had ſtill more cauſe to fear ſome greater, then they knew of; For I beheld (ſaid ſhe to them) or thought I beheld the virtuous *Lucretia* laſt night, and I imagin'd too I heard her voice. Being unhappy people (ſaid *Valeria*) ſeldome have pleaſing Dreams, 'tis not to be wonder'd if that diſmal Idea came into your fancie. 'Tis true (added ſhe) conſidering what befell her illuſtrious Lover, theſe kind of adverti ſements ſeem not altogether to be rejected; for if you remember, *Lucretia* appear'd to him. Tell us therefore in what manner you thought you beheld that fair but unfortunate Lady. My diſcontents, as you may imagine (anſwer'd *Clelia*) ſtrangely poſſeſſe my mind, ſo that I never ſleep but out of wearineſſe. Hereby it hapned, that it was almoſt break of day before I ſhut my eyes. In this condition I know not whether my heavineſs forc'd me to ſleep, or whether I was really awake; but me thought I beheld a good great light, which nevertheleſs was ſomewhat dusky too; a moment after *Lucretia* appear'd to me fairer then ever I ſaw her, her hair was diſhevell'd, ſhe was cover'd with a large white Robe, and held a bloody Ponyard in her hand. In this poſture methought I heard her voice, which was ſomething terrifying. Flee, *Clelia*, flee (ſaid

ſhe to me) but flee ſpeedily; for *I* advertiſe you that the Tyrant, who caus'd me to have recourſe to this Ponyard, has a deſign againſt your honour as he had againſt mine. Have recourſe therefore to flight, and bring not your ſelf into the neceſſity of being oblig'd to have recourſe to death. After this, the light diſappear'd, *Lucretia* vaniſh'd; but the ſound of her voice has made ſuch an impreſſion upon my mind, that all this day *I* have done nothing elſe but think upon what *I* imagin'd *I* ſaw and heard, and had not ſo much power as to tell it you: beſides, having not ſeen you alone, *I* was unwilling to ſpeak of a thing which ſeems only fit to make me ſuſpected of having a mind ſomething weak.

Clelia had ſcarce done ſpeaking this to her Friends, when one of their Guards enter'd into their Tent, with a certain haſty air which ſignifi'd he had ſome important matter to tell. I beſeech you, Madam (ſaid he to *Clelia*) pardon me the liberty *I* take of entring into your Tent; if *Lucilius* or *Telanus* had been come back from the King, *I* would have addreſſed my ſelf to them; but being they are not here, and *I* cannot tell that which I have to ſay, to him that commands us in their abſence, *I* addreſs to you, to advertiſe you that *Sextus* will carry you away by violence, if you do not take care to prevent it. *I* have not been able to learn whether he intends it this night or the next; but I know infallibly he hath lay'd all his contrivances for that purpoſe; ſeveral of my Companions are to be aſſiſtant to him, he that commands us is his Creature, he has Boats in readineſs, and is himſelf to ſerve in this violence. Wherefore, Madam, conceiving I could never ſerve the Prince better then by ſerving you, I come to give you this intelligence. The buſineſs is urgent (added he) and I underſtand the deſign as fully as poſſibly one can. But by what means came you to know it? (ſaid *Clelia* much affrighted.) One of my companions, Madam, (anſwer'd he) who would have engag'd me in this criminal deſign told me of it, and I made ſhew of conſenting to it, to the end I might give you notice of it. *Valeria*, *Plotina*, and *Clelia*, askt this man divers other Queſtions, who anſwer'd them with ſo much ingenuity, that they were aſſur'd he did not lye. They thanked him for his generoſity, and deſir'd him to tell *Telanus*, aſſoon as he came from the King, that they muſt neceſſarily ſpeak with him; and in caſe *Telanus* did not return ſpeedily, to come himſelf to ſpeak with them. Well, my dear Siſter (ſaid *Clelia* to *Plotina*) the apparition of the virtuous *Lucretia* is but too true, and am not I very unhappy in ſeeing my ſelf lov'd by the moſt infamous of men? Was not I ſufficiently oppreſs'd with the miſfortunes of *Aronces* and his infidelity, without being more ſo by miſchiefs more dreadful to me then death? But, in fine (added ſhe) I am not reſolv'd to await this diſmal adventure; I muſt go from Tent to Tent to awake all my Companions, oblige them all to ſtay with me, till the return of *Telanus*, and ingage them by Oath to ſtick to me, and rather tear me in pieces, then ſuffer me to be carri'd away by the infamous *Sextus*. If *Telanus* comes (ſaid *Plotina*) it is abſolutely neceſſary that he give way for us to eſcape; for in the condition things are, we know not who to have recourſe to. For my part (ſaid *Valeria*) I know not whether we ſhould do well to violate the Law of Nations by going to *Rome* though we might, or whether it would not be better to have recourſe to the Princeſs of the *Leontines*. No, no, (anſwer'd *Clelia*) I will not be oblig'd to that Princeſs; and as things now are, I beleeve ſhe would not be as ſerviceable to me as ſhe is to *Aronces*; and beſides, do you think *Porſenna* will at preſent beleeve any thing againſt a Son of *Tullia*? We muſt therefore begin to aſſemble all our Friends together; and ſo *Clelia* cauſing a maid-ſlave to light her, was follow'd by *Valeria* and *Plotina* through the lines of Communication which went from Tent to Tent, where they awaken'd *Hermilia*, *Colatina*, and all the reſt. But after they were come together into one and the ſame Tent, the Soldier who diſcover'd the plot to *Clelia*, came to tell her that *Lucilius* and *Telanus* had ſent notice that they would not lodge there that night, becauſe ſome affairs requir'd their preſence elſewhere. Wherefore *Clelia* interpreting this as an artifice of *Sextus*, who caus'd them to be retain'd, that he might the better effect his deſign, was in a very terrifi'd condition, and the death of *Lucretia* coming into her mind at the ſame time, ſhe thought every moment ſhe beheld *Sextus* entring with his Soldiers to carry her away. All her Friends partaking of her fear, counſell'd her the beſt they could; but ſhe having a great heart, No, no, my Companions (ſaid ſhe, beholding ſome of them with tears in their eyes) 'tis to no purpoſe

to

to weep, we muſt this day ſhew that we are *Romans*, that we love honor, and that death cannot daunt us; for do not imagine (added ſhe) that this deſign regards only me; all they that ſerve a raviſher, are raviſhers themſelves; & I do not queſtion, but the infamous *Sextus* has promis'd you to ſuch as are to be his Inſtruments in ſo criminal an action. But were it otherwiſe (continu'd ſhe) *I* will believe that the affection you have for me, and the ſenſe of honour would lead you to be willing to ſave me, and to take a reſolution to make an eſcape from this place, where we cannot but every moment be expos'd to the inſolence of the two mutinous Camps, which in all probability will ſhortly fall foul together. Let us then make a daring and generous reſolution; our Tents are upon the Bank of *Tyber*, and there is no way to eſcape but by the River. If we dye, we ſhall die with greater glory then *Lucretia*, ſince it will be in avoiding an unhappineſſe, which ſhe would not out-live. I know it will be ſaid at *Rome*, that we violate the Treaty; but every thing may be lawfully done to ſave our honours. Nevertheleſs that you may not think (added ſhe) I will cauſe you all to be drown'd for my preſervation, and expoſe you to an inevitable danger, hear what [redacted]rſe I conceive fit to be taken. You know when we came out of *Rome*, we were adorn'd like publick Victims to be ſacrific'd to the peace; ſo that we have many Jewels amongſt us: let us promiſe all we have to the Souldier who gave us this intelligence, on condition he will be ſerviceable to us; let us not wait for the return of *Lucilius* or *Telanus*, nor tempt them to be unfaithful to the King of *Hetruria*, who committed us to their cuſtody; but let us only deviſe how to deceive our Guards; we may eaſily do it, provided that Souldier and ſome of his companions be for us; let us ſend to him who commands in the abſence of *Lucilius* and *Telanus*, to deſire permiſſion to bathe our ſelves at break of day, which without doubt he will grant us; for being perhaps 'tis the night following wherein he intends to convoy me away, he will believe this will facilitate his deſign. But when we come to the Water ſide, you ſhall do what you ſee me do; ask me no more, bet leave me to manage this interprize. I require no more of you, but of what I will my ſelf ſhew you an example: but above all things, to continue your ſelves in the generous reſolution which I ſee you inclinable to, conſider always, I conjure you, that the buſineſs is no leſs then to keep our ſelves from being under the power of the murderer of the virtuous *Lucretia*, that glory attends us on the other ſide of the *Tyber*, and that we ſhall eternally diſhonour our Country, if we be ſo puſillanimous and weak as to incur a misfortune which we may avoid.

Clelia ſpoke with ſo much courage and eloquence, that all her companions haſtned to give her their Jewels, ſwear not to forſake her, but to follow her example and pleaſure implicitely. After this ſhe went to ſpeak to the truſty Souldier, and communicating her deſign to him, ſhe gave him ſome gratuities, and promis'd him more; which done, he went to the Officer who commanded the Guard, and whoſe name was *Minutius*, to demand his permiſſion for all theſe fair Virgins to go and bathe themſelves in the *Tyber* about break of day. He made no ſcruple to grant this requeſt; and gave orders to ſuch as were to conduct them, without ſuſpecting any thing of the deſign; for *Rome* being on the other ſide of the River, he could not think theſe Ladies would imagine it poſſible to get thither. Beſides, being Hoſtages, and *Sextus* deſign in all probability unknown to them, he was on the contrary very glad of their beginning to bathe themſelves in the River, inaſmuch as it might prove convenient for his enterprize. But to bring it ſo to paſſe as as to ſend ſuch Souldiers the next day to conduct them, as were privy to this Plot, he ſent others this day; the order of Military duties requiring ſucceſſive attendance of ſeveral perſons. In the mean time the Souldier whom *Clelia* had gain'd, provided Planks, Hurdles, and Bavines; it not being poſſible to get either Boats or Horſes: he alſo ſuborn'd ſome other Souldiers to aſſiſt him, with the Jewels *Clelia* gave him, and in brief, he did all that was in his power. Now when break of day was come, theſe twenty fair Virgins having ſpent the whole night without ſleep, went forth under the conduct of thoſe that were order'd to guard them. It was no lighter when they left their Tents, then juſt enough to diſcern things, and to perceive the agitation of the River through the Willows which grew upon the Bank of it in this place. The place was unfrequented, agreeable, and fit for the execution of *Clelia*'s deſign. The Souldier who was of intelligence with them, haſting to bring them to the place where Tents were erected for

them in the River, led them through a way beſet with Willows, whoſe tops were interwoven together, and ſeem'd to make a kind of rude Canopy; and at length they arriv'd at the place where they made ſhew of intending to bathe themſelves. They who guided them ſtay'd at a diſtance out of reſpect, to leave them to undreſs themſelves; and ſome of them too were corrupted to do ſo by *Clelia*'s complotter. But the Ladies not thinking them remote enough, deſir'd them to retire a little more back; which they did. And aſſoon as they ſaw them at a good diſtance, the honeſt Souldier who was hid behind a buſh to aſſiſt them, ſhew'd them the Planks, hurdles and the Bavines, which he had caus'd to be brought thither ſecretly, and had ſo well fitted that each of them could bear up a perſon in the Water. But when *Clelia* counted them, ſhe found there was one fewer then needed; at which ſhe being nothing abaſh'd, No, no, (ſaid ſhe) my companions, trouble not your ſelves who it ſhall be that wants ſomething to ſupport her in the water, my courage ſhall ſupport me, and the Gods will aſſiſt me. Let us not therefore looſe time (added this magnanimous Lady) the moments are precious; this valiant Souldier whom you ſee ſhall help the weakeſt, and I am ſo perſwaded Heaven will be aiding to us, that I doubt not in the leaſt but we ſhall all happily get to *Rome*. The God of *Tyber* ſav'd *Horatius* when he leapt into it in his Armour; he will ſave us perhaps as well as him.

After this, *Clelia* having invok'd the God of the River, without expecting the anſwer of her companions, caſt her ſelf couragiouſly into the water, and turning towards them, If you love glory (ſaid ſhe to them) you will follow me: and ſo abandoning her ſelf to the ſtream of the River, ſhe was carried from the ſhore. There was no delay, but her companions inſtantly did the ſame; and the Souldier, having ſo handſomely ty'd ſome to the Planks, others to the Hurdles and Bavines which he had provided, that there was no fear of ſinking, he leapt into the water after them, and ſometimes helpt one, and ſometimes another: their cloaths alſo were of ſome uſe in this occaſion to bear them up. But there hapn'd a remarkable accident; for as *Clelia* turn'd her head now and then to ſee whether her companions follow'd her, ſhe found a Horſe in the midſt of the River, which had ſcap'd from one that led him to drink; whereupon this couragious Lady got hold of his Bridle, and made ſhift to mount upon his back. By which means advancing her ſelf above the water, and day being much clear'd up, the Souldiers who had guarded her, were extremely amaz'd to ſee her and all her companions about her, whom the officious Souldier help'd forward as much as he could; for they who were not corrupted, believ'd theſe twenty fair Virgins were in the Tents prepar'd for them upon the River. On the ſide of *Rome*, they who perceiv'd a woman upon a horſe ſwimming in the middle of the River, and follow'd by others who were ſupported by Planks, Hurdles, or Bavins, knew not at firſt whether they were not men diſguiſed in the habits of women, and whether this were not ſome ſubtle project of *Tarquin*: ſo that they were thinking to ſhoot Arrows at them; and had indeed done ſo, if *Horatius* and *Herminius* had not happily arriv'd. For, as Lovers know their Miſtreſſes at a greater diſtance then others, they were no ſooner upon the Bank of the River, but they knew *Clelia* and *Valeria*. Which ſight ſo ſurpriz'd them, that they were thinking to caſt themſelves into the River, to go and meet them; but this firſt ſentiment being paſs'd, reaſon caus'd them to take ſome Boats which were there to go meet theſe couragious Ladies, moſt of whom were ſo weary that they receiv'd this ſuccour with joy. In the interim the Souldiers who had guarded theſe fair *Romans*, having given the Alarm all about, the Bank of the River was in an inſtant beſet with an innumerable multitude of Souldiers on the ſide of the Camp, that of the City was as much throng'd with the Inhabitants. Now becauſe theſe fair Virgins were not in condition to go through the Streets, *Horatius* and *Herminius* led them to a houſe ſtanding neer the ſide of the River, where they dry'd themſelves and chang'd their cloaths for others which they ſent for from their Parents houſes. After which, they all went to the firſt Conſul, to give an account of their eſcape, and to deſire him to inform the Senate of it. But they were follow'd with an incredible throng of people, who by this time knowing *Clelia* was ſhe that undertook this adventurous action for the preſervation of her honour, gave her a thouſand praiſes, and extoll'd her above all the Heroes of Antiquity. When *Publicola* beheld this fair company arrive, he was ſurpriz'd at it; for though the rumour of it was brought

brought to him before, yet he did not believe what was told him. *Clelia*, as principal of the enterprize, went formoſt, and aſſoon as ſhe ſaw *Publicola*, My Lord (ſaid ſhe to him) if that which my companions and I have done ſeem unreaſonable to you, I conjure you to lay the blame only upon me, for they have done no more but follow'd me; and if the Senate conceive me culpable, I am ready to undergo ſuch puniſhment as ſhall ſeem good to them to inflict upon me; for I dread neither pains nor death, I fear nothing but infamy. After this *Valeria* beginning to ſpeak, inform'd *Publicola* of the violence intended by *Sextus*, and omitted nothing that might ſerve to juſtifie the action which they had done. Your fact is ſo glorious (anſwer'd *Publicola*, ſpeaking to *Clelia*) that were it unjuſt, it would nevertheleſs deſerve to be eternally commended; nothing undoubtedly being more heroical, then to preſerve one's honour with the hazard of death. But ſince you have acted for yours, you muſt ſuffer *Rome* to act alſo for hers; and therefore I enjoyn you all to ſtay here till the Senate have deliberated upon the action which you have done.

Then *Publicola* leaving them to the charge of *Domitia*, gave order that the Senate ſhould be extraordinarily aſſembled. In the mean time *Clelius*, *Sulpicia*, *Octavius*, *Racilia*, *Flavia*, *Salonina*, *Artemidorus*, *Themiſtus*, *Merigenes*, *Æmilius*, *Spurius*, *Acriſius*, *Sicinius*, *Damon*, and all the relations of theſe fair Virgins, came to viſit them, every one making a complement to them according to their humor or inclination, and all extolling *Clelia* with a kind of conteſt. *Horatius* was extreme joyful in this occaſion, and found ſuch pleaſure in the glory of his Miſtreſs, that he had not greater when he perform'd that grand action of the *Sublician* Bridge. He fanci'd that *Clelia*'s leaping into *Tyber* as he had done, was a happy preſage to him; and it was ſome delight to him, to think that *Clelia* fled from a place where *Aronces* was. But if his own thoughts gave him hope, the looks and words of *Clelia* gave him none at all: but on the contrary having ſpoken a moment with her apart, he found her mind ſtill firmer to her old reſolution. At leaſt, Madam (ſaid he to her) do not make me unhappy before the time, leave Fortune to act as ſhe pleaſes, and act your ſelf as you are minded; but do not forbid me to hope that perhaps you will one day find your ſelf forc'd by deſtiny not to hate me. All humane prudence can foreſee nothing, three days ago you would not have believ'd you could have attempted to croſs the *Tyber* without a Boat, and nevertheleſs you have done it with an heroical magnanimity. 'Tis true (anſwer'd ſhe) none can foreſee their own actions; but ſuch as are prudent, cannot and ought not to change their ſentiments. Nevertheleſſe (reply'd he) 'tis frequently requiſite to conform our ſelves to matters according to the time. As for ſuch Wiſdom (anſwer'd *Clelia*) I renounce it with all my heart: that which is juſt once, is always ſo; I never ceaſe to love that which I love; and even the infidelity and death of *Aronces* ſhall never cauſe my heart to change. I ſay more (added ſhe) for ſuppoſing what is abſolutely impoſſible, that I could ceaſe to love *Aronces*, and have ſuch an affection for you as you deſire, you would not be the happier for it; for a pure ſentiment of honour would hinder me from expreſſing any thing of it, and I ſhould die a thouſand times rather then do any thing that might make me liable to the reproach, that I lov'd twice in my life. But, *Horatius*, matters are not in theſe terms; and I ſpeak to you as I do, onely to put you out of all hope, and ſo to oblige you to be hereafter contented with my eſteem and friendſhip. Alas! Madam (ſaid he to her) if you could but ceaſe to love *Aronces*, I ſhould not want much of being happy: for I conceive it not poſſible that a heart diſengag'd from all paſſion could reſiſt mine. Have I not told you (anſwer'd ſhe) that though I ſhould love you (which yet can never happen) you would not be the leſſe miſerable? Ha! Madam (reply'd *Horatius*) if you lov'd me, you would be no longer Miſtreſs of your own ſentiments, but ſpeak after another manner. But, alas! I am not yet ſo happy, and perhaps never ſhall.

Whilſt *Horatius* was ſpeaking thus to *Clelia*, *Herminius* was converſing with *Valeria*; but for his unhappineſs, it was in the preſence of *Æmilius* and *Spurius*. *Plotina* was alſo importun'd by *Sicinius*, *Acriſius*, and *Damon*. As for *Octavius*, he addreſs'd to *Hermilia*, who though ſhe did not receive him rigorouſly, yet ſhe gave him greater cauſe of deſpair then if ſhe had been more ſevere: for after divers paſſionate expreſſions which he us'd to her, To teſtifie to you that I eſteem you (anſwer'd *Hermilia*) I will diſcover to you my real ſentiments. I confeſſe then, that conſidering things according to the courſe of the World in general, it would be very advantagious for

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me if I could love you; and the illuſtrious and unfortunate *Brutus* would no doubt have judg'd your affection very glorious to me; for that your Birth is noble, you have wit, courage, and virtue; but, generous *Octavius*, having loſt the Prince of *Pometia*, whom all the world knows I did not hate, I cannot, I ought not to love any hereafter. When a Lover is loſt by his own inconſtancie, I conceive in proceſs of time another may be admitted; but when a faithful Lover is loſt by death, fidelity ought to be reſerv'd to his aſhes, and never any thing lov'd but his Memory. Theſe, *Octavius*, are my true ſentiments; you know in what manner I have loſt an Illuſtrious Brother and an illuſtrious Lover, help me to lament them, and I promiſe you all my friendſhip; but deſire nothing more of me. Had the Gods heard my vows, I ſhould have miſcarri'd in croſſing the *Tyber*; but though I did nothing toward ſaving my ſelf, the too-kind River bore me up whether I would or no. For my part (ſaid *Plotina*, who overheard theſe laſt words) I aſſure you I neglected nothing to preſerve my life, and certainly I muſt needs love honour and *Clelia* ardently, to have indanger'd my ſelf as I did: but however, I do not wonder to ſee ſo many brave Warriors (added ſhe) for no doubt example ſerves much to beget courage; at leaſt, I know, if I had been all alone, I ſhould not have had the power to put my ſelf into the *Tyber*, without other help then a pitiful plank to which I was faſtned: but when I beheld my ſiſter courageouſly leap into the water, without plank or hurdle, *Valeria* as reſolutely follow her, and *Hermilia* haſten to do ſo too, I would not be the laſt, but left *Collatina* the honour to bring up the rear. 'Tis true (anſwer'd that fair Virgin) I was the ſloweſt, but I aſſure you, the reaſon which you imagine, was not the cauſe of it, but rather for that I was not unwilling the generous Soldier who did us ſuch good ſervice, might be neer me when I enter'd into the water. I perceive (ſaid *Plotina*) neither the love of Honour nor the greatneſs of danger doe not deprive you of your judgment. I am leſs aſtoniſht at that (ſaid *Valeria*) then to ſee that nothing abates your joy. I aſſure you (anſwer'd *Plotina* agreeably) that the joy which appears this day in my words is an habitual joy, wherein my heart is not much concern'd. Whilſt theſe fair Virgins were diſcourſing thus together, *Domitia* told them ſeveral times, it would be beſt for them to betake themſelves to ſleep; but they had too great a deſire to know what the determination of the Senate would be. And indeed it was a matter extraordinary and important enough, to make them curious and ſolicitous about it.

When the Senate was aſſembled, *Publicola* faithfully reported the buſineſs as he underſtood it from *Clelia* and her Companions; he highly commended the courage of theſe generous Virgins, and eſpecially of *Clelia*, who attempted ſo daring an action. Then he added, that the people being much taken with extraordinary adventures, would declare themſelves for *Clelia*; and that as he paſs'd the ſtreets, he obſerv'd they approv'd what this generous Lady had done. After which, It belongs to us (ſaith he) to conſider what we have to do, both for the good of the Commonwealth, and for our own honour; for though I have a daughter amongſt thoſe who have certainly offended *Porſenna*, yet I am not backward to declare, that for preſerving the Publike-faith, it is requiſite to remand them to him again. Some Senators leſs generous then *Publicola*, who had daughters or Kinſwomen amongſt theſe Hoſtages, decry'd it as cruelty to ſend theſe Virgins again under the power of an inceaſed Prince, who was capable of putting his own Son to death. But *Publicola* anſwer'd, that events ought to be left to the will of the Gods, and that in all caſes our duty is to be perform'd. Which advice of *Publicola* prevailing, the Senate ordain'd that theſe twenty fair Virgins ſhould be ſent back to *Porſenna*, to whom the true caſe of their eſcape ſhould be manifeſted, thereby to oblige him to guard them more carefully: but it was however reſolv'd too, that a Statue on Horſeback ſhould be erected to *Clelia* in the high part of the Sacred ſtreet. Even *Clelius* himſelf, though much afflicted to ſee *Clelia* return to the Camp, was of opinion that ſhe ſhould be remitted thither. But as for *Horatius* and *Herminius*, they would not deliver their minds in this occaſion, being unable to determine to ſay any thing that might intrench upon their honour or their love.

When the Aſſembly was broke up, *Publicola* return'd to his own houſe, follow'd by *Horatius* and *Herminius*; as he was entring in, he ſaw *Amilcar* amongſt theſe fair *Romans*, who came from the Camp, and inform'd him that *Porſenna* being exaſperated

rated by *Tarquin*, *Tullia*, and *Sextus*, was in a high indignation at the action of *Clelia*; that the next day he would send Embassadors to redemand the Hostages, and that if they were refus'd to him, he had sworn to break the Peace and destroy *Rome*. *Amilcar* added, that *Porsenna* imagin'd *Clelia* did this action only out of fear lest she should be forc'd to tell what she knew concerning the pretended Crime of *Aronces*, and that all things therefore deserv'd to be carefully examin'd. He added too, that it was a very great unhappiness for *Aronces* that *Mutius* was absent. *Amilcar* spoke this to *Publicola* in the presence of these twenty fair Virgins who with much impatience expected that the first Consul should inform them of the deliberation of the Senate. But they were astonisht to hear two such different results; for *Publicola* first told them what honour the Senate had done to *Clelia*; and then (which increas'd their wonder) that it behov'd them to resolve to return to the Camp the next day. At the first News *Clelia* cast down her eyes out of modesty; but at the second, she blusht out of indignation; nevertheless, having consider'd the Publike-interest which caus'd the Senate to act so, she recollected her self, and beginning to speak, We must obey, my Companions (said she looking upon them) and if I find my self in danger of a new unhappiness, in stead of flight I will have recourse to death, and never ingage you to follow me. *Clelia* spoke this with so resolute and generous an aspect, that all who heard her, judg'd she deserv'd greater honour then the Senate had decreed to her. *Horatius*'s affection receiv'd new flames hereby; for if beauty produces love, 'tis only virtue which preserves and augments it long after its production. However, because *Clelia* was willing to avoid *Horatius*, and perceiv'd her Companions and her self needed rest, they retir'd into the several Apartments which were prepar'd for them; for being they were to depart early the next morning, to return to the Camp, they would not separate themselves: wherefore though the house *Publicola* now dwelt in, was not so stately as that which formerly he so generously destroy'd, nevertheless, these fair Virgins were well enough accommodated in it. But before they retir'd, *Clelia* inquir'd of *Amilcar* concerning *Aronces*, and understood by his answer that he had none but unwelcome News to tell her of him; so that she withdrew with *Valeria* in the greatest melancholy in the world. Come (said she to her) let us go prepare our selves to dye, and perhaps to see the unfortunate *Aronces* put to death. After which, she went into the Chamber which was provided for her, leaving *Amilcar* speaking to *Plotina* and *Cesonia*; but she went with so deep a sadness upon her countenance, that it excited grief in all that beheld it.

The End of the Second Book of the Fifth Part.

The

CLELIA:

The Fifth and laſt Part.

BOOK III.

LOvers ſcarce ever forbear to ſpeak of their paſſion to their Miſtreſſes when they find opportunity for it; wherefore *Clelia* was no ſooner retir'd, but *Amilcar* ſeeing himſelf alone with *Plotina* and *Ceſonia*, us'd ſuch diſcourſe to them as ſufficiently manifeſted the ſentiments of her heart. I know well (ſaid he to *Plotina*) I am requir'd by reaſon to leave you, but for my conſolation I will go paſſe the evening with *Ceſonia*, that I may ſpeak of you, and that with a perſon who loves you. For my part (ſaid ſhe to him) I am ſo weary by having watch'd ſo long and paſs'd over the *Tyber* without a Boat, that I dare not promiſe you the like; for how melancholy ſoever all my companions are, I believe they are ſo ſleepy, that ſhould I deſire to ſpeak of you, I ſhould find none to hear me. But diſpenſe with me at this time, even for thinking on you; for ſleep has the priviledge to make us forget every thing, without a crime. However (ſaid *Amilcar*) permit *Ceſonia* to tell me all which I deſire to know concerning you. I conſent to it (anſwer'd ſhe, as ſhe was going away) but take heed your curioſity give you not more trouble then pleaſure; and beſides it is not incident to perſons addicted to jollity to have great adventures; but all extraordinary events are reſerv'd for the melancholick. Aſſoon as *Plotina* had ſaid this, ſhe follow'd her companions, and *Amilcar* went with *Ceſonia*. When he came into the Chamber of this amiable Lady, he pray'd her ſhe would pleaſe to relate to him all ſhe knew of the adventures of *Plotina*'s life. As for her birth (ſaid he) I know it already; but that which I earneſtly deſire of you, is the Hiſtory of her heart; that is, in one word (added he) I would know by whom *Plotina* has been lov'd, and whether ſhe ever lov'd any perſon much. Being *Plotina* has permitted me to content your curioſity (anſwer'd *Ceſonia*) I will do it, and the rather becauſe I have no great number of events to relate to you, and I am well inform'd of all that has paſs'd in *Plotina*'s heart. And ſo *Ceſonia* giving order for none to diſturb her, began in theſe terms to ſpeak to *Amilcar*, who diſpos'd himſelf to hear with extraordinary attention.

The History of PLOTINA.

WHereas you know already how *Plotina* believ'd her self Neece of that wise Friend of *Clelius* (whose name is *Rutilius*) and accounted his Wife, *Erfilia*, her Aunt; I need only tell you that my Mother's house (for my Father was deceas'd) was next to that of *Rutilius*, and that there was a great friendship between *Erfilia* and she to whom I owe my life. I will not detain you with describing the manners, customs, or gallantry of *Ardea*, being I conceive you may easily judge there cannot but be very commendable people in the place where *Plotina* could become such as you see her. For it must be said to her glory, she owes none of her perfections to *Rome*. Besides, I remember *Plotina* related my adventures to you heretofore; and so I doubt not but she told you, our City was built by *Danae*, though some conceive it was a Son of *Ulysses* and *Circe* that founded it: but this last opinion has no other ground, but that as *Ulysses* was very eloquent, and *Circe* well skill'd in the knowledge of all the Virtues of Herbes, so they speak more politely at *Ardea* then in any other City, and better understand the good or bad qualities of all Plants. I know also she told you that since the shower of gold *Jupiter* made use of, such women as affect glory accept nothing from a gallant in which there is gold; and that for magnificence, elegancy of manners and gallantry, it exceeds all other places in *Italy*; and that Poetry and Peinture are more in request and famous there. This being suppos'd, I am to tell you, that *Plotina* has always been so amiable, that assoon as she was six years old, her wit was spoken of, with admiration. She us'd to speak a thousand surprising and ingenious things, and that with all the graces of childhood, and with so charming an air, that it was not possible to see her without loving her. Though I was two years elder, I could not live without seeing her; all her answers were pleasant, innocent and witty, every thing in them was natural, and she spoke nothing but of her self. She had a quick fancie and a sprightly wit, she danc'd gracefully, even before she learnt; and whatever she did, it was becoming and pleasing. As she was one day in a Temple, where the whole History of *Danae* is admirably represented, and beheld the golden shower falling into the Tower where *Danae* was inclos'd, she askt what the meaning of it was. *Herfilia* telling her that *Jupiter* being become amorous of *Danae* transform'd himself into that precious rain for her sake, that so he might get to see her; she said this invention did not please her. Because (added she) it would have been a better course, for *Jupiter* to have imploy'd his gold to corrupt those that guarded *Danae*; and then he might have appear'd with the more grace before his Mistress. Another time, observing one *Cupid* represented with a Torch in his hand, and another with a Bow, she was askt which of the two she lov'd best: at first she said, she lov'd neither one nor other, as all children use to do. But when she was press'd to tell which of them she thought to be the most dangerous, she answer'd immediately, I fear him that burns more then him that wounds; for I have heard a shot with an Arrow may be cur'd, but if my heart were reduc'd into ashes, I believe there would be no remedy for it. I could tell you a hundred more pleasant things of *Plotina*'s childhood if I would, but 'tis best not to insist upon them. Yet I cannot but tell you something of a conversation which we had together when she was about twelve or thirteen years of age, and how impatient she was to be no longer treated as a child by them which discours'd with her. For my part, my dear *Cesonia* (said she to me one day as we return'd from a great Feast) I am so weary of being a little Girle, that I wish I could have bought the two years, by which you exceed me, with the ten last of my life. I assure you (said I to her) I account your place better then mine; and in reference to years, 'tis better to be preceded then to precede others: for you will infallibly be fifteen years old if you live, and I am pass'd being thirteen any longer. For my part (answer'd she with a pretty discontent) I was a thousand times more happy when I was but six, for I did not care then in what manner I was treated. I play'd with a thousand little trifles, and provided I were not hungry, sleepy, chidden, or too much instructed to have a good carriage, I was the merriest person in the World. But now I am thirteen years of age, and to my unhappiness have my reason of seventeen years at least, I am displeas'd almost with every thing,

and

and *I* ſee ſcarce any people whom I do not hate. But wherefore do you hate them? (ſaid I to her) all the World commends you, careſſes you, and ſpeaks to you. 'Tis true (anſwer'd ſhe) but all the World commends, careſſes and ſpeaks to me as to a child. So that I had rather a thouſand times, be neither commended nor careſs'd, nor that any perſon would ſpeak to me. But, I beſeech you (ſaid I to her) what are really your diſcontents? In the firſt place (anſwer'd ſhe) all men I meet with are nothing but Fortune-tellers concerning me, foretelling the future, but ſpeaking not the leaſt word of the preſent. All the Girles which are but ſixteen years old, ſcarce take any notice of me at all. Aſſoon as I come into any place with *Herſilia*, they ſpeak of giving me ſome edibles to employ me with, and think I would be diſpleas'd if I did not eat; and as for men, they, as I told you, do nothing but make predictions of me; though theſe are the moſt civil, for the others, minding their affairs, look upon me as a little child, to whom they know not what to ſay. But who are theſe Fortune-tellers? (ſaid I to her, laughing, and pretending not to underſtand her.) All men which I know and which you know (anſwer'd ſhe:) yeſterday *Turnus*, only ſeeing me enter into your houſe, cry'd, Ha! ſhe will be a dangerous Laſſe one day. *Periander* the other day ſaid in my preſence, I would certainly be very handſome, when I became a little more fatter and taller. *Lycaſtes* added, I would ſhortly be of a handſome ſtature; *Martius*, that when I came to have my Neck longer, I would be much more charming; *Livius*, that aſſoon as I knew I was handſome, I would be infinitely more amiable; and my Mother alſo, ſpeaking of me to her particular Friends, ſays ſometimes, I ſhall one day be witty if I will: ſo that all my charms are in the future. But if theſe Prognoſtications (added ſhe) ſpeak true, and that I prove terrible, hereafter, unleſſe they be dead of age before, I will make them all dye of love, and ſo ill treat them, that I will be fully reveng'd on them for the little care they have at preſent to pleaſe me. If I be not deceiv'd (ſaid I to her) it will one day be in your power to revenge your ſelf. Well (anſwer'd ſhe haſtily) do not you make Predictions of me too as well as the reſt. Thereupon I laught heartily at the choler I had put *Plotina* into unawares; for indeed ſhe never lov'd that kind of commendation which regarded only the time to come. You may judge by what I tell you that *Plotina* had a forward wit, and was already very agreeable. But in a little time ſhe made it appear ſufficiently, and moſt of thoſe that had made ſuch advantageous predictions were in a condition to ſpeak to her only of the preſent time, and of the torments her beauty caus'd them to ſuffer.

This paſſage (ſaid *Amilcar* interrupting her) puts me into the greateſt fear in the world; for I am ready to dye out of conceit that you are going to tell me *Plotina* has been lov'd by many more deſerving perſons then my ſelf; and I am afraid too, you will inform me ſhe has lov'd ſome one of my Rivals more then ſhe loves me.

Do not fear ſo much as you pretend (anſwer'd *Ceſonia*) leſt I tell you *Plotina* has had more worthy Lovers then your ſelf; and for the reſt, you may judge what you ought to beleeve of it, when I come to the end of my relation. I ſhall therefore proceed to tell you (added ſhe) that the merit of *Plotina*, ſoon made a great report, and ſhe ſaw all thoſe makers of predictions ſpeak to her only of the time preſent. Yet it muſt be ſaid to the honour of *Plotina* that ſhe did not ſuffer her ſelf to be dazl'd with the applauſe of the World, but with very great modeſty receiv'd the firſt praiſes that were given her. And indeed ſhe was very debonair without folly, pleaſant without extravagance, young without imprudence, witty without pride, and handſome without affectation. Then it was that I began to converſe with her as with a true Friend; I firſt intruſted little trifling ſecrets to her, and perceiving ſhe us'd them diſcreetly, I imparted to her the greateſt ſecrets I had in my heart. Whereby our friendſhip became ſo great and intimate, that in ſpeaking of us people were many times pleas'd to mention us by the name of the two Friends. At that time there were very many worthy perſons at *Ardea*; for beſides *Turnus*, *Periander*, and divers others, there were three of undoubted merit. The firſt was nam'd *Martius*, the ſecond *Lycaſtes*, and the third *Clorantus*. This laſt has a noble, but very ſweet and civil aſpect, though ſometimes his air ſeem a little cold and careleſs. He has brown hair, a very handſome head, ſomewhat a long viſage, a pale complexion, black and ſmall eyes, but nevertheleſs his looks are very ingenious, and even his ſilence ſpeaks him ſuch; for in diſcourſe, he hears, like one who admirably well underſtands that which

is ſpoken to him, and who could ſpeak more then he does. All his deportments are ſuch as become a man of his quality, and his mind is perfectly fram'd for converſe with the world: he loves ingenious compoſures and their Authors; he has a melancholy aſpect, and nevertheleſs loves all pleaſures. His Soul is naturally paſſionate; and though the outſide of his perſon and his mind ſpeak him one of thoſe faithful Lovers which the world ſo rarely affords, yet he is always a ſerious wanton, or if you will, a tolerable inconſtant; for no doubt ſome are not ſuch. However he maintains confidently that he is faithful, becauſe he ſays he never deſerted any woman who gave him not cauſe of complaint. He is one of thoſe who account it no infidelity to make little affections occaſionally by the by, which ariſe in their heart during their greater paſſions. But this is conſtantly true, where he loves, he loves ardently, he minds nothing but his paſſion, he is very inclinable to jealouſie, he reſents the leaſt unpleaſing things with a ſtrange vehemence; and, in fine, is acquainted with the greateſt delights and the extremeſt rigours of Love. As for *Martius*, he was a man who lov'd very paſſionately, was incapable of relinquiſhing one Miſtreſs to love another, but whoſe affections could only abate by time. He was very handſome, infinitely ingenious, and indu'd with a pleaſing kind of wit. And then for *Lycaſtes*, he was a very agreeable perſon, but he was naturally ſo inconſtant, that it was reckon'd amongſt the wonders of Love, if any one could ingage him to love conſtantly once in his life. Being we were known to all the virtuoſo's of *Ardea*, and there were few in the City more conſider'd then *Plotina*, and I, we were preſent at all the Gallant Feaſts which were made. One was made at that time in honour of *Circe*, who is termed Goddeſs in *Homer*, in which were repreſented divers of thoſe prodigious transformations which are attributed to her, and in which *Plotina* appear'd ſo charming, that her beauty and debonarity made the diſcourſe of all perſons. That day ſhe made two remarkable conqueſts, which caus'd her to be call'd for ſome time after the new *Circe*. For ſhe who ſometimes wrought ſuch extraordinary changes by the virtue of ſimples whoſe proprieties ſhe ſo admirably underſtood, never did any more deſerving wonder. But to manifeſt this, you muſt know, that till that time *Lycaſtes* had made publike profeſſion of being inconſtant, and that *Martius* had formerly been very amorous of a very fair Lady by whom he was alſo lov'd; yet afterwards according to the general courſe of the world, it was beleev'd this paſſion was grown ſo temperate, that it could be call'd love no longer without doing him a favour. So that when ſhe was dead, he appear'd very much afflicted firſt, but ſuffer'd himſelf to be comforted by time and his Friends; and indeed it was thought he lamented her rather like a friend then a Lover. 'Tis true, after her death he had not appear'd amorous; yea, he ſeem'd very indifferent; but at length upon the day of this famous Feaſt of *Circe*, *Lycaſtes* and *Martius* ceas'd to be what they had been before; that is, the firſt learnt to love conſtantly, and the other ceas'd to be inſenſible, and began to love again. But ſuch beginnings of love being uſually not ſo diſcernible as to be known the firſt moment they attaque the heart, *Lycaſtes* and *Martius* did not beleeve they could be very amorous of *Plotina*, and their Friends perceiv'd it before themſelves. Now *Plotina* being of a free and merry humor, theſe two Lovers were ſufficiently at a loſs for an occaſion to give her ſeriouſly to underſtand they lov'd her, when they perceiv'd it: for ſhe ſo handſomely put off all that they ſaid to her, that it might ſeem their Love was nothing but a peece of Gallantry, in which their hearts were unconcern'd. But at length they found that they lov'd ardently. For their paſſion began to manifeſt it ſelf by jealouſie: they could no longer endure one another but with trouble, they minded nothing but *Plotina* and how to pleaſe her. They frequented none but her, abandon'd all their acquaintances, and in brief had nothing but their paſſions in their heads. On the other ſide, *Plotina* having always been averſe to Marriage, and now unwilling to commit a criminal Gallantry, did certainly all ſhe could to deprive theſe two Lovers utterly of hope: but this rigour augmented their love in ſtead of diminiſhing it. Wherefore *Plotina* being loath to trouble her ſelf longer to no purpoſe, left them to follow their own inclinations, without being kind or favorable, or conſidering one more then the other. Yet one day ſhe gave *Lycaſtes* a ſevere check in the preſence of *Martius*, *Perſander*, and *Lucia* (who is a very amiable Lady) for ſhe profeſs'd it abſolutely impoſſible for her to love a Lover that has been inconſtant. If any of thoſe rambling Lovers (anſwer'd *Lycaſtes*) ſhould become a faithful adorer

rer of you, wherefore would you not love him, provided he have otherwise deſert? Becauſe (reply'd ſhe haſtily) that which has hapned once may happen a hundred times, and nothing would be more inſupportable to me then to be abandon'd by a man to whom I had given permiſſion to love me. Therefore, not to venture that miſchief, 'tis beſt avoid giving it to any: for the world is ſo full of inconſtant Lovers who diſſemble fidelity, that it is eaſie to be miſtaken. *Plotina* ſpoke this with an air that intimated to *Lycaſtes*, it would be a hard matter for him to win her heart. Nevertheleſs, he found he had ſo well ſhaken off his old inconſtancie, and that he ſhould love *Plotina* faithfully, that he hop'd time would mollifie her. For my part, I confeſs my inclination then led me to favour *Lycaſtes*; and though *Martius* was a very worthy, handſome, and agreeable perſon, yet I was more concern'd for his Rival. But I perceiv'd one day *Plotina* was not of the ſame mind, but had a little more inclination for *Martius* then for *Lycaſtes*. However, ſhe carefully conceal'd it; but for all her care, not only I, but *Lucia*, *Lycaſtes*'s Kinſwoman and Friend perceiv'd it too. This perſon had formerly ſeem'd an intimate friend of *Martius*'s Miſtreſs, ſhe ſaw the beginning, progreſs, and end of this Love, in which ſhe had an intereſt, which I ſhall tell you preſently. As we were both one day with *Plotina*, we hapned unwittingly to ſpeak of the power of inclination. For my part (ſaid *Plotina*) I do not beleeve it ſo powerful as 'tis reported, at leaſt I am perſwaded I never yet lov'd any thing without reaſon. You beleeve this (anſwer'd *Lucia* ſmiling) and yet at the ſame time I am ſpeaking to you, your inclination prepoſſeſſes your reaſon, to the diſadvantage of one of my friends. Perhaps, 'tis yours (reply'd ſhe) which is prepoſſeſs'd. If you will let *Ceſonia* be judge (ſaid *Lucia*) I will explain my ſelf more clearly. I aſſure you (ſaid I to them both) I am very equitable. 'Tis a great vanity in you to beleeve your ſelf ſo (anſwer'd *Plotina*) for I know nothing more difficult then to pleaſe others and ones ſelf too, and 'tis obſervable that ſuch as ſpeak beſt of Juſtice are uſually moſt unjuſt. But I beſeech you, why do you accuſe me of ſuffering my ſelf to be prepoſſeſs'd by my inclination? Is it not true (ſaid *Lucia*) that I have heard you ſay a hundred times, you could never endure the affection of a man that has been inconſtant? I confeſs it (anſwer'd ſhe) and 'tis for that reaſon I am not mov'd with the merit of your Kinſman, and never ſhall be. But wherefore (ſaid *Lucia*) will you ſuffer *Martius* more favourably? I aſſure you (anſwer'd *Plotina*) I doe not treat *Martius* much better then *Lycaſtes*: but if I did, I could maintain it were out of reaſon and not through inclination; for *Martius* has never been inconſtant. *Martius* never inconſtant? (reply'd *Lucia* haſtily) Ha! *Plotina*, you are but badly skill'd in inconſtancie, if you beleeve as you ſay; for I maintain on the contrary, that that inconſtancie, which *Martius* may be reproacht with, is more criminal then that whereof *Lycaſtes* has been accus'd before he lov'd you. But I do not remember (ſaid I then to *Lucia*) I ever heard it ſaid that *Martius* lov'd any perſon but *Plotina*, ſince the death of *Lyſimira*, of whom he was ſo amorous, and who was indeed infinitely amiable. 'Tis true (anſwer'd *Lucia*) but after *Martius* had lov'd that amiable perſon five or ſix yeers, and receiv'd a thouſand teſtimonies of innocent affection from her, he came by degrees to have only ſo luke-warm an amity for her, that ſhe is dead with grief, although he was not perfidious to her, but preſerv'd his formalities to her. Perhaps (reply'd *Plotina*) that perſon, as lovely as ſhe was, had ſome bad humor, which caus'd the Love in *Martius*'s heart to be extinguiſh'd: but though it were not ſo, yet I ſhould not conclude that *Martius* ought to be call'd inconſtant; for 'tis ſo ordinary to ſee time abate Love, that I ſtill make a great difference between *Lycaſtes* and *Martius*. For my part (ſaid I) I confeſs I term all changing, inconſtancie; and 'tis a miſtake not to call any inconſtant but ſuch as love ſeveral perſons. For is not that luke-warmneſs which comes after an ardent love, a kind of inconſtancie? and is it not ſufficient to deſerve the name of inconſtant, if we ceaſe to love that which we once affected? I know not very well whether you have reaſon and *I* am miſtaken (anſwer'd *Plotina*) but I know well, *I* do not regard *Martius* and *Lycaſtes* alike. That's it (reply'd *Lucia*) you are unjuſt in. Should you ſay (added ſhe) *Martius* is more ingenious, deſerving, and agreeable, *I* ſhould be patient; but to treat *Lycaſtes* ill for inconſtancie, and to ſuffer *Martius*, who ceas'd to love one of the moſt charming perſons in the world, is a thing which *I* cannot approve. But *Lycaſtes* (ſaid *Plotina*) has forſaken a hundred. *I* grant it (anſwer'd

Lucia)

Lucia) but ſhould he have forſaken a thouſand, he would be leſs culpable then *Martius* who has deſerted but one. For *Lycaſtes* never did more then begin to love, till now; his heart no ſooner inclin'd on one ſide, but it was ſway'd to the other by ſome new inclination; wherefore having promis'd ſcarce any thing, nor lov'd long enough to cauſe himſelf to be lov'd, his inconſtancie ſeems to be free from a Crime, though it may be refer'd to levity. But as for *Martius*, he lov'd divers yeers together, he was lov'd again, and that ardently, and poſſeſs'd her heart whom he lov'd. A thouſand reſpects ought to have faſtned the tyes of his affection; and nevertheleſs, without cauſe, reaſon, or pretext, has paſſion his ceas'd to be paſſionate; that which formerly delighted him no longer affects him, his Miſtreſs is ſcarce his friend; and ſo changing his ſentiments without any extrinſecal cauſe, he becomes in my opinion, the moſt criminal of all inconſtants. But, perhaps you will except, that he was not lov'd correſpondently as he lov'd; to prove what the paſſion of that unfortunate Beauty was, read, I beſeech you, an Elegie, which that charming perſon made under feigned names, during a ſhort abſence of this *Martius* whom you would excuſe. And that you may judge her more paſſionate, know, that after *Martius* had given a thouſand teſtimonies of Love for ſeveral yeers, and receiv'd as many from that incomparable perſon, he came by degrees to have an unequal Love (if I may ſo ſpeak) that is, to do things ſometimes which denoted a violent paſſion, and ſometimes others which might make him ſuſpected of having almoſt an indifference in his ſentiments. Yet he lov'd her all this while, and ſometimes even unto fury; but after all, there were times in which his paſſion lay hid, and wherein he was willing to find occaſion to complain. During one of thoſe intervals of his Love and his abſence, the Elegie I am going to repeat to you was made.

ELEGIE.

HEnce, diſmal melancholy from my breaſt,
Which haſt too long my quiet diſpoſſeſt.
Thoſe pangs I feel, I can no longer bear:
My pleaſures paſt but cauſe my preſent fear.
And my afflicted Soul, ſince hope is gone,
Sees and preſages nought but griefs to come;
Griefs, which diſtracti me, and continue ſtill
To murder dayly what they cannot kill.
Love! cruel Love! the ſource of all my tears;
Unhappy they in whom thy power appears.
But happy he, in whoſe untroubled breaſt
No ſtorms of Love diſturb his Halcyon reſt;
Not bleſt with pleaſures, yet ſecure from woe,
And jealouſie and rage that with it goe.
We ſhould not then by dear experience ſee,
What fits of heat and cold in Love there be;
How neer the brink of death and dire deſpair,
Th'imagin'd ſweets of Love and pleaſure are:
Nor thoſe eternal torments ſhould we know,
Which who leaſt merits moſt ſhall undergoe.
'Tis true, a ſad and cold indifference
Makes us behold the World with negligence;
That without love there no deſires can be,
Without deſires too, no felicity.
That ev'n with fortune we are drunk; and cloyd
With plenty, which by ſurfeit is injoy'd.
But 'tis a poor and deſpicable grief,
So light, from tears it ſeeks for no relief.
Slight cares, which the wild notes of birds allay,
And purling ſtreams that o'er the pebbles play.

But yet that jewel liberty is kept,
And the lull'd Soul of too quick ſence hereſt.
The headlong paſſions hush'd in careleſs dreams,
Fall from the force of their too fierce extremes.
Then 'tis the pleaſure of the day's our own,
The glorious Sun, and all he ſhines upon.
But yet is this a life depriv'd of love;
And can the Soul a greater torment prove,
Then not to love, or not belov'd to be,
And all its paſſions circumſcrib'd to ſee
Within it ſelf? without the joy to know
The price of ſighs and tears that gently flow,
Of amorous regards and thouſand charms
That change to pleaſures, griefs moſt fierce alarms?
Ev'n ſorrows have their pleaſures, tears their time
Of joy: Vain Fools, that think ſweet love a crime.
A conſtant love will ſtill a virtue be.
Then let us Daphnis *ſtill affect, though he*
All cool and temperate, with equal fires,
Meets not my flames; my more refin'd deſires
Feed on thoſe pleaſures which my love inſpires.
Wretch that I am! but is it juſt my love
On ſwifter meaſure then his paſſion move?
Suffering ſuch ills his careleſs heart can ne'er
Reſent, that heart which ought thoſe ills to ſhare:
Whom duty binds for me alone to live,
And no juſt cauſe for my complaints to give.
He that a thouſand ſolemn Oaths hath ſwore,
He knew no bliſs, but only to adore;
That time and age ſhould find him ſtill the ſame,
His heart for ever burning in my flame;
Nor ſhould his paſſion ever know an end,
Or any elſe to love ſo well pretend:
Yet this Ingrate my abſence can ſupport,
Whilſt my weak ſpirit makes its laſt effort,
To bear his want; would he my ſorrows weigh,
Obdurate as he is, he could not ſtay.
But judging Elyſmena's *heart by his,*
He ne'er can underſtand her miſeries.
Inſenſible, he never feels my woe;
Though yet, methinks, he cannot chuſe but know
The griefs I bear; careleſs of my complaint,
Perhaps he makes a Court to ſome new Saint.
His abſence ſhews he muſt inconſtant be;
That day, kind powers, let me never ſee.
Obliging fate firſt end my dayes, before
I hear the perjur'd Daphnis *loves no more.*
Away fond jealouſie; he cannot prove
A faithleſs lover to a faithful love.
An amorous heart can ne'er forgoe its chains;
Since for his ſake I ſuffer amorous pains.
Daphnis, *my cauſleſs jealouſie forgive.*
Daphnis *for me, and I for him do live.*
Our faith ſhall late poſterity approve,
And ours ſhall be the meaſure of their love.
Yet (ſpight of hope) ſuſpition and deſpair,
By turns my hearts divided Empire ſhare.
But ſtill thoſe chagrins, doubts, deſpair, and fears,
Injurious words, hard thoughts, and ſighs and tears

Are

Are loves effects, and with one voice they cry,
Daphnis, *for thee*, Daphnis, *for thee I dye.*

Aſſoon as *Lucia* had done repeating theſe Verſes to *Plotina*, Ha ! *Lucia* (ſaid this amiable Virgin) if you think you have hurt *Martius* by repeating theſe Verſes to me, you are miſtaken ; for, I find them ſo dear and paſſionate, that I am perſwaded he that could inſpire a very excellent perſon with ſuch amorous ſentiments, muſt needs be ſuch himſelf, and one that knows how to love ; for ſuch Verſes as theſe would never have been made for an Indifferent. How ? *Plotina* (cry'd *Lucia*) can you reaſon in this manner ? and eſteem a man, who has been capable of changing his ſentiments, and having only a faint and languiſhing affection for a rare perſon whom he ardently lov'd, and by whom he was always dearly affected ? For a perſon, I ſay, who had abſolutely given him her heart, and who (as you may ſee by the Verſes I have recited to you) had the moſt tender ſentiments in the world for this inconſtant Lover ? Be it how it will (ſaid *Plotina*) I cannot place a Lover who ceaſes to have an ardent love, in the rank of inconſtants. If you account him not in that rank (anſwer'd *Lucia*) then you muſt reckon him amongſt the perfidious ; for as I conceive, 'tis perfidiouſneſs to ceaſe to love a perſon who always loves you with the ſame ardencie. For my part (ſaid I) I am perſwaded all change may be term'd inconſtancie ; and though a man become not ſervant to another Miſtreſs, yet if he ceaſe to love the firſt without cauſe, he is inconſtant. I know not very well (reply'd *Plotina*) whether according to exact reaſon, that which you ſay be inconſtancie ; but I know the cuſtome of the world calls ſuch a man as *Lycaſtes* unconſtant, who has lov'd ſeveral Miſtreſſes one after another, and ſometimes ſeveral together ; but ſuch a one as *Martius* is not ſo term'd, who has only diminiſh'd his diligences. But would you like well (ſaid *Lucia*) that *Martius* ſhould ceaſe to love, after you had married him ? I ſhould not (anſwer'd ſhe) but I conceive the Lovers who ceaſe to be ſuch after they have married their Miſtreſſes, are not always in fault ; for indeed moſt women, when they are marri'd, are negligent, refractory, and perverſe towards their husbands, & many times too guilty of levity & cauſleſs jealouſie. So that it is not to be wonder'd, if the husbands finding them ſo different from what they were before marriage, change their ſentiments towards them. Flatter your ſelf, *Plotina*, flatter your ſelf (ſaid *Lucia* with ſome earneſtneſs) 'tis the cuſtome of all fair and young perſons to beleeve their charms will have more power then thoſe of others ; but let me tell you once more, *Martius* is an inconſtant perſon, and more dangerous then *Lycaſtes*. In truth, *Lucia* (anſwer'd *Plotina*) I do not much fear either of them, for marriage is ſo much fear'd by me, that I hope that thought will help me to defend my heart againſt the merit of theſe two Rivals, and I dare ſay too, againſt any light inclination I have for *Martius*.

Thus you ſee what *Plotina*'s ſentiments were, and how ſhe defended *Martius* to the diſadvantage of *Lycaſtes*. In the mean time they both lov'd her extreme paſſionately ; nevertheleſs, they durſt not declare it openly to her : but without having ſuch deſign, they did this office one for another, although there was now as great a ſecret hatred between them as there had been formerly friendſhip. For it hapned one day that theſe two Lovers were in a garden amongſt many other perſons of Quality, and both of them by the inſtinct of their affections endeavor'd to approach to *Plotina* : but *Lucia* meeting them, fell into diſcourſe with *Martius*, that ſo ſhe might oblige *Lycaſtes* whoſe friend ſhe was. On the other ſide a Kinſwoman of *Martius* obſerving the cunning of *Lucia*, made as if ſhe had ſome important affair to ſpeak to *Lycaſtes* about ; ſo that theſe two Rivals were alike unhappy for more then an hour ; but at length *Martius* quitting himſelf ſomething rudely from the converſation of *Lucia*, came to find *Plotina* with whom I was walking and another of my Friends : but being the Walk we were in was very narrow, *Martius* ſoon became alone with his Miſtreſs ; for I ſtopt to entertain that friend I mention'd, though we ſtay'd ſtill in the ſame Walk. *Plotina* being of a very pleaſant humor, at firſt fell to tell *Martius* ſeveral divertiſing things ſhe had obſerv'd in the company. For my part (ſaid he malitiouſly to her) I have ſeen nothing more remarkable, then *Lycaſtes* ſo employ'd in ſpeaking to a friend of mine in a place where the amiable *Plotina* is preſent. But perhaps (anſwer'd ſhe ſmiling) *Lycaſtes* does not talk to your Friend, but your

Friend

Friend to *Lycaſtes*. Be it how it will (repli'd *Martius*) if he lov'd you as much as he would have you believe, he would be as incivil to the Lady who entertains him, as I was but now to *Lucia* who held me in diſcourſe. But to ſpeak truth (added he) profeſſed inconſtants, ſuch as *Lycaſtes*, have no violent affections. But who told you *Lycaſtes* is in love with me? (demanded *Plotina*) I have not perceiv'd it. Being I know no perſon whatſoever (anſwer'd *Martius*) who does not or has not lov'd you, I ſuppoſe a man who is accuſtom'd to love, out of inconſtancie only, cannot fail but love the moſt charming perſon in the World. And moreover, amiable *Plotina* (added he) the eyes of a Rival, and a conſtant Rival, diſcover things much better then thoſe of other people. I aſſure you (replied ſhe, making as if ſhe did not hear *Martius*) I have not perceiv'd that *Lycaſtes* loves me more then the other Ladies he converſes with. However (anſwer'd *Martius*) I know if he does love, he will not love you very long, for it is not poſſible for him to love the ſame perſon any conſiderable time: and I remember I have heard he once writ to a Lady in the Country to deſire a private conference with her; but when the anſwer arriv'd, and permiſſion to go ſee and ſpeak with her in private was granted him, he had no longer any thing to ſay to her, becauſe he had chang'd his ſentiments towards her. Ha! *Martius* (cri'd *Plotina*, bluſhing, as if ſhe had been angry it could be believ'd that any one could not love her long) that which you ſay can never come to paſſe.

I ne'er inſpire but an immortal love,
And ſuch, (if any) will Lycaſtes *prove.*

Then I am very miſerable, Madam (anſwer'd *Martius*) by being out of all hope ever to be cur'd of the ill which torments me. But where had you thoſe two Verſes which denounce to me not only that I ſhall love you as long as I live, but always have not one but a thouſand Rivals as dangerous as *Lycaſtes*? I aſſure you (repli'd ſhe) they came into my mind without thinking of them, and I ſpoke them unawares; for I would have you know (added ſhe, minding to turn the diſcourſe into raillery) I do not at all pretend to Poetry; but to ſpeak truth, I could not allow you to believe that I cannot keep a heart when I have conquer'd it. And beſides (continu'd ſhe ſmiling) I take ſo little care in conquering them, that I am ſomething jealous of my power. After this, ſhe ſtood ſtill and call'd me; ſo *Martius* could diſcourſe with her no longer, but was oblig'd to go and entertain himſelf with other Ladies. By this time *Lycaſtes*, having diſengag'd himſelf from her that talkt with him, came to us, and that ſo opportunely, that *Plotina* going to paſſe over a little Bridge which lay croſſe a Brook, gave him her hand, and ſo he continu'd leading her afterwards. Being a perſon infinitely ingenious, and ſubtle to prejudice a Rival, I know not (ſaid he to *Plotina* looking upon her) whether the converſation you have had with *Martius*, was very divertiſing, but he talkt with you in a place, where what paſſion ſoever he has for you, he ought rather to have ſigh'd out of grief then love; for I have been told, that the firſt time the fair and charming perſon whom he deſtroy'd declar'd ſhe was very willing he ſhould love her, it was in this very place, where perhaps he entertain'd you with the love he has for you. I know not whether *Martius* loves me or no (anſwer'd *Plotina*) but I know how to make my ſelf ſo much reſpected as that none dare ſpeak any thing to me but what I am willing to hear. What? Madam (cry'd he) can you eternally hinder ſuch as adore you from declaring it to you? No, no, (added he) if *Martius* has not yet told you he loves you, he ought to have done it. But I confeſſe to you, that to prove to you, that he knows how to love, it behov'd him to entertain you only with ſad diſcourſe in this place. I beſeech you (ſaid *Plotina*) tell me in what place of the World you have had opportunity to ſpeak of Love, and have not done it? you, I ſay, who are accus'd of having made a thouſand declarations of love! But, Madam (anſwer'd he) I have lov'd only women that did not love me; but as for *Martius*, he has been lov'd again, and lov'd conſtantly, and the abatement of his affection has caus'd the death of the perſon whom he lov'd ſo much. As for what you ſay (reply'd *Plotina*) that you have never been lov'd again, it is not much to be wonder'd at, for you do not give your Miſtreſſes leiſure to love you. Ha! As for you, amiable *Plotina* (cry'd he) I promiſe to give you all the leaſure you can deſire; for I perceive I ſhall love you as long as I live. If it be ſo (anſwer'd ſhe ſmiling) I ſhall not be much diſpleas'd, becauſe it

will give me occaſion to revenge all thoſe that you have deſerted, and to manifeſt that there may be eternal rigour as well as eternal love. *Plotina* ſpoke this with a certain deriding air, which ſenſibly afflicted *Lycaſtes*, ſo that he could ſpeak to her no more all the reſt of the day, becauſe ſhe joyn'd and continued with the reſt of the company. After that time *Martius* and *Lycaſtes* neglected nothing which they thought fit to do, to pleaſe *Plotina*; yet they continu'd a civil reſpect one towards another, becauſe they knew ſhe deſir'd it, and nevertheleſs us'd all artifices to their mutual diſadvantage. *Lycaſtes* knowing *Lucia* had ſeveral Letters of *Martius* to his firſt Miſtreſſe, and from her to him, importun'd her to ſhew them to *Plotina*, as ſhe had the Elegy before. And accordingly *Lucia* going to viſit her one afternoon, and finding her alone, acted ſo cunningly that ſhe made her curious to ſee the Letters ſhe pretended to have. I will ſhew you them (ſaid *Lucia* to *Plotina*) but if you profit no better by them then by the Elegie which you have ſeen already, no doubt I ſhall repent of it. For is there any thing more ignoble, then after the death of a perſon infinitely amiable, and infinitely virtuous, to ſee the moſt ſecret teſtimonies of her affection become publick through his negligence who receiv'd them? I confeſſe (ſaid *Plotina*) if people could always think of being liable to this danger, they would never write any thing but what might be ſeen by all the World; but the miſchief, at the time ſuch obliging Letters are pen'd, they have ſo good an opinion of them to whom they are written, that they fear not the falling out of ſuch a miſadventure. There are ſome women no doubt who write all that they think, through the reaſon you mention (anſwer'd *Lucia*) but there are others, who out of natural imprudence and the deſire to have flattering and courting Letters, write not to one alone but to many men, and ſpend one half of their lives in writing Love-letters, and the other in receiving thoſe of their gallants. There are ſome too that know how to diſguiſe their hands ſeveral ways, and others who never write in their own, that ſo they may deny all when they pleaſe. As for theſe women (ſaid *Plotina*) I allow that their Letters be ſhewn to all the World, for certainly they are not worthy to be diſcreetly dealt with-all. But as for a virtuous perſon, in whoſe heart is nothing but an innocent affection, 'tis inhumanity to publiſh ſuch things of theirs as may be ill interpreted. Yet this comes to paſſe ſo frequently, that I think to refrain from writing any thing too kind, 'tis beſt to forbear to love; for prudence is not much liſtened to by ſuch as love, and diſtruſt is ſo contrary to perfect love, that ſcarce any thing which is not criminal can be refus'd to a perſon that is lov'd. I believe alſo, that the more an affection is innocent, the more the Letters are obliging; for they that relye on their own innocence, write with more liberty: therefore to avoid being expos'd to ſuch a great unhappineſs, and to forbear writing, it is requiſite for me (as I ſaid before) to keep my ſelf from loving. But that I may be confirmed in this ſentiment (added ſhe) ſhew me in what manner *Martius* writ to *Lyſimira*, and how *Lyſimira* writ to *Martius*. I will, Madam (ſaid *Lucia*) and the better to manifeſt to you how deceitful or inconſtant men are, I will ſhew you Letters written at divers times, from *Martius* to *Lyſimira*. See here then a Letter which *Martius* writ to *Lyſimira* ſome time after ſhe had permitted him to love her, and he had requeſted ſome ſlight favour of her which ſhe refus'd him, at which he ſeem'd angry, and left her rudely. And ſo *Lucia* read to *Plotina* that which I am going to read to you, for I kept copies of all *Martius*'s Letters, becauſe they appear'd to me very amorous.

Martius to Lysimira.

I Do not defer, Madam, to acknowledge, repent of, and beſeech your pardon for my fault, till you reproach me for it. I have offended, I confeſs, I am culpable, I cannot plead any thing in excuſe of my capricio, but exceſs of love. For who am I, Madam, that I ſhould not be contented that the divine Lyſimira *knows I love her, though ſhe give me no teſtimony of an affection equal to my own? Have I deſerv'd the other kindneſſes you have had for me? would not a thouſand perſons of greater merit then I be ſatisfi'd with the condition you permit me to enjoy? Alas! I cannot deny it: But, I beſeech you Madam, be not offended with me, and*

add

add not more rigorous and cruel punishments to those I cause to my self. If ever person lov'd more tenderly, more respectfully and more ardently then I, I am willing that you refuse the pardon to me which I desire of you: but since that cannot be, grant it me, Madam, and believe I shall with eternal fidelity own the command you have lay'd upon me to be faithful. - Yet I cannot divine wherefore you recommended it more to me the other day then at any time before; but can you divine that I am more so this day, then ever I was in my life? when you tell me your secret, I will tell you mine. But, alas! when shall I have the joy to speak to you? I know I shall this day have the honour to see you, but in a place where I can do nothing less then entertain you with my love. Pity me therefore, Madam, pity me, and imagine how great a torment it would be to you, if you were obliged to hide the most violent and innocent passion in the World.

I confesse (said *Plotina*) *Martius*'s Letter is very amorous, and 'tis hard to conceive how a man that writ in this manner, could cease to love without cause. See this other Letter (answer'd *Lucia*) for 'tis something more passionate then the first: and accordingly *Plotina* read this following.

MARTIUS to LYSIMIRA.

How I love you, Madam! what an amiable person you are! and from how great pain has your Letter of this morning deliver'd me! what can I do to repay you as much joy as it has given me? Tell me, Madam; for if no more but dying for your service be requisite, I will not refuse it. Nothing can equal the delight of being lov'd by the most excellent person of the World; and being I love you as I do, I am sometimes extremely sorry, you cannot receive a pleasure equal to mine. But I beseech you, Madam, let this pleasure accompany me to the grave, let Fortune never ravish it from me, but make her learn there is a felicity greater then all she can give, over which she has no power. In acknowledgement of such a multiply'd goodness, Madam, there is nothing which I refuse, not even the constraining of the violent passion I have in my soul, though it be altogether innocent, if at least it be any thing displeasing to you. Let us not then afflict our selves before the time; Fortune, perhaps, will favour our love, and we shall not be so unhappy as you apprehend. And though we should, you know what I told you in the beginning of my passion; I am not now capable of denying, that it is the most predominant of all my faculties, and is to me instead both of soul and life; Only love Martius, *who will be eternally yours, in spite of all obstacles in the World; and let his great love Madam supply his want of merit: pardon him if he dares speak to you of the goodness of the divine* Lisimira, *he does not therefore esteem himself less unworthy of it; and this confidence diminishes nothing of his respect, though it infinitely augments his love.*

Ha! *Lucia* (cry'd *Plotina*) I will not have *Martius* write to me; for certainly he writes too passionately and too well for me; but I beseech you shew me one of *Lisimira*'s Letters. I am going to shew something more (said *Lucia*) for I will let you see the Verses she made during *Martius*'s absence, who a little while before he departed gave her a flourishing Myrtle set in one of those earthen Pots which are so admirably made at *Rome*. For using to entertain her melancholy neer that Myrtle, to which she addres'd thus.

Fair Myrtle, often water'd with my tears;
Fair Myrtle, witness of my griefs and fears;

Upon thy wounded Bark let Daphnis *see*
An Heart more wounded then thy Bark can be.
Tell him what fears my Love-ſick heart have rent,
What griefs I ſuffer'd ſince my Daphnis *went;*
Tell him I feel whatever torments Love,
And joyn'd with abſence, ſtrong deſires can move.
Then if thou canſt my amorous flames expreſs,
May happy Lovers characters ſtill bleſs
Thy ſacred Rinde; no tears be ever known
To water thee, but what Heaven ſheds alone.

Theſe Verſes are undoubtedly of a very paſſionate ſtrain (ſaid *Plotina*) but how came they to *Martius*'s hands? At the return of this Lover (anſwer'd *Plotina*) he found the excellent *Lyſimira* had ſo favourably ſpoken of him during his abſence, that all her other Lovers were jealous of him. So that the firſt time he viſited her, this amiable perſon was attaqued with raillery by ſome of the company in his preſence. Which at firſt ſhe put off very pleaſantly; but, truth being a thing of powerful operation, ſhe was at length conſtrain'd to pretend ſhe had forgot ſomething in her Cloſet, that ſo the diſturbance of her mind might not be obſerv'd in her countenance. On which occaſion *Martius* deſiring to ſpeak a few words to her, follow'd her and jeſting with her, as he was going, becauſe ſhe could not endure the raillery made to her. But as he follow'd her, he took up theſe Verſes which ſhe had let fall unwillingly; and ſo getting them without her knowledge, he folded them up, and did not read them till the evening. You may imagine what joy they gave him, and the next morning he writ *Lyſimira* the following Letter.

MARTIUS to LYSIMIRA.

THe jealouſie of many Friends and Rivals, has no other effect, Madam, but increaſes my love; and my joy is great beyond expreſſion, when I conſider I poſſeſs a heart, in which ſo many illuſtrious perſons eſteem me happy to have a place; a heart, the moſt generous and noble in the World. Ah! Madam, is not this too much for Martius? *Yet I ſwear to you he had rather dye then be contented with leſs, and ſhould infallibly dye, if any other could have as much honour as he. No, Madam, that unhappineſs ſhall never befal me, your admirable Verſes aſſure me of it, and I cannot forbear to give a thouſand kiſſes to thoſe favourable teſtimonies of the tenderneſs of your heart. Should I undertake to render you the moſt humble thanks I owe you, it would be impoſſible for me.* I *ſhall only tell you, or to ſpeak better, I ſhall ſwear to you, that* I *will eternally love the divine* Lyſimira, *but ſo as ſhe deſires and deſerves to be lov'd. Moreover, to return you two Verſes in ſtead of your own, which* I *account for a hundred thouſand, be pleas'd to know that whilſt my journy laſted,* I *ſaid a hundred and a hundred times,*

'Tis a weak love which abſence can deface;
Mine is immutable by time or place.

Ha! *Lucia* (cri'd *Plotina*) I can no longer believe *Martius* loves me, becauſe whatever you ſay, I cannot think he has ceas'd to love *Lyſimira*, as dead as ſhe is. Yet you ſee him very pleaſant in your preſence (anſwer'd *Lucia*) he but had been unfaithful only to the aſhes of *Lyſimira*, the practice of vulgar Lovers might be alledg'd to excuſe him. But, in fine, after a thouſand Letters more obliging then thoſe I have ſhew'd you, his love could inſenſibly abate, though he continu'd civil to her. But certainly by becoming happy he abſolutely ceas'd to be a Lover; and ſince the loſſe of *Lyſimira*, which notwithſtanding he ſenſibly regretted, then, you ſee your eyes have afforded him ſufficient conſolation. In good earneſt, *Lucia* (ſaid *Plotina*) you are a cruel

cruel person, and I will be reveng'd upon *Lycastes* for all the mischief which you do to *Martius*. You will be injust if you do so (answer'd *Lucia.*) Believe me (reply'd *Plotina* smiling) injustice is something agreeable in certain occasions. However, I declare to you (added she) I will see no more of those Letters, for they would force me either to love or hate *Martius*, and I am resolv'd to do neither. There is no great resemblance between those two passions (added *Lucia.*) I grant it (answer'd *Plotina*) but yet I feel my mind capable of both. That you may avoid both (repli'd *Lucia*, smiling) love the poor *Lycastes*, who adores you, and have only indifference for *Martius*, who has too much, merit to be hated; and too little constancy, to be lov'd. As for *Lycastes* (answer'd *Plotina*) I declare to you that I can neither love nor hate him; for he is too agreeable a person to cause hatred, and too inconstant to excite my love. If it be so (said *Lucia*) infallibly you will love *Martius*. I should be very sorry then (answer'd *Plotina*) for *I* desire to love nothing but honour, my friends, and my self. They that love themselves well (repli'd *Lucia*) sometimes love others too for their own sakes. I assure you (answer'd *Plotina*) I am perswaded that such as understand their own interests well, affect no person in the way of love; but as for friendship, our lives would be irksome without it. 'Tis so difficult to have Friends at your age (repli'd *Lucia*) that you are very prone to have disguis'd Lovers, and be of the humor of those women who are not offended but with apparences, and admit of love under the name of friendship. For my part (said *Plotina*) I am not oblig'd to examine the hearts of my Friends so narrowly, provided they tell me nothing that displeases me. But I am not gone so far yet (added she) and but hitherto I have had only acquaintances, and would not yet make choice of Friends. Nevertheless I perceive my heart inclin'd to have some; and if my reason did not oppose it, I should have one already. However (said *Lucia*) take heed of the disguised Lovers I speak of, for there is nothing more agreeable or more dangerous then a *Lover* that resembles a Friend. I shall endeavour to make use of your Counsels (answer'd *Plotina.*)

Thus you see, *Amilcar*, how the mind of this amiable Virgin stood affected towards her two Lovers. The next day after this conversation, *Martius* hapning to be at a Walking where *Plotina* was, and from which *Lycastes* was absent, found an opportunity to speak to her a little more openly of his love then he had done. At first *Plotina* rejected him with sufficient rigour; No, no, *Martius* (said she to him) do not conceive that your merit shall hinder me from forbidding you to speak to me of your pretended passion; for if you love me not, you do me an injury to tell me so; and if you do, I have such a respect for you, as not to cherish you in a fruitless hope. But, do you think, Madam (answer'd he) 'tis in your power to extinguish the passion you have excited in me, or so much as to hinder me from hoping? Love is far more capricious then you imagine (added he) it entertains hope against reason; and you attempt in vain to keep me from believing that one day you will love me, whether you will or no. Yes, Madam, the greatness of my passion, and my perseverance will infallibly mollifie your heart. There is much boldness in your words (reply'd *Plotina:*) I assure you, Madam (answer'd he) there is more love then boldness, since I trust only in the greatness of my passion. But, *Martius* (said *Plotina*) think you I can ever love a man that could cease to love a very amiable person, by whom he was ardently lov'd? Who told you, Madam (said he) I ever ceas'd to love the charming person whom I have lost? All the World (answer'd she) and besides, I gather it by my own observance; for if you had not ceas'd to love her, you would love nothing but your grief. Ha! Madam (cri'd *Martius* sighing) why will you force me to reveal a secret to you which I had resolv'd never to discover? I assure you (answer'd *Plotina*) I have no intention to force you to tell me any thing of private concernment. Yet you force me to it (repli'd *Martius*) by reproaching me that I have ceas'd to love the person whom I have lost, thereby to have a pretext to forbid me to love you. Nevertheless it is certain, if I had not lov'd her beyond the grave, perhaps I should not have been your Lover. But, Madam, believe me upon my word, without obliging me to give you a particular account of things. *Plotina* being then sufficiently curious to know what *Martius* meant, treated him so fiercely, that he became constrain'd to tell her more then he was otherwise willing to do. I beseech you charming *Plotina* (said he to her) hearken to an unhappy person who adores you. Yet I find much regret to relate what I am going to inform you of; for I must renew all my sorrows,

and

and cannot avoid bringing my self into danger of being ſuſpected of vanity and little diſcretion. Know then, that I was undoubtedly lov'd by *Lyſimira*, who was one of the moſt amiable perſons in the World; and I can ſwear to you, I have not ceas'd to love her a moment; 'tis true, after our affection was ratifi'd by a thouſand Oaths, I chang'd my deportment towards her, becauſe decency and her self requir'd it: but as for my heart, it continu'd immutable. Nevertheleſſe (ſuch was my unhappineſſe) *Lyſimira* believ'd *Lucia* had formerly not hated me, and did not hate me ſtill; ſo that by degrees ſhe came to be poſſeſs'd with a ſecret jealouſie which deſtroy'd her. How? (interrupted *Plotina*) has *Lucia*, whom I know, lov'd you, and does ſhe love you ſtill? At preſent (anſwer'd *Martius*) I believe *Lucia* hates me, but at that time *Lyſimira* believ'd ſhe did not, and fear'd I lov'd her, though 'tis moſt certain my affection to her was no more but a certain civility which a ſincere man may diſpenſe with where he thinks he is not hated. In the mean time *Lyſimira* being willing to diſſemble her diſcontent, and keep me from converſing with *Lucia* alone, chooſe rather to ſee her every day though ſhe hated her, then not to ſee her and be in fear leſt I viſited her in private; ſo that ſhe became inſeparable from *Lucia*. I will not ſtay to tell you, Madam, how great diſcontents the poor *Lyſimira* endur'd, without communicating any thing to me (for ſhe had a great mind, and car'd not to complain) and how great diſquiets I caus'd her innocently by the civility I ſhew'd to *Lucia*, who as you know, has a very commendable Wit. 'Tis ſufficient to ſignifie to you, that *Lyſimira* by little and little became very languiſhing and melancholy. At which I was much afflicted, and inquiring the cauſe of her, I underſtood her mind was as ſick as her body. I entreated her, I begg'd her to let me know the cauſe of her diſcontent; but ſhe would never tell it me. The Gods are witneſſes, I omitted nothing I believ'd might pleaſe, cure or comfort her. I did one thing too of no ſmall difficulty; for having at length underſtood by an intimate friend of *Lyſimira* the true cauſe of her ſadneſſe, I never ſaw *Lucia* but when could not avoid it, and I gave her all the aſſurances of my affection I could expreſſe. But (to her own unhappineſſe) ſhe doubted the ſincerity of my Oaths, and fell into a ſickneſſe which ſhortly after ended her days; at her death ſhe perſiſted in her jealouſie to her laſt breath, and left me written with her own hand in the Tablets which her Friend gave me after her deceaſe, the ſad words which I am going to recite to you.

'I have liv'd enough *Martius*; ſince I have teſtifi'd to you that I lov'd you more 'then my life; But if I have had any power over you, uſe your utmoſt endeavours to 'marry *Plotina* when time ſhall have dry'd up your tears. She is the only perſon whom 'I can ſuffer to ſucceed me in your heart. Do not refuſe me this laſt favour which I 'deſire of you. And it you cannot win her affection whom I have nam'd to you, love 'nothing but my memory, I conjure you.

But, *Martius* (ſaid *Plotina*) can this which you ſpeak be true? I will let you ſee it, Madam, when you pleaſe (anſwer'd *Martius* ſighing) I aſſure my ſelf (added he) you conceive well the unfortunate *Lyſimira* deſign'd principally to hinder me from loving *Lucia*, by commanding me to uſe my utmoſt endeavours to marry you; for ſhe did not know you intimately. But ſhe needed not to fear it; for conſidering *Lucia* as the cauſe (though innocent) of *Lyſimira*'s death, I went no more to viſit her after I had loſt that amiable perſon, whom I regretted with a ſenſibility of heart which I am not able to expreſſe. Indeed I reſolv'd never to love any perſon more; & though ſhe had commanded me to do what I could to marry you, yet I made a determination to be faithful to her aſhes, ſpend the reſt of my days with very great indifference. But (as deſtiny is inevitable) after time had diminiſh'd my grief, your beauty, the charms of your mind, and a thouſand agreeable qualities which all the World admires in you, diſpos'd my heart to obey *Lyſimira*; ſo that finding my duty conjoyn'd with my inclination, *I* have lov'd you, and *I* love you both for the ſake of *Lyſimira* and your own. And judge now, charming *Plotina*, whether *I* am an unfaithful Lover; for *I* ſwear to you with all the ſincerity of a man of honour, that beſides your ſelf *I* ſhould never have lov'd any thing but the aſhes of *Lyſimira*; and unleſſe *Lyſimira* had permitted me to love you, *I* ſhould have ſo timely oppos'd the paſſion *I* have for you, that perhaps it would not have over-power'd my reaſon. Moreover, one unhappineſſe there befel me which afflicted me ſenſibly; for amidſt the diſorder whereinto *Lyſimira*'s death had brought my reaſon, *I* was rob'd of a Casket, in which

Lyſimira

Lysimira and I had put all that we had written to one another, because she durst not keep my Letters: and for my part, I have ever believ'd *Lucia* caus'd it to be stoln from me, that so I might be depriv'd of every thing which should put me in remembrance of *Lysimira*. I expres'd so great sorrow for this losse, that my intimate Friends know well that I am not an unfaithful person. *Martius* related this with so passionate an air; and so like a man that spoke truth, that the novelty of this adventure made a sufficient impression upon *Plotina*'s mind. She call'd to mind then all that *Lucia* had said to her against *Martius*, and in favour of *Lycastes*; so that not doubting but that it proceeded from the secret inclination she always had for *Martius*, *Plotina* became a little lesse severe to this Lover. Nevertheless she did not permit him to love her, but yet did not so absolutely forbid him as to make him despair of obtaining her permission one day. And accordingly he us'd so much care to please *Plotina*, that she suffer'd him sometimes to tell her something of the sentiments he had for her, which yet was always in such a manner as engag'd her to nothing; for being of a merry humor, she easily evades all difficulties. Now after her conversation with *Martius*, *Lucia* became wholly out of her favour; and whereas she conceal'd nothing from me which befel him, she told me all she had learnt from *Martius*, and I perceiv'd by the air with which she spoke, that this Lover was happier then he thought. Not that *Plotina* had a great passion in her heart, but he had always the advantage to be better thought of then any of his Rivals: and therefore she told me he was her first Friend. In the mean time *Lycastes* was very unhappy, and if *Lucia* had not comforted him, and continually encourag'd him with hope, I believe he would have cur'd himself. But this person designing to serve *Lycastes*, chiefly that she might prejudice *Martius*, omitted nothing to bring her purpose to passe; for though *Plotina* lov'd her no longer, yet out of prudence she continu'd to visit her. *Martius* became more cheerful as he became more happy; so that he took care every day only to give *Plotina* new divertisements. Nevertheless, he was sometimes discontented to see he made no more progresse in the heart of this fair person: but the unhappinesse of *Lycastes* was a very efficacious consolation to him. About this time divers pleasant things fell out; but because I do not love long narrations, I will shorten this as much as I can. Yet I must not omit to tell you, that *Plotina* and *Martius* having laid a Wager, my Friend lost, and gave *Martius* a very prety Seal, which he receiv'd with joy; but how careful soever he was to keep it, he dropt it once as he was walking in a Meadow with some Ladies; but it was his happinesse that I found it again and restor'd it to him. Some days after he lost the Writing-Tablets which I gave him, and which had been *Plotina*'s; but he was so happy as that *Plotina* found them and return'd them to him; but she sent him these Verses with them which had reference to a conversation they had together the day before, in which *Plotina* maintain'd that a lost friendship might be reviv'd, but never a lost Love for the same person. The Verses were these,

'Tis true, good fortune is your constant friend,
And what you loose, still back again doth send.
However 'tis fit henceforth more care you shew;
Remember that Plotina *told you so.*
For if an Heart in Love's *Realm goes astray,*
Poor Heart, 'tis lost for ever and a day.

Martius answer'd to this gallantly, with very much wit; but because I do not well remember either his Verses or his Letter, I will not attempt to repeat them to you. Shortly after, being these Verses were not made any secret, they made *Lycastes* so jealous, that he quarrell'd with *Martius*; and that in so high a degree, that it came to a Duel. So they fought, and were both wounded; *Martius*, but slightly; but *Lycastes* so dangerously, that it was presently judg'd he would die. Whereupon, though he had been the Challenger, *Martius* was forc'd to flee from *Ardea*, and that without bidding adieu to *Plotina*, who would not grant him a private conference. So that he was fain to be contented with writing to her, and receiving onely an Answer of some Lines. Some days after his departure, *Lycastes* di'd without being lamented by any of his Mistresses excepting *Plotina*, who piti'd him, and was very sorry he di'd, chiefly be-

becauſe his death baniſht *Martius*. During his abſence, he writ very diligently to *Plotina*: but being *Lucia* knew that in love, abſence is the fitteſt time to prejudice a Lover, eſpecially when it is long, and the Miſtriſs is very young, and loves mirth and pleaſures, ſhe did not deſpair of being able at length to ruine *Martius* in the heart of *Plotina*. Now it hapned that a Brother of hers returning from a long Voyage, and having ſeen *Martius* for ſome time in the place which he choſe for his retreat, ſhe oblig'd him to gratifie her by committing a wickedneſs. He was young, and of no very good nature; he did not love *Martius* neither, he delighted to cauſe diſturbances, he did not hate lying, and had lov'd *Plotina* a little from his Childhood: wherefore *Lucia* having plotted with him what he ſhould ſay concerning *Martius*, he came to make me his firſt viſit; and being told I ſate for my picture that day to give it to *Plotina*, he came to the place where I was; but becauſe it was at the houſe of no ordinary Painter, and the Converſation which was made there chang'd *Plotina*'s minde toward *Martius*, I muſt tell you ſomething concerning that excellent man.

His reputation (ſaid *Amilcar*) has no doubt arriv'd at me; for if I am not deceiv'd, he is a man that makes pictures in black and white Crayon, and in little, and his name is *Nelanthus*. 'Tis the very ſame (anſwer'd *Ceſonia*.) But is it poſſible for ſuch pictures (ſaid *Amilcar*) to be as like and as lively as thoſe that are drawn in colours? I aſſure you (anſwer'd *Ceſonia*) a Looking-Glaſs does not more exactly repreſent thoſe it reflects, then the Crayons of this excellent man; for he dives into the very hearts of people, to animate their pictures. He makes their minds & humors viſible, he expreſſes even the leaſt motions of their ſouls in their eyes, the ſmalleſt obſervable Action does not eſcape him; he preſerves too the perfect reſemblance of the cloathing, with his black and white he makes brown hair diſtinguiſhable from fair, lively colors from pale complexions; and, in fine, all his portraits are inimitable: he knows ſo well how to diſpoſe light and ſhadows, and ſo perfectly repreſents the air and life with his Pencils, that all the skilful in Peinture are amaz'd at his work. The heads he makes are ſo round (or riſing) that the eyes are miſtaken in them, and they are drawn with a certain ſoftneſs which ſo admirably imitates Nature, that he cannot be ſufficiently commended. As for his perſon, *Nelanthus* is tall, well proportioned, and of a good preſence; he ſpeaks well of every thing, he delights thoſe he draws with the variety of his diſcourſe; he loves ingenuity extreamly, and has written the precepts of his Art very commendably. Moreover, he makes very agreeable and exquiſite Verſes, when he draws a perſon that pleaſes him, and whom he would commend; but which is ſtrange, at the ſame time he makes his admirable Crayons, which deſerve to be admir'd by all the world, he talks with the ſame jollity and freedom of mind, as if he had nothing to do but to divert the company; and nevertheleſs there is nothing more handſom and exact then that which he is doing. And therefore he has drawn all the perſons of high quality, illuſtrious and learned in *Italy*. And this is the man at whoſe houſe I was one day with *Plotina* to ſit for my picture, when *Lucia*'s Brother I told you of came to find me. Being it is an uſual cuſtom to make queſtions to a man who comes from a long Voyage, I ſet my ſelf to enquire divers things of *Celius* (for ſo is *Lucia*'s Brother call'd) but *Plotina* having a ſecret deſigne, made mockery of my demands, and counſell'd *Celius* not to anſwer me at all; or if he did, not to tell me the truth. For indeed (ſaid ſhe to him) me thinks there is nothing more troubleſome then to be oblig'd to give an account of your Travels, to every one that you meet. For is there any thing more tedious then to meet ſuch people as deſire to know even the leaſt Circumſtances of the Country which you have ſeen, who expect you ſhould know the difference between the Piſmires of *Egypt* (ſo fam'd for bigneſs) and the Piſmires of *Italy*, and who raiſing queſtions upon queſtions know not wherefore they would know that which they enquire of. But for my part, who care neither for the Elephants of *Aſia*, the Piſmires of *Egypt*, nor the Crocodies of *Nilus*, I will onely ask *Celius* whether the women of *Italy* are as lovely as thoſe he has ſeen elſewhere; and whether the honeſt men of this Country do not equal thoſe of other. Being to ſpeak to the two moſt charming perſons in the world (anſwer'd *Celius*) I have not liberty to ſay there are any elſewhere that equal them; but if I were to ſpeak in another place, having firſt excepted you, I would freely acknowledge that the *Greek* Ladies have ſomething very attractive, and that their glances are ſo amiable, that his heart cannot ſee them much without loving them, unleſs the heart be otherwiſe pre-engag'd. Then you have lov'd ſome *Greek* Beauty? (reply'd

I.)

I.) Having been ſo long abſent (anſwer'd he) 'tis eaſie to imagine that I cannot but have lov'd in ſome place of the world; for certainly people become amorous more eaſily in other Countries then in their own; for ſuch as are abſent, are always free from buſineſs; and idleneſs is a great preparative to love. Yet I know ſome Abſents (reply'd I looking upon *Plotina*) who I dare ſwear are not amorous in the place of their baniſhment. In truth (ſaid ſhe, bluſhing) that is not to be ſpoken ſo affirmatively; for few know how to deport themſelves in abſence as they ought. And yet I know nothing more obliging then to do as I mean. But to ſpeak truth, I do not find many perſons but who accuſtome themſelves to diſpenſe with ſeeing ſuch as they love beſt. Which nevertheleſs is that which would diſpleaſe me moſt of any thing in the world (added ſhe) for as many as I eſteem, I am confident time could not accuſtome me to want patiently the ſight of a perſon whom I lov'd much, but I ſhould be always more ſad and careleſly dreſs'd, deſire his preſence every moment, have no delight in thoſe very places where others find moſt, and every day would encreaſe my melancholy. For all this, we uſually ſee, two days after a Lover is out of his Miſtriſs's ſight, he is comforted, he decks himſelf as formerly, he walks, converſes, diverts himſelf, every day leſs remembers the perſon he loves, and is no longer afflicted then while he is writing to her. I confeſs (anſwer'd *Celius*) moſt men do thus; but you muſt confeſs too that moſt women comfort themſelves as ſpeedily as men. I confeſs it ſincerely (ſaid *Plotina*) but according to the humour I am of, if I were ſo unhappy as to love one of thoſe contented or comforted Abſents (if I may ſo ſpeak) and knew it, I ſhould ſo well comfort my ſelf with his loſs, that perhaps I ſhould in time render him incapable of Conſolation; for moſt of ſuch abſent perſons ſpeak at their return, as if they had been all the while the moſt miſerable men in the world. 'Tis true (ſaid *Nelanthus* then continuing his work too) moſt part of Travellers are great Lyars; for one day I ſaw an abſent Lover who oblig'd me to copy in little, a great picture of his Miſtreſs whom he left at *Volaterra*, whence he was. And being he took ſome pleaſure in ſeeing me work, he came very frequently to viſit me; and I remember one day among the reſt, I beheld him very merry. He related ſundry divertiſements to me, at which he had been preſent in the preceding days; he ſung, he made pleaſant Verſes upon a picture which I had drawn, as I did alſo in my turn, and feign'd my ſelf an *African* to divert him and my ſelf: after which, he remembring it was the day on which to write to *Volaterra*, he ask'd me what he ſhould write about. When he had half done his Letter, one came to ſeek him to go to a walking-appointment; whereupon he left his Letter half finiſht, and went to walk with certain Ladies, without minding the finiſhing of his Letter, though he could not have the like opportunity till four days after. When he was gone, I took the Letter which he had begun, and withal, I confeſs I read it. But I was ſurpriz'd to find that he was writing to his Miſtreſs, as the moſt ſad, melancholy and afflicted man in the world by reaſon of his abſence. For he told her, he avoided the world, took pleaſure in nothing, and led the moſt irkſome life that ever was. And which was rare, at his return from the walk he came to my houſe again, and without thinking of his Letter, deſir'd me to lay aſide the picture I had begun, and the next morning to begin that of one of the Ladies he had been walking with that afternoon. And therefore ever ſince, I have not given much credit to the Letters of abſent perſons. For my part (ſaid *Celius*) I never yet ſaw an abſent perſon long melancholy. Yet I know one (anſwer'd I) whom you cannot have ſeen very chearful; for being he is baniſht about an unhappy affair, I imagine you muſt have found him ſad. I perceive (reply'd *Celius*) you mean *Martius*; but ſince they report (added he maliciouſly) his heart is a Conqueſt which the amiable *Plotina* has rejected, I ſhall not fear to ſay that I have ſeen a fair perſon in the place where he is who boaſts of being greatly lov'd by him. I ſay, who boaſts, becauſe ſhe is a woman, that eaſily enough publiſhes the Conqueſts which ſhe makes. They who boaſt ſo eaſily of taking hearts (ſaid *Plotina* bluſhing) ſeem not to underſtand the art of conquering them. Be it how it will (anſwer'd he) ſhe ſhow'd ſome very pleaſant Letters, and I ſtole one from her without her perceiving it. *Martius* writes ſo well (reply'd *Plotina*) that I have a great curioſity to ſee ſome of his Letters, eſpecially concerning love, for I have not ſeen any. *Celius* ſeeing *Plotina*'s mind ſo diſpos'd as he deſir'd, ſhew'd her accordingly a Love-Letter of *Martius* which *Lucia* had given him, for ſhe had a hundred in her keeping which had no names to them. So that *Plotina* knowing *Martius*'s hand and ſtile,

believ'd he was inconſtant, and did not ſuſpect *Lucia* of this guile of *Clelius*. Wherefore being of quick reſentment, and high-minded, ſhe regretted this adventure more then you can imagine. But ſhe reſented it with indignation; and in ſtead of complaining to *Martius* of his inconſtancy, ſhe took a reſolution to do all ſhe could to drive him out of her heart. And the next day ſhe anſwer'd onely in theſe few words to a very obliging Letter he had writ to her.

PLOTINA to MARTIUS.

THey who divert themſelves very well in the places wherein they reſide, need not ſeek pleaſures elſewhere. Therefore for your own conveniency and mine, forbear to give your ſelf the trouble of writing to me any more; but forget not, I conjure you, that I told you heretofore,

That when an heart in love's Realm goes aſtray,
That heart is loſt for ever and a day.

You may judge how extreamly this Letter ſurpriz'd *Martius*, who was really very faithful. Not but that there was a fair perſon in the place where he reſided, who gave pretext to the life of *Celius*; for ſhe was one of thoſe goſſipping women who have a thouſand little inventions to force virtuous men to ſay more to them then they would, and then they think. *Martius* nevertheleſs writ ſeveral times again to *Plotina*, but ſhe anſwer'd him no more. And therefore I often told her ſhe was unjuſt to condemn *Martius* upon the bare report of a man who was a kind of Lover, and who beſides was Brother to *Lucia*, who ſought onely to prejudice *Martius*. I believe perhaps more then you (anſwer'd *Plotina*) *Martius* is not ſo culpable, as *I* make ſemblance to believe: but to ſpeak truth, being *I* ſhould be loath to have a great paſſion in my ſoul, now my reaſon is a little ſtronger then it was, I ſeek my ſelf to accuſe *Martius*, and to improve my anger. *I* thought heretofore (continued ſhe bluſhing) it was poſſible to be lov'd by a virtuous man without loving him more then was convenient; but *I* have now undeceiv'd my ſelf, and *I* finde that unleſs *I* take care, *I* ſhould come perhaps to love *Martius* more then he lov'd me. Therefore to avoid ſo great an unhappineſs, *I* conjure you never to tell me any thing that may ſerve to juſtifie *Martius*. He is abſent, *I* may ſuſpect him of inconſtancy, *I* am ſenſible of my honour, *I* love liberty and joy; ſo that there needs not much more to cure me. *Plotina* ſpoke this with a certain fierce and angry air, which made me believe ſhe would have more difficulty to drive *Martius* out of heart then ſhe thought. However, *I* did as ſhe deſir'd, and ſpoke no more to her concerning *Martius*.

After this, many alterations hapned in *Plotina*'s fortune (which *I* will not detain you with relating) both by reaſon of his abſence whoſe Daughter ſhe believ'd her ſelf, and by the death of her whom ſhe took to be her Mother. But at length, when *I* chang'd my condition, *Plotina* came to live with me, a little before *Tarquin* came to beſiege *Ardea*. This adventure ſo amaz'd our City, that *I* cannot repreſent to you how great a terrour there was at firſt amongſt the people. But for that the inhabitants of *Ardea* are very courageous, they ſoon took heart again, and reſolv'd to make a ſtout defence. As things were in this poſture, *Martius* making uſe of this occaſion, and knowing an attempt was to be made to bring a ſupply into the City, he put himſelf in the head of thoſe that guarded it, and did ſuch brave exploits, that it may be ſaid 'twas he alone that procur'd the entrance of the Convoy into *Ardea*. Aſſoon as he came thither, he went to the Governours of the City, and with much eloquence and boldneſs told them he was come to deſire to die for his Country. This Action ſeem'd ſo noble, that in ſpight of *Lycaſtes* Relations, *Martius* had liberty to ſtay in *Ardea*, where there was great need of ſuch perſons as he. Whereupon he addreſſed again to *Plotina*, but found not ſuch reception as formerly. At that time *Horatius* had brought *Clelia* to *Ardea*, and all the world was ſo charm'd with her beauty and vertue, that though ſhe was very melancholy, ſhe caus'd her ſelf to be ador'd. *Plotina* and I were the two perſons to whom

whom she testifi'd most goodness, she made us privy to all her unhappiness, and we promis'd to serve her in every thing he could, though *Horatius* guarded her very carefully. *Martius* in the mean time was in despair, because he could not regain *Plotina*'s heart, though he sufficiently manifested his innocency. For *Celius* himself, who was not over-valiant, fearing to be treated like *Lycaster*, and being at feud with his Sister, justifi'd him whom he had accus'd; for his love for *Plotina* was one of those young peoples affections who believe their honour lost unless they counterfeit themselves Lovers. Nevertheless, though *Plotina* perceiv'd well enough that *Martius* was innocent, her heart was not affected towards him as it had been. But wherefore, Madam, (said he to her one day) do you not restore me that beginning of affection you had for me before? Because I will not, and cannot (answer'd she.) As for my esteem, I give it you entire again; but that kind of affection full of I know not what disquieting tenderness, I cannot recal into my heart if I would. Anger expell'd it thence, and my reason being become more strong, will hinder it from returning. Ah! unjust person that you are! (cry'd *Martius*) you cause me to undergo the most cruel adventure that ever was, and *Lysimira*'s death was not more grievous to me. She di'd loving me, she commanded me to love you, she took nothing from me; I cannot but commend her constancy, her memory is still dear to me: but as for you, I loose you without any fault of mine. I see you more amiable then ever, but I see you without hope of being lov'd. Yet if I had never had hope, I should be patient; but you have confess'd your self, you have had some kindness for me. I confess it again (answer'd *Plotina*) and if I had less, perhaps *I* should have had it still; but to speak truth, after I found my heart so near engag'd that I should have been no longer Mistress of it, if I had continued but a little longer to love you, I am beholding to my anger which has cur'd me. But, Madam, that anger was ill grounded (reply'd he.) But, *Martius*, (excepted she) we are not bound to love all those that have not betray'd us. 'Tis true (answer'd he) but I conceive they that have begun to love any person, ought always to love him. If *I* had promis'd you so (reply'd *Plotina*) *I* would have kept my word; but *I* never acknowledg'd to you that I lov'd you till now *I* lov'd you no longer, and resolve not to do so. Ha! Madam (cry'd he) you carry your cruelty too far, and I believe never any adventure was like mine. In good earnest (said *Plotina*) nothing prejudices you in my heart but your merit, and the tenderness which *I* have had for you; and *I* confess to you ingenuously, you are the onely man *I* have seen whom *I* have judg'd worthy of my affection. But *I* assure you at the same time, *I* was so much asham'd to understand my own weakness, when *I* believed you lov'd another, that *I* am not resolv'd to return ever into the like condition. But in acknowledgement of the affection you have had for me as far as *I* can, *I* assure you also that *I* am resolv'd to defend my heart as long as *I* live, and therefore never to marry; for to marry and not love those we marry, is in my judgement the most foolish and mischievous thing in the world; and to assure ones self of the affection of any one, is the greatest rashness possible. Therefore Liberty is the safest course; and if you believe me, my example will be of use to you. Besides, 'tis very just that you be faithful to the Ashes of *Lysimira*. Alas! (answer'd *Martius*) 'tis easie for an indifferent person to advise indifference. But how comes it that having not hated me before, you hate me now? If *I* hated you (reply'd she) *I* could love you again; but, *Martius*, *I* esteem you, and *I* can have a certain solid friendship for you, which may engage my mind, but not much more my heart. Ah! Madam, *I* desire not that friendship (answer'd *Martius*) and *I* like hatred a thousand times better. 'Tis in vain that you would be hated (reply'd *Plotina*) for *I* esteem you too much. How? Madam, (said he hastily) is it an equal impossibility for me to obtain your hatred and your love? Yes, (answer'd *Plotina*) and as *I* love my self too much to love you, *I* esteem you to much too hate you. But to discover the bottom of my heart to you, know, *I* have the greatest Obligation to you in the world, for that you will be the cause that *I* shall without difficulty resist the affection of all those who perhaps may hereafter have a designe to please me; for after the danger whereto you have expos'd my Liberty, *I* shall provide so timely for it, that it will be no more in hazard. What? Madam, (cry'd the afflicted *Martius*) will you deprive me of hope for ever? Ah! Madam, (added he) you do not know your self well, and perhaps your heart will do me justice even against your will. No, no, *Martius*, (answer'd she with a very serious air) you will never see me engag'd in an affection of that nature; *I*

love joy, quiet and glory, and I will preſerve them as long as I live. After this, ſay no more to me, for I ſhall not anſwer you. *Martius* would have diſobey'd her, but ſhe hindred him from ſpeaking; and from thenceforward ſo carefully avoided to give him occaſion to entertain her apart, that he could not finde any. He knew well ſhe ſpoke her mind, and when ſhe ſhun'd him, ſhe told him ſmilingly that ſhe fear'd him; ſo that he was a hundred times more miſerable. For it was true, that at that time *Plotina* more countenanced *Damon*, *Sicinius* and *Acriſius*, who were become amorous of her, though ſhe neither lov'd nor eſteem'd them, then ſhe did *Martius*, for whom ſhe had a very great eſteem. And, this was matter of no ſmall joy to *Lucia*. But wherefore do you not ſhun *Acriſius*? (ſaid I to her one day.) Becauſe he is too great a talker (anſwer'd ſhe) and ſo I cannot fear that he will ever please me. Why then do not you decline *Sicinius*? (reply'd I.) Becauſe he ſpeaks ſo little (added ſhe) that I cannot apprehend he is likely to perſwade me; and as for *Damon*, I have as little reaſon to fear that he will cauſe me to change my ſentiments towards him. But how comes it (ſaid I) that you heretofore ſo much reſiſted thoſe that endeavour'd to divert you from following the inclination you had for *Martius*, and now you have more reaſon to love him, you love him no longer? Becauſe at that time (anſwer'd ſhe) my inclination was ſtrong, and my reaſon weak; but anger having cur'd me of my pre-conceiv'd opinion, I have taken a wiſe reſolution to ſpend all my life in liberty. I will indeed entertain a certain free friendſhip (added ſhe) which ſhall not perplex, but divert me no leſs then love: but as for great affections, I will not admit of any at all, for they cannot be entertain'd without diſquiet. The way you intend to take (ſaid I to her) is perhaps as dangerous as that you would avoid; for many of thoſe friendſhips of gallantry approach very eaſily to wantonneſs, if heed be not taken to them. You ſhall ſee (ſaid ſhe) I know how to avoid ſo dangerous an extream, and underſtand better then you think, the bounds of all the ſeveral ſorts of friendſhip that can be had. But wherefore have you not one of theſe kinds (ſaid I) for the poor *Martius*, for whom I now intercede? Ah! *Ceſonia*, (anſwer'd ſhe ſmiling) do you not know there is a Proverb which ſays,

That in the Seas of love, on the ſame ſhelf,
No dextrous Saylor twice ere ſplits himſelf?

You ſpeak ſo little ſeriouſly (repli'd I) that I care not to ſpeak any more to you. In good earneſt (anſwer'd ſhe) I declare clearly what I think, and profeſs that I will have no kind of affection as long as I live, which may diſturb my quiet. When I began to have an inclination for *Martius*, I was ſo young that I wanted ſtrength to oppoſe it, but at preſent I am aſſur'd I ſhall defend my heart better. For, in fine, I am ſo reſolv'd to love my ſelf, and conſequently to love quiet, liberty and glory, (as I ſaid at another time) that *I* will never love any of thoſe people who cannot be lov'd without hazarding thoſe three things which undoubtedly are the moſt agreeable in the world. But could not you marry *Martius*? (ſaid I.) If *I* would marry any one (anſwerd ſhe) I confeſs *Martius* might oblige me thereto; but, *Ceſonia*, *I* have ſo great an averſion from marriage, that I cannot conſider him as one that is to be my husband: and I am ſo reſolv'd never to marry, that I believe nothing can make me change my ſentiments. For I judge nothing better, then to reſolve to live free; and when I conſider all the conſequences, which almoſt infallibly attend a wedded life, they make me to tremble. Not but that I conceive there may be ſome marriage happy; but, *Ceſonia*, where ſhall we find two perſons, who have wit, conſtancy, goodneſs enough one for another, and a ſufficient reſemblance of natures to live always well together? Some there may be, but they are few; and *I* do not think my ſelf fortunate enough to meet with ſo great a felicity. 'Tis therefore more eaſie for me to take a reſolution to live in liberty. As ſhe was ſpeaking this, by a ſtrange chance, all her Lovers came one after another to ſee me, and were together in my Chamber. So that *Plotina* being in her jolly humour, told me ſmilingly, that ſhe had a deſire to undeceive all perſons, and make a publick Declaration of her ſentiments. And thereupon in a very delightful way of raillery, ſhe told them all ſhe had abſolutely reſolv'd not to love any perſon much, and never to marry at all; and that the moſt which could be hop'd from her, was to pleaſe her, to obtain her eſteem, and to have ſome part in a kind of calm friendſhip which ſhe

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was resolv'd to have as long as she liv'd. For in truth (said she) I will never run the venture of meeting with indiscreet, unfaithful, capricious, luke-warm, inequal and deceitful Lovers, nor bring my self in danger of having a jealous, covetous, prodigal, humorsome, imperious, surly, foolish, or litle virtuous Husband, nor consequently of having deformed, vicious ingrateful and wicked Children; and I incomparably prefer to spend my whole life with the liberty of having such Friends of either Sex as I please. For I find that if I should marry, I should be so good a Wife that I should thereby be miserable. All *Plotina*'s Lovers oppos'd her sentiments, and especially *Martius*; but she answer'd them so well, that they knew not what more to say to her. And so she continu'd firm in her resolution.

But now, there being no great pleasure in living in a besieged City, three or four of *Plotina*'s friends and mine resolv'd together with us to make use of *Clelia*'s occasion to go out of *Ardea*; for *Horatius* would not stay there, out of a belief that *Tarquin* would take the City. So that *Plotina*, without considering what grief she should cause *Martius*, imploy'd him to manage this affair, and to bring it to passe that we might be guarded by the same convoy which attended on *Clelia*. The converſation of *Plotina* and *Martius* was very extraordinary, and I know not how *Plotina* was able to be so inflexible as she was. For he us'd all imaginable blandishments and endearing expressions to move her heart, but she continu'd inalterable in her sentiments, and all he could draw from her, was, that he should never see her love any person more then himself, and that she would never marry as long as she liv'd. And indeed if the poor *Martius* had liv'd, I declare to you, that you would have had lesse interest in *Plotina*'s heart; but you must know that when we went out of *Ardea* with *Clelia*, this generous Lover, notwithstanding his regret, came himself to conduct us; and deported himself with so heroical and passionate an air, that *Plotina* esteem'd him much the more for it. Now being it was fear'd that we should be sooner discover'd by the enemies if we had any considerable number of people with us, *Horatius*, *Martius* and eight of their Friends took upon themselves alone the charge of conducting us. But, such was our ill fortune, we met with *Hellius*, one of the Ministers of *Tarquin*'s cruelty, who came in the head of a Party of twenty to set upon *Horatius*, *Martius* and their Friends.

How? (interrupted *Amilcar*) was *Martius* amongst those whom *Hellius* fought with, when *Aronces*, *Herminius* and *Celer* (from whom *Artemidorus*, *Zenocrates* and I parted that morning) arriv'd and carri'd away *Clelia* who was at the foot of a Tree with you? Yes (answer'd *Cesonia*) and the unfortunate *Martius* was slain by *Hellius* in the beginning of the Fight, though he was very valiant. And indeed 'twas his courage occasion'd his death; for he charg'd with too great violence into the midst of those who came to take *Plotina* and her Friends. I will not tell you the particular passages of this encounter, for you have understood from the mouth of *Aronces* how *Horatius* and *Hellius* perceiving others were carrying away *Clelia*, joyn'd together to recover her; and how *Aronces*, *Herminius* and *Celer* resisted so many enemies at the same time. Yes, generous *Cesonia* (answer'd *Amilcar*) I know all that pass'd in that great occasion. I know what *Clelia* did, putting her self courageously before those that would assault her three protectors, I know how terrible a Combate it was, in what manner *Aronces* fought with *Horatius*, and how the generous *Herminius* defended both his life and liberty, and spoke to *Hellius*, and with what generosity *Aronces* assisted the wounded *Horatius*, whom he found by night in a Wood: but I know in what manner *Plotina* lamented *Martius* when you were taken, and carried to *Tarquin*. Do not inquire so much of her grief (repli'd *Cesonia*) for perhaps you will think it too violent; for in good earnest, no greater affliction can be resented by any then was by *Plotina* for the death of *Martius*. But at length (constitution prevailing) she comforted her self with the thought, that perhaps if *Martius* had liv'd, she might have had the weakness as not to be able to defend her heart; and since that (you know) your converse has reviv'd joy in her soul.

Cesonia having done speaking, *Amilcar* thank'd her, for having related to him that which he had so long desir'd to know. Not but that I am almost troubled (added he) that *Plotina* could never begin again to love *Martius*; for if ever I should unwittingly incur her displeasure, and she should deprive me of her friendship, I see she would never restore it to me again any more then she did to *Martius*. In my opi-

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nion (answer'd *Cesonia*) you are so little accustom'd to be ill-treated, that you do not fear so much as you pretend, that you could not make your peace with *Plotina* if you should happen to be out of her favour. On the contrary (repli'd *Amilcar*) I have scarce ever been very happy, and I am not so now; *Plotina* has certainly only a tenderness of friendship for me. But is it possible (said *Cesonia*) that *Amilcar* has been almost perpetually ill-treated? Since I am not capable of false boasting, (answer'd he) I confesse sincerely, I have seldom been much lov'd. I have many times had the advantage to be acceptable even to those women who have ill-treated me: but my merry and jovial humor has done me more injury in serious gallantry then I can expresse to you. However, since it has caus'd me as much delight as the favours of my Mistresses could have done, I do not complain of my destiny. Yet I would know (said *Cesonia*) whether any very intelligent person has ill-treated you? I lov'd one in *Greece* (answer'd he) who is one of the most amiable Women in the World. She is brown then (repli'd *Cesonia*) being she is a *Greek*. That consequence is not always infallible (answer'd *Amilcar*) but it is true, the amiable *Nerintha* I speak of has hair of the goodliest black that ever was seen; a black shining and bright, which becomes her admirably well. She is of a very handsome tallness, and well proportion'd; her Eyes are black, sparkling, full of fire and spirit; and though she has no wantonness in her looks, but on the contrary has a very modest air, yet when she smiles, she has an amiable aspect which pleases infinitely. *Nerintha*'s visage is oval and of good symmetry, her mould handsome, her cheeks agreeable, her nose well shap'd, and she has an air of beauty which renders her very graceful and lovely; and though her complexion is of no extraordinary whiteness, yet her beauty is lively and capable to excite love. But besides all this, *Nerintha* is infinitely ingenious, and of so clear a perception as keeps her from speaking things at random. She is gentle, civil, good and obliging, she is serious and debonaire together without inequality; and though she is perfectly virtuous and even severe, yet she converses gallantly with her Friends, and sufficiently loves all reasonable divertisements. She is a good friend and very generous, very regular in all her actions, and very careful to satisfie all the duties of civility and friendship. She never jests dangerously, she blames no person; and having a mind naturally sociable, she never speaks that of another which she would not have spoken of her self. *Nerintha* has a very sweet and pleasing voice, she sings very agreeably, though she does not much care for it. She speaks exactly, writes handsomely, and in brief is so charming, that though she would not accept my heart, yet she shall have my esteem and friendship as long as she lives. Perhaps (said *Cesonia*) she had had neither the one nor the other, if she had accepted your affection. I am not of your opinion (answer'd *Amilcar*) but I confesse to the glory of *Nerintha*, I am always her Friend though she would not have me for her Lover. There are so few people amiable (said *Cesonia*) that methinks such as are so, ought to be always lov'd. It has been a complaint in all past ages (answer'd he) and will be in all to come, that there are not virtuous people enough: And yet I believe the number is almost equal in all times. I am not of your opinion (repli'd *Cesonia*) for I think there never were fewer then at present, of such as make reckoning of persons of merit. No, believe me (said *Amilcar*) the World is not yet so poor of virtuous people as they report, and there is also more liberality and gallant generosity then is imagin'd. For during the time I was at *Syracusa*, there hapned many things to a young Lady of that place, which prove that which I say. Know then that this person is of noble birth, but her fortune is sufficiently bad; her heart is generous, she makes profession of being good, and without ostentation of wit has gain'd a greater reputation then she sought; know, I say, this person has had divers adventures which prove that virtue is yet in request. For (not to reckon up the number of Friends she has) many presents were made to her after a particular manner; and because it was known that she delighted more to give then to receive, an unusual contrivance was practis'd. For one morning while she was yet asleep, a crafty man, deceiv'd the slave that open'd the gate to him without telling who sent him, and left a compleat furniture for a Chamber (the most agreeable and gallant that could be seen) in her Court; and though great search was made to find out the author of this liberality, yet he could not be discover'd. Yet the person who receiv'd it imagin'd she knew by whom she was thus oblig'd, but one of her friends so perswaded her that it was forbidden her to conjecture, that she was forc'd

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to ſuppreſſe her gratitude and confine it within her heart, without daring to publiſh the glory of her Benefactor. To this ſame Lady a great Princeſſe of a very remote Country (who is both illuſtrious, of a great beauty, wit, and heart) has written divers times very eloquently in a language which is not natural to her, and ſent her a Bracelet of her Hair which is the goodlieſt in the World, with a claſpe of Diamonds the richeſt that ever was ſeen. The chief Veſtal has alſo made her ſeveral agreeable preſents after a very ingenious and obliging manner; ſo have the generous *Amalthea*, the Princeſſe *Eliſmonda*, a noble Stranger, and divers of her Friends of either Sex. 'Tis true, all theſe liberalities do not make her fortune; but her humor is ſuch that ſhe likes them better then if they were of another nature. I have known as much as this (anſwer'd *Ceſonia*) but four or five perſons make no great number in a great Country. After this, *Amilcar* and *Ceſonia* talkt very ſadly of the pitiful condition in which the twenty fair *Roman* Ladies were, who were to be ſent back to *Porſenna*. Yet there was nothing to be fear'd from that King but only in reſpect of *Clelia*, who he believ'd eſcap'd from his Camp only becauſe ſhe knew ſomething of the pretended conſpiracy of *Aronces* and *Mutius*. But the next morning it hapned that *Publicola* was inform'd that a certain man had met *Mutius* very melancholy upon the way to *Præneſte*, and therefore he believ'd that this deſpairing Lover, knowing that the great Feſtival of Fortune was to be celebrated within two days, was gone to that famous Temple, to ſee whether the Lots were more favourable to him; for 'tis reported that on that day the Deciſions were more infallible then on any other of all the year. Wherefore he determin'd to requeſt *Amilcar* to go thither, who accordingly accepted of this Commiſſion. Yet he did not depart till after he had ſeen *Clelia* and all her companions gone, to be reconducted to the Camp; but to the end the people might not tumult at ſo ſad a ſpectacle, they were caus'd to paſſe through the moſt unfrequented ſtreets that was poſſible. No doubt they were very ſad in the bottom of their hearts, eſpecially *Clelia*; but their ſadneſſe was diſcreet, and *Clelia* amongſt the reſt teſtifi'd an admirable conſtancy. All their Lovers follow'd them as far as they could; but at length it behov'd them to take leave. *Horatius* would have gone to preſent them to *Porſenna*, thinking to ſpeak ſomething which might conduce to their ſafety; but *Publicola* thought not convenient, and made choice of a Kinſman of *Clelius*, who was more advanc'd in years, and was both prudent and reſolute. So theſe fair Virgins took the way towards the Camp, and *Amilcar* that towards *Præneſte*. As he was going thither he met with *Theanor* and *Æmilius* the Lovers of *Terentia* and *Aureliſa*, who had at length reſolv'd to refer their fortunes to the Lots of the Temple of Fortune. *Amilcar* being a perſon known to all *Porſenna*'s Court, they were very joyful to light upon him, and he (being no lover of ſolitarineſſe) was as well ſatisfi'd to meet with ſuch agreeable company. Their firſt diſcourſe was a melancholy reflection upon the misfortunes of *Aronces* and *Clelia*; but as the moſt generous eaſily enough turn away their minds from the unhappineſſes of others, they came by degrees to talk of matters indifferent. *Theanor* ſet himſelf to extol *Hetruria* above all other Countries, *Æmilius* to commend *Greece* where he had liv'd a long time, and *Amilcar* to praiſe and diſparage all the Countries he had ſeen. For as there is no beauty ſo perfect (ſaid he) in which ſomething is not to be deſir'd, ſo there is no Country but has its defects. In a place where the Climate is temperate, the people are light and inconſtant; in another, the people have much wit, and are accus'd of little fidelity: in one Country many times we find Sciences and Vices, in another innocence and ruſticity. In one place nothing is to be ſeen but Cottages, in another nothing but Palaces. So that as a hundred Beauties are requiſite to make up a perfect one, ſo you muſt ſelect the excellencies of a hundred Countries to form one accompliſh'd. You muſt take the mildneſſe of the Climate of one, the Rivers and Seas of another, the Flowers and Fruits of another, yea the very Birds and Butter-flies; you muſt fetch the Sciences and Arts from one place, Valour from another, Honeſty from amongſt people of leſſe nimble Wits, and exact juſtice from Heaven (for in truth there is not much to be found upon earth.)

Amilcar, no doubt, has reaſon (ſaid *Theanor*) but however I dare affirm *Hetruria* has almoſt every thing that can be found elſewhere. The Climate is gentle, men's manners good, ignorance begins to baniſh'd from it, and excellent Arts to be carefully promoted. As for excellent Arts (anſwer'd *Amilcar*) I much doubt whether you

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can prove that they flouriſh as much in *Hetruria* as in *Greece*; for I confeſſe with ſincerity to the ſhame of my Country, that *Africa* poſſeſſes them but imperfectly, and the proud *Carthage* yields in this to the leaſt Cities of *Greece*. Then you have not ſeen that ſtately Tomb which *Porſenna* is building (ſaid *Theanor*?) I have heard of it (anſwer'd *Amilcar*) but whatever has been told me of it, I have not fanci'd it to be an extraordinary piece. Yet it is ſuch (repli'd *Theanor*) that I queſtion whether the Labyrinth of *Crete* and the Pyramids of *Egypt* excel it; for, in fine, it is a Maſter-piece of Architecture. All the ſtatelineſſe which the imagination can conceive, is ſeen in it. This proud Tomb is above three hundred foot on each ſide, the form of it is ſquare, the ſtones are of a prodigious greatneſſe, and admirably well poliſh'd. In the baſe of this Monument is a Labyrinth greater and more intricate then that of *Crete*, for it is impoſſible to expedite your ſelf out of it, unleſſe he that built it give you one of his ſervants to guide you; and there are ſo many turnings and windings, and ſo many places which go one into another, of which all the ornaments are uniform, that 'tis impoſſible to find the right way. Upon this ſpacious baſe of above twelve hundred feet ſquare, ſtand five great Pyramids one at each corner and the fifth in the midſt. They are triangular, and are ſixty feet broad at the baſe, and a hundred and fifty high. Upon the point of every of theſe Pyramids is plac'd a Copper-Globe of prodigious greatneſs, contriv'd ſo artificially, that the wind entring into it at ſeveral holes which are ſeen in it, makes a ſufficiently agreeable harmonie, which is heard at a good diſtance. Upon the top of each Globe is a kind of Obelisk, and upon it is ſeen another harmonious Globe like the former, according as the wind moves that which makes the harmony: and upon this Globe appear four other Pyramids of a hundred feet in height. But do not think I am at the end of my deſcription; for theſe four Pyramids ſupport a great terraſſe, upon which ſtand five other Pyramids as high as all the reſt of the Tomb, ſo that the point of them ſeeming to touch the Skie, make a very magnificent ſpectacle. 'Tis true (ſaid *Æmilius*) this Tomb is the ſtatelieſt thing in the World, and 'tis true alſo that the gallant houſe of the illuſtrious *Cleonymus* will be the goodlieſt place of the earth when it ſhall be finiſh'd. As for *Cleonymus* (anſwer'd *Amilcar*) I know he is a man of extraordinary merit, whoſe birth is very noble, whoſe imployments are the moſt conſiderable in *Hetruria*, whoſe heart is perfectly great, vertue ſublime, and capacitie infinite. But I confeſs I have not given too much credit to all that *Lucilius* and *Theomenes* told me once concerning the fair houſe you ſpeak of. Nevertheleſs 'tis true (reply'd *Theanor*) that there is nothing handſomer in the world. As they were diſcourſing thus, they arriv'd at a place where they were to refreſh their horſes, ſo that they were conſtrain'd to ſtay there. This place was ſo wilde, the proſpect of it ſo bounded and little agreeable, and the reception ſo incommodious, that having taken but a ſlight repaſt, they went to ſeat themſelves on certain ſtones which were at the foot of a ſteep mountain neer that place. They were no ſooner there, but *Amilcar* beginning to ſpeak, I beſeech you, *Theanor*, (ſaid he) fill my imagination with handſome idea's, by the deſcription of the goodly houſe of *Cleonymus*: for my eyes are ſo little delighted with what they behold, that I have great need of your help: beſides, I love nothing more then the repreſentation of handſome objects, and I aſſure you I ſhall be much oblig'd to you for it. For the generous *Melintha* being friend to *Cleonymus*, I intereſt my ſelf already in every thing which relates to him. I ſhall tell you then that *Valterra* (ſaid *Theanor*)— But *Volterra* (interrupted *Amilcar*) is, as I conceive, a great citie ſufficiently remote from *Cluſium*. You ſay true (anſwer'd *Theanor*) but I ſaid *Valterra*, and not *Volterra*: 'Tis true, theſe two names are neer alike, and *Valterra* bears a name reſembling that of that famous citie you ſpeak of, (which was founded by the Tyrrhenians, as well as *Areſſa* and *Cluſium*) becauſe this citie has ſo many waters about it, that there is no gate or place in which there are not fountains; ſo that the conformity of the waters has occaſion'd the reſemblance of the names. But to proceed: when you require the deſcription of *Valterra*, you demand a thing of greater difficulty then you imagine; becauſe this place has ſo many ſurpriſing beauties, that they cannot be conceiv'd without being ſeen, nor repreſented well after having admir'd them. It was begun and finiſh'd by a man who does nothing but what is great, and the vaſt extent of whoſe minde is not capable of framing ſmall deſignes: by a man, I ſay, who devoting his whole life to the ſervice of his King, will have even his pleaſures ſerve to the embelliſhment and glory of his country. But though he employ

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in the building of *Valterra* onely ſuch hours as are neceſſary to recreate his minde from great cares, to which the welfare of the State engages him; yet at the ſame time he is making a thing which one would believe could not but take up his whole life. For it is not to be imagin'd that *Valterra* is one of thoſe places which are embelliſht almoſt by Nature alone; but 'tis no hyperbole to ſay *Cleonymus* has abſolutely chang'd it, and there is no part of it to which he has not added ſome new grace. He has divided a river into a thouſand fountains, he has re-united a thouſand fountains into torrents, and he has ſo judiciouſly contriv'd every thing which he has done at *Valterra*, that the judgment of him cannot be ſufficiently extoll'd, who knew ſo well how to intermingle the beauties of Art with thoſe of Nature, and ſo induſtriouſly to divertiſe all the ornaments of ſo goodly a place. 'Tis true, this handſome Deſart being deſign'd for the habitation of one of the faireſt perſons in the world, ought to be ſuch as it is, to be worthy of her; for you muſt know, the prudent *Artemira* wife of the illuſtrious *Cleonymus* has one of thoſe grand Beauties which continnally encreaſe admiration: and that which I eſteem moſt, is, her virtue redoubles the price of her beauty; for as wanton a perſon as you are, I am confident you will grant that theſe two things ſuit admirably well together. I confeſs it (anſwer'd *Amilcar*) therefore tell me a little more particuiarly what you know of the fair *Artemira*. Ha! *Amilcar* (reply'd *Theanor*) I tremble only in thinking that I have undertaken to deſcribe Gardens and Fountains to you; judge then what I ſhould do if I ſhould undertake to tell you all the Grand qualities, and all the virtues of one of the moſt accompliſht perſons in the World. Be contented therefore if I perform my promiſe to deſcribe *Valterra*. But before I tell you, what it is at preſent, I muſt relate a little adventure to you, which is neceſſary that you know, to underſtand the deſcription I am to make.

Know then, that a fair and young perſon, Kinſwoman to the King of *Hetruria* and much lov'd by him, ſometimes happned to excite love in a man of Quality, of a violent and imperious humor; who judging that he could never be favour'd, reſolv'd to carry his Miſtreſs away by force. Which accordingly he did one day as ſhe was walking in a Grove; and diverting her ſelf by cauſing a Squirrel to follow her from tree to tree, which ſhe had kept from a little one, and which lov'd her with more ardour then a Dog can have for his Maſter, though the Dog is an Emblem of Fidelity amongſt all Nations. This violent act much ſurpris'd the whole Court, and eſpecially an honourable perſon of *Cluſium*, whoſe name was *Cleoranthus*, and from whom the illuſtrious *Cleonymus* who built *Valterra* is deſcended; for you muſt know, he was very amorous of her, though he durſt not declare it by reaſon of the King. But in this unexſpected occaſion, he could not hide his ſentiments. Wherefore ſuddenly gathering together ſome of his Dependants, he went to ſeek this ſtoln Lady. The King alſo ſent out moſt of his Court to the ſame purpoſe, and went himſelf; but this ſearch was made unprofitable, and *Cleoranthus* had been as unhappy as the reſt, if the Chance which guided him to a Cottage of Shepherds had not ſhew'd him the little Squirrel which his Miſtreſs lov'd ſo much, and which ſtuck to her in ſpight of her Raviſhers. At firſt he believ'd it was another; but the little Animal knowing him, skipt down from the window where it was with that nimbleneſs which is natural to it. Whereby *Cleoranthus*, believing his Miſtreſs might be there, or at leaſt had paſs'd by that way, askt a young Shepherdeſs where ſhe was to whom this pretty Animal belong'd. He had no ſooner made this queſtion, but he who had carry'd away that fair Virgin (coming from enquiring the way he was to take, becauſe he had fail'd to meet his guide) appear'd with his Sword in his hand, follow'd by ſix of his Attendants; and at the ſame time four men, who had ſtay'd to guard that fair perſon, iſſu'd out of the Cottage with their ſwords drawn too. But *Cleoranthus*, in ſtead of being terrifi'd by ſo many enemies, became thereby more fierce and couragious. And ſo he attaqu'd his Rival with ſuch valour, that notwithſtanding the inequality of number, he ſlew his enemy, and three others, and put the reſt to flight. After which, to compleat his happineſs, he underſtood by one of thoſe he wounded who lay upon the place, the ſecret of a great Conſpiracy againſt the Prince. Thus *Cleoranthus* deliver'd his Miſtreſs, and ſaved all *Hetruria* by his valour. But which was remarkable, at the end of the fight, the Squirrel made him a thouſand careſſes, and would not part from him. Wherefore when the King was inform'd of all the Circumſtances of the buſineſs, and of *Cleo-*

ranthus paſſion for this fair perſon (whom notwithſtanding he reſtor'd into his power without ſignifying any thing of his love) was ſo mov'd with his Virtue, that he ſuppreſs'd the inclination himſelf had for her, and caus'd her to marry him. But to eternize the memory of this generous action, as *Hector*, *Æneas*, and many others ſince, caus'd Lyons, Roſes, Doves, and divers other things agreeing either to their valour, merit, vertue or fortune, to be painted upon their ſhields, he order'd that *Cleoranthus* and his Deſcendants ſhould bear a Squirrel for their Arms. And accordingly they of this Family bear a Squirrel in their ſhields to this day. I deſire your pardon for having amus'd you with ſpeaking of this adventure; but you will ſee in the ſequel of my diſcourſe, that I have not related it altogether impertinently. I am next to tell you that *Valterra* is ſituated half a days journey from *Cluſium*, that the way between them is very pleaſant, and that to encreaſe the ſurprize, the beauty of it is not perceiv'd till you arrive at the fore Court, which is ſtately, fair and ſpacious. It hath four great Pavilions at the four Corners, with other Courts on the two ſides. The two faces which ſtand upon the ſtately Moats of *Valterra*, end in three great Archades of Architecture, through which are diſcover'd two large low Wings of Building, which have been built for Offices to the Houſe, and two Gardens which lie on the ſide of thoſe two Wings. When you are in the fore Court, you behold the front of the Palace, which is built upon a Mountain of Architecture (if I may ſo ſpeak) for the Perroon which takes up the whole breadth of the ſecond Court, has four ſeats, and riſes above twenty ſteps. So that this gives much Majeſty to the Structure. Which before I deſcribe to you, I muſt lead you back again into the fore Court, and tell you, that after you have paſs'd through it, you come to the Bank of the Moats which are large, handſome, and the water of them clear as Chriſtal, and ariſes from a Spring. Theſe Moats are beſet with Rails on both ſides; and near the Bridge which lies over them, are ſeen the muzzles of Lyons caſting out water into three Scalop Baſins, which ſhed it one into another till it fall into the Moats. When you have paſs'd the Bridge, and come into the midſt of a little half Moon adorn'd with Rails, you may ſee that the ſecond Court, which is very large and handſome, has a terraſſe on two ſides, rais'd three ſteps, upon which are plac'd two ſpirting Fountains, which make a very handſome ſhew in that place. For when you are at the end of the Bridge, there is nothing more ſtately and magnificent then to ſee thoſe handſome Moats full of water, the ſecond Court the Baluſtrades, the ſpiriting Fountains, and that great and magnificent Perroon which croſſes the whole Court, riſing ſo Majeſtically, and upon which is ſeen in the middle of the Palace a great Porch of three ſtately Arches ſupported by ſix Pillars, which ſuffer the ſight to penetrate through the whole thickneſs of the Palace by three other Arches oppoſite to the three firſt, and three other likewiſe oppoſite to the ſecond; ſo that the Sky appearing at ſeveral overtures, this ſight is the more agreeable. In the midſt of the Porch are ſeen two very handſome Statues of young Children taming Lyons, to imitate that innocence atchieves every thing; and the Arms of *Cleonymus*, ſuch as I have repreſented them to you by relating the glorious adventure of one of his Anceſtors. The Cupolo which ariſes in the midſt of the Building, is very magnificent, and ſo are the Buſts, and the carv'd works wherewith this Palace is adorn'd in divers places. But when you have aſcended the Perroon, and are arriv'd at the Porch, you find it handſomer then you imagin'd; for the proportion of it is exact and noble, it is ſupported by twelve pillars of a very handſome order of Architecture. From thence you behold with pleaſure the two fair Courts you paſs'd through: but, which is a greater grace, you enter upon an even pavement into the goodlieſt Hall that ever was. For its greatneſs aſtoniſhes the imagination, its height ſurpriſes, and its beauty is ſo great, that it takes away the boldneſs to commend it. The Cupolo is ſupported by ſixteen ſtately Arches, whereof ſix are open; namely, three towards the Porch, and three towards the Gardens, which are admirable. But how rare ſoever they are, I muſt ſtay you a little in the Hall, and at leaſt ſhew you the firſt apartment of this proud Fabrick. I muſt alſo tell you that for the glory of this great deſigne, *Cleonymus* has been ſo happy as to find an excellent man capable to execute his great intentions, and happily to invent whatever might ſerve to the embelliſhment of ſo goodly a place. He I ſpeak of, is call'd *Meleander*, and is the ſame that painted the Cabinet of the generous *Melintha*. He was born with a great wit, an exquiſite fancy, and an admirable judgement. His Idea's are noble and natural,

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there is grandeur in his designes, and reason always in [illegible]es. Therefore he was chosen by *Cleonymus* to paint this proud Hall, and a[illegible] apartments of his Palace; and also to use his inventions and counsels for all [illegible]ings as might imbellish *Valterra*. But since his aim is always to work for the glory of him that employs him, see what the designe of the Hall is, of which I will unfold to you the hidden sense after I have given you the description. The Sun is represented there in his Palace with all the Ornaments Poets attribute him; the whole Base of the Piece is encompass'd with a great Serpent representing the year; upon this Serpent move the months, the weeks and the days; every season is accompani'd with the months, weeks and days which agree to it; and all the Stars are seen there, which the Sun visits in making his course. But in the midst of this proud Palace of the Sun (the Architecture of which is admirable, and the Pillars resemble precious stones, and the Basis and Chapters gold) is seen upon a proud arch a Throne of Gold rais'd several steps; upon which the Hours, daughters of the Sun mount and descend. They are represented like young fair persons, habited in different and light dresses. This luminous God is cloath'd with a cloak of cloath of gold, he is crown'd with an immortal Laurel, he leans with one hand upon his harp, and with the other he makes a sign to *Aurora* as if he commanded something; for his eyes are turn'd towards her. This fair harbinger of the Sun has a garland of Flowers and Pearls upon her head; she has wings painted with fine colours; with one hand she scatters flowers in divers places, and with the other she holds a torch, which she makes use of to illuminate a New Star by the command of the Sun. This new Star is plac'd in the midst of the Heaven in form of a Squirrel, three higher stars give it their most favorable influences, *Saturn* bearing his sickle encompasseth it with his Serpent beset with Stars, which denotes the eternity of its glory. *Jupiter* sitting upon his Eagle with a very noble action and Majestical air gives it a Crown of gold, to signifie the Authority which it is to have. *Mars* on the other side with his fierce aspect gives it a Helmet and a Lyon. Below the Sun appears the Season which represents Summer, crown'd with ears of Corn, her Complexion is a little Sun-burnt, her hair is guilded, her air is very agreeable; she carelessly sits and leans upon such fruits as are sutable to her, and neer her are seen several instruments necessary to Agriculture. She holds a sheaf of Wheat in her hand, and is supported by a swarthy man who represents the South Wind. About her stand the Moneths which belong to her, represented by Young persons crown'd with flowers and fruits; they have Wings, their Attires are different, and they present fruits to this lovely Season, as well as the weeks and days which are represented by little children who seem to move along as they play neer her. In another place *Mercury* appearing with all the marks that particularize him, lifting up his arm wherewith he holds his Caduce, seems as if he would give all his eloquence and knowledge to the new Star I mentioned, he looks upon it so favourably. About this God are seen several instruments necessary for excellent Arts, and likewise divers little Cupids denoting the various inclination which Nature gives. The Moon, not being able to behold her Brother, appears through the shadow of a Cloud, and about her is seen a great hunting equipage, as dogs, bugles, bows, arrows, and divers other things, and in many places little *Genii* agreeably represented; this fair Star regards the new Star as favorably as *Mercury*. On another side *Venus* follow'd by Sports and Laughter appears lying upon a bed of Roses; and neer her are seen divers things which agree to her, and which are always inseparable from pleasures. She holds a golden Apple in her hand, seeming to offer it to this new Star, as if she meant, that it was such amongst the Stars as her self amongst the Goddesses. Also several little *Cupids* are seen playing neer her. The Spring is represented by a Young fair Girl, with a fresh and smiling air, her hair is brown and curl'd, she has a crown of flowers upon her head, her attire is green; the Moneths which are neer her, present flowers to her, *Zephyrus* flatters her, and the weeks and days busie themselves in embellishing her. Autumn is figur'd by a good lusty man, crown'd with Vine-leaves, he lies amongst fruits which are proper to him, and leans upon a Tyger, the Moneths which accompany him offer him their fruits also, they are attended likewise with their weeks and days, and the Wind of this Season is represented there also, but more fierce then the rest, and the drapery of the figure shows that he inconveniences him by his impetuous blast. On the side opposite to Summer is represented the Bowe of *Iris* with all the Colours that

render it ſo agreeable. Under this Bow appears Winter repreſented by a rough old man, crown'd with reeds, ſnow, and icycles. The moneths, weeks, and days which accompany him offer him nothing but unpleaſing preſents, except ſome of thoſe days which are very little, and offer him fire. On the ſide of the Bowe I mentioned, are *Caſtor* and *Pollux*, who mount and deſcend upon the Horiſon: but I muſt not forget to tell you that in all places where that famous Squirrel is repreſented, either in a Star, or in its natural form, there is a device added to it which is very graceful in the language in which it is made; and the ſenſe of it is, That there is nothing ſo high whereto it cannot mount. But now to expound to you the hidden meaning of all theſe Pictures, I am to tell you that the Sun repreſents *Cleonymus*, who according to the amplitude of his great employments, operates and ſhines everywhere, does good to all, and labours continually for the benefit and embelliſhing of the Univerſe. By the four Seaſons of the year, *Meleander* has pretended to repreſent the ſeveral States of *Hetruria* which are tributary, and attribute the honour to *Cleonymus* of receiving and rendring all, becauſe he has the management of the Princes treaſures. The new Star in the top of the skie, ſhews that there is nothing more ſublime then the glory of *Cleonymus*; and that Starry Serpent I ſpoke of, denotes the prudence of this Heroe: ſo that the Pictures of this proud Hall, ſatisfie together both the Eyes and the Reaſon, and ſerve at the ſame time both to the glory of this Heroe, and that of the excellent *Meleander*, who has ſo well found out the art to commend him by his Pencils more then Poetry could do. But to paſs from the Hall to the anti-Chamber, upon the top of the ſieling you ſee *Hercules* carry'd into the heavens in a Chariot of gold, under which is a ſlain Serpent. Reaſon (repreſented by a fair young perſon of a ſage aſpect) guides him; ſhe has a helmet on her head, and holds a ſword wherewith ſhe ſeems to menace: two fierce and heady horſes withdraw the chariot that carries him, and by their impetuous poſture intimate that they repreſent the Paſſions, who in ſpight of their violence are nevertheleſs ſubjected to Reaſon. They have both a duskie brightneſs in their eyes. But there is one eſpecially, whoſe mane ſtands erected, and who lifts up his head fiercely, whoſe piercing, lively and furious eye caſts a fiery glance which aſtoniſhes and ſurpriſes ſuch as have skill in Peinture. Fame is painted flying there, and ſeeming as if ſhe would deſcend to the earth; and in a very bright part of the heaven appears *Jupiter* and the other Gods preparing to receive this Heroe, who is follow'd by Glory, putting an Oaken Garland upon his head. But what is rare in this Piece, is, that in whatever part of the chamber you ſtand, this *Hercules* ſeems to behold you as naturally in one place as in another. But I do not conſider that I trouble you by not being able to repreſent theſe admirable Pieces but imperfectly. Yet I would further tell you ſomething of the principal chamber: but to ſpeak truth, I have ſeen ſo handſome and admirable a deſcription of it, that I cannot but tremble to attempt it. For indeed I never ſaw any thing ſo handſome as that which a certain Vertuoſo has writ upon this Subject; deſcribing things ſo to the life, that you would think you beheld them with your eyes; and though he employs almoſt all the terms of Art, yet his diſcourſe is clear, florid, eloquent and natural.

Oh! I beſeech you, (ſaid *Amilcar*) tell me all that you have ſeen in that magnificent Palace; for I never ſaw the handſome deſcription you commend ſo much; and if I return into Africa ſhortly, (as I expect) I ſhall not ſee it in a long time. If you were to ſee it, (anſwer'd *Theanor*) I would reſolve not to content your curioſity; for beſides that the deſcription I ſhall make of it will be much leſs exact and ample then that, being I have the ſame things to deſcribe, and Peinture has certain peculiar terms which cannot be omitted, you would accuſe me of a crime which I have no deſigne to commit, and preſently imagine that I intended onely to copie it out, and deprive him of the commendations he has ſo juſtly merited. But however, ſince you deſire it (continu'd he) I ſhall tell you, that the famous *Meleander* aiming always at the glory of his Heroe, has in the roof of this chamber repreſented Fidelity carry'd up by her powerful Genius into heaven. This Figure is very handſome, habited in white with a blue Robe, and has ſeveral marks which make her known: Prudence conducts her, Vertue and Reaſon are of each ſide of her admirably well repreſented; the later ſeems to perſonate *Apollo* ſhooting with his Bowe againſt Envie and divers other monſters which hide themſelves in the thickneſs of the clouds. Under theſe Figures is *Clio*, one of the moſt famous Muſes; ſhe ſeems to bear her ſelf up in the air with great

great wings display'd; scarce any thing is seen of her [illegible]t; her Robe is of the colour of Gold, and beneath it another flying clo[illegible]fferent colour. This Muse helps to carry up Fidelity into heaven, and holds a T[illegible]e to publish that there is nothing whereto the fidelity of *Cleonymus* cannot attain. This Piece being in the midst of the chamber, is the principal designe of the Painter; all the rest which encompass it, suit with it, and depend of it. The most ingenious contrivance is, that this excellent Painter has by his Art made the whole roof of the chamber appear a great and stately body of building, with the goodliest ornaments that Peinture and Sculpture have invented. For having drawn five large overtures, one in the midst, and the others on the four sides, five admirable Pieces are represented in them, which perfectly embellish the room. But besides these Pieces, the Figures plac'd upon this seeming structure are the handsomest in the world. For the eight famous sisters of *Clio* are painted on the four sides of the chamber, and seem to make a concert of praises in honour of him whom Fidelity represents. But they are so exquisite, that nothing can be seen in the world more admirable. All their heads have different airs, their actions correspond with what they represent, and they have a certain aspect of divinity which excites respect. These Figures are plac'd neer four base-reliefs of the colour of brass, beset with several magnificent ornaments. For in this place are seen four different Poems represented by different figures. The Satyrical is represented by a Satyre lying along; he leans upon a great Urn, and has a young childe before him, who shews him three words written upon a Table which declare what he is. Belowe this base-relief are seen divers excellent ornaments, wherein the Squirrel and the Device are conveniently plac'd: for there is an antique Urn of *lapis Lazuli*; upon that, an Eagle, upon the Eagle a Squirrel, and on both sides of the Urn very jolly *Cupids* and Garlands, which falling down upon the Eagles back, slide from thence very gracefully. The other base-reliefs are like, excepting the Poems. That which treats onely of Rustical things, is represented by the God *Pan*; the Heroick, by a stately and handsome man holding a Trumpet in his hand; the Lyrick, by a fair Virgin holding a Harp. Each of these Figures has a little *Cupid* like the first, and each Poem has two Muses which accompany it. *Melpomene* and *Thalia* are neer the Satyrick. The former (to whom the invention of Tragedie is attributed) has fierceness and melancholy in her eyes: her attire is suitable to her quality, and her gesture and air speak her minde employ'd about great thoughts and events: and to denote her chief subject, Trumpets, Helmets, Shields and Crowns (mingled together with a confusion more agreeable then order) are seen neer her. As for the Muse design'd for Comedy, she has a pretty, scornful, chearful and smiling air. Her head is crown'd with Ivie, and her neck bare; she has rich bracelets, and a large blue robe, which is very graceful to her. She holds a Vizard in her hand, and has another at her feet which resembles a Satyre, and neer her lie like trophies all the instruments proper for Bacchanals. Neer the Poem destinated to country-matters, stand *Terpsichore* and *Euterpe*; one holding a kinde of harp, the other a flute, on which she seems to play. The former has a noble air, the other somewhat rustick and wilde: their habits are agreeable, and the variety of colours does not interrupt that union which is requisite to all good Pictures. Neer these Muses are seen books, maps, hoboys and bagpipes. The Heroick Poem has *Caliope* and *Urania* by it: the former having a book in her hand, and the later leaning upon one of those Globes which a Disciple of the wise *Thales* invented, holds a pair of Compasses in the other hand. *Calliope* has a sage and majestical air; and *Urania* fixing her eyes upon the heavens, seems to observe the course of the Stars, and minde nothing else. *Polyhymnia* and *Erato* are plac'd neer the Lyrick Poem; the first chiefly destinated to Peinture, has neer her all the instruments requisite to that excellent Art: her habit is mix'd of several colours; she has a noble air, and the gesture of a person studying to enterprise some great work in Peinture. *Erato* has piercing eyes, and a very pleasant aspect; at her feet are seen divers Musical instruments, and a little *Cupid* crown'd with flowers, holding before her an ancient fashion'd harp, such as those they report *Orpheus* sometimes made use of to save himself. But to manifest the ingenuity of the Painter, I must tell you they have no wings, as *Clio* has who helps to conduct Fidelity into heaven; because he would intimate hereby, that they ought to stay eternally in the glorious sanctuary *Cleonymus* has given them. The Painter has also feign'd that they made two Pieces of needle-work representing their two victories

over

over the *Pierides* a[illegible], but this is done with ſo much art that it cannot be ſufficiently commen[illegible]ties, all that I have related, all the ornaments which Peinture and Sculpture have invented are ſeen in this place. For in divers places, where the order of Architecture permitted, are vizards, garlands, urns, ſphinxes, and ſeveral other things. But it is remarkable that there is not one but has ſome Myſtery, intimating the virtues or glory of *Cleomynus* to ſuch as underſtand the meaning given to ſuch various figures. So that the Painter cannot be too much commended who has ſo well fanci'd and finiſhed ſo goodly a deſign, wherein appears Invention, Judgment, Boldneſſe, and good Senſe. It is manifeſt throughout that he is not onely a great Imitator of Nature, but alſo underſtands the Art of embelliſhing; and that his Imaginations ſurpaſſe her Productions. All that is ſeen in theſe rare Pictures alike delight the Eyes and the Reaſon. Never were Light and Shadow ſo judiciouſly diſpos'd, never was the ſight deceived after a more agreeable manner. All the little Cupids are excellently done, the Head-tires of the Muſes are admirable, the Draperies are perfectly well ſuted, Modeſty is viſible even in the Figures, which the Painter has habited very negligently. The Objects which appear neereſt, deceive the Eyes; the more remote ſurpriſe the Imagination: in fine, all the workmanſhip both of the Hall and the two Chambers, deſerves more commendations then can be given it. But now not to ſtay to tell you of the Cabinet, or all the other apartments of this proud Palace, wherein are a thouſand handſome objects, with which the famous *Meleander* has embelliſht it, either by his workmanſhip or a thouſand ingenious inventions which cannot be expreſs'd, I muſt return into the ſtately Hall, and deſcribe to you the Gardens of ſo goodly a Place. But I muſt tell you firſt, that the face of the houſe on this ſide is very different from the former; ſo is the Perroon, but withall ſtately and commodious. The moats are inviron'd with rails too as the other; and from hence you diſcover ſo great and vaſt an extent of ſeveral green-plats, ſo many large and handſome Walks, ſo many ſpirting Fountains, and ſo many delightful objects which become confuſed by their diſtance, that you ſcarce know what you ſee, becauſe the multitude of agreeable ſights amazes the imagination, and hinders the eyes from fixing upon any at firſt. For curioſity being a natural ſentiment, we doe not ſo much minde that which we might eaſily diſcern, as that which we cannot diſtinguiſh; ſo true it is that we love to diſcover things to our ſelves. 'Tis to be obſerved that this Garden lies between two Groves which agreeably arreſt the Eyes: but to deſcribe it to you part by part, I muſt tell you, that when you are at the end of the Bridge, you ſee at a good diſtance towards the right hand and the left two ſpirting Fountains ſtanding in two very ſolitary corners, and ſeeming to hide themſelves; and before you, great Green-plats with Fountains, a round Pond in the middle, and on either ſide in the neereſt ſquares three fountains, whoſe artificial waterworks agreeably divert the eyes, eſpecially one towards the left hand, where is ſeen a crown of fruit-buſhes (if I may ſo ſpeak.) The Baſin of it is ruſtick enough, but you would ſay it is ſufficiently adorn'd with its own agreeableneſs. About the round Pond I mention'd are four little Cupids holding ſcallop-lavers upon their heads, from which the water falls with a continual murmur into little ſquares inviron'd with green. On each ſide of the Pond are ſeen great green ſquares which reach to the two Groves, and have fountains in them alſo. On the right hand is ſeen at a good diſtance a cullis'd-Gate leading into a ruſtick Orchard, and on the left a Caſcade repreſenting a kind of grate of Water, to correſpond to the true grate which is oppoſite to it. Beyond the Pond you deſcend by another Perroon, and have two conduits caſting forth water on the right hand. In this place at the croſſing of a Walk ſtand four handſome Statues; but to increaſe the delightfulneſs, a little further in that Walk are two little Torrents with Jets of water at ſeveral diſtances one into another which look like a Baluſtrade of cryſtal running on both ſides of the Walk. And nothing is more pleaſant then to hear the murmurs of all theſe Jets of water, whoſe equality of delightful harmony is very apt to produce an agreeable amuſement. When you are at the end of this Walk, you find a large ſquare of water, and diſcover a little ſolitary place, above which ſtands a ſmall wild Grove. Directly before you, you ſee a great and handſome ſpectacle which I ſhall deſcribe to you by and by, and on the right ſide of the Mount which I am to deſcribe, Vines and

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divers other Country objects. Beyond that great ſquare of water you ſee an object perfectly ſurpriſing. For ſtanding upon the Perroon which leads further downwards, you ſee a fair ſtream of water from which a hundred Jets iſſue with an equal force, and falling again into the Channel make an agreeable murmur. And a little beyond, you ſee another leſs, which may be call'd a Walk of Cryſtal. For there are an infinite number of Jets of water in a double rank, which croſſing one another make an extreme delightful ſhew Nevertheleſs, this is not the goodlieſt ornament of this place; for below this Walk of Cryſtal you ſee a long Terraſs of good height, four long rows of ſcallop-lavers full of water, of unequal bigneſs, which exonerating one into another make you ſee a hundred torrents at once, and at length diſcharge themſelves into a great ſtream of water, from whence iſſue fifty other Jets with violence. Next you come to ſee a great and large Channel made by a River which was ſcarce known before *Cleonymus* choſe this admirable Deſart for a retreat to recreate his mind from his honorable employments. It precipitates it ſelf like a mighty torrent, and then having calmly paſs'd through the whole bredth of the Garden of *Valterra*, it goes forth by a Caſcade, and afterwards looſes it ſelf in the Meadows. So that in a very little ſpace it is a River, Torrent, Channel, Caſcade, and Brook. But to render this place more marveilous, you ſee beyond, an abyſs of water (if I may ſo ſpeak) in the midſt of which by the directions of *Meleander* has been plac'd a figure of *Galatea* with a *Cyclops* playing on a bagpipe, and divers *Tritons* round about him; all theſe figures caſt forth water, and make a very handſome ſight. There are alſo other water-works in this place; and ſeveral ſpirting fountains. But which is moſt agreeable, all this great extent of water is cover'd with little painted and guilded Boats, and from thence you enter into the Chanel. Now you muſt know that on the ſide oppoſite to the Caſcade I mention'd, there is cut out a great Mount in a direct line, which is made into a Terraſs with a Baluſtrade, ſupported by ſix Termes or Pillars. Between which are artificial Rocks always cover'd with water, and at the foot of theſe Rocks is a kind of little Chanel into which that water trickles agreeably. On the right ſide of theſe Rocks the *Tyber* is repreſented, as Rivers uſe to be, that is, half lying along and leaning upon his Urn; but he ſeems melancholy, as if he were diſcontented for being ſurpaſs'd by the River of the place, which is ſeen repreſented on the other ſide with a cheerful and pleaſant aſpect. But I muſt not forget to tell you that in theſe Chanels and the abyſs of water are ſeen Statues upon great Pedeſtals repreſenting the ſeveral parts of the world, having in them the moſt precious things of the countreys which they repreſent, which they carry as it were to pay tribute; to denote that the whole earth has contributed to embelliſh this place. But the better to enjoy the ſight and admire ſo many handſome objects at once, you muſt aſcend up the Mount by two ſtately Perroons made like an Amphitheatre, which have alſo ſix very goodly fountains of different forms. About the midſt, at the Baſe of the Baluſtrade are ſeen two great Lyons, which by *Meleander*'s contrivance ſhew after a particular manner the Arms of *Cleonymus*; for the Squirrel is ſeen between the paws of the Lyons, but ſo that 'tis manifeſt theſe cruel Animals have nothing but gentleneſs and kindneſs for it. When you come to the end of the Mount a large green round of water ſurpriſes you, in the midſt of which ariſes as by miracle a Jet of water fifty feet high, of ſo prodigious and extraordinary a greatneſs, that it would ſeem a thick pillar of Cryſtal, if the motion did not convince the eyes. And to denote that it is the laſt piece of this great and excellent workmanſhip, there is plac't beyond it a handſome ſtatue of *Hercules* reſting himſelf after all his Labours which are repreſented in ſculpture upon the Pedeſtal. In this place ſeats are built to behold ſo many rare things the more commodiouſly, which appear ſo much the more excellent, for that from thence alſo divers plain & ruſtick objects are ſeen. For on both ſides you ſee two rude proſpects and a little Temple amongſt the Trees. This Mount has Walks on each ſide, and graſs in the middle, and from thence you have a fairer ſight of the building then from any other place, with the two back-wings which belong to it, the two Garden-plats which are on both ſides, the vaſt compaſs of the great Garden between the two Groves, all the divers ſpirting Fountains, the Chanels, the Squares of Water, the Caſcades, and thoſe too which are on the ſide of the Garden for Flowers, which is before one of the Wings. Hence alſo is diſcovered a thing which has been happily invented by the famous *Meleander*; for whereas *Cleonymus* has ſeveral ancient ta-

rarities, and especially two Figures of Stone, which are said to have serv'd for the Sepulture of the first Kings of *Lybia*; in a litle irregular corner of ground he has caus'd two Pyramids to be built, in imitation of those which are neer *Memphis*; to the end to place in them all such kind of rarities as he possesses. So that the sight of these Pyramids together with that of so many excellent and different objects takes away all thought of regretting that this place has not one of those prospects in which Rivers and Seas are discover'd, and in which the eyes are oftner wearied then diverted. For every thing that is seen in this admirable Desert is agreeable, the eyes cannot stray but with delight. Nevertheless, you must not imagine that I have described all the Beauties of this place to you; for I am confident I have omitted very many; and besides, to speak truth, *Valterra* is but in its infancie (if I may so speak) and there will be so much difference between what it is now and what it will be one day, as there is between a fair Virgin when she is but twelve yeers old and when she is eighteen. And yet 'tis hard to imagine that any thing can be added to it; and when any one walks there, he so forgets himself that he cannot retire. Indeed (as it is fit to return to the source of things) in this Garden one cannot but think with pleasure on the worth and virtue of him that has render'd it such as it is, who in his great employments has display'd all the grand Qualities of his wit and courage, and who by his justice, humanity, and magnificence has found the art to oblige the happy and miserable, and to be the Protector of all virtuous persons, ill-treated by fortune, as well as of the Sciences and excellent Arts.

Ha! *Theanor* (said *Amilcar* perceiving he had done speaking) I am infinitely oblig'd to you for having so well describ'd *Valterra*; I confesse, I am charm'd with it; the beauties of the Vally of *Tempe* are not comparable to those you have describ'd, the Country of *Elis* has nothing that approaches them; *Athens*, *Corinth*, *Thebes*, *Carthage*, *Babylon*, and *Rome* have nothing so admirable; nor does all the Earth afford a more excellent place. But how rare soever it be, I should rather chuse to have the mind and capacity of *Cleonymus* then his fair House.

After this, *Æmilius* having confirm'd that which *Theanor* had related, they went to Horse again. But because they had stay'd a very long time in that place they were overtaken by night. So that in the midst of a thick Wood *Amilcar* unawares separated himself from *Theanor* and *Æmilius*. He stray'd two or three miles; but at length the Moon rising, he found the right way again, and saw he was not far from *Præneste* which he perceiv'd upon the top of a hill. Which hill has this particularity, that being environ'd with divers others lesse high, all their tops seem to form a kind of a Crown, which makes a very handsome sight; and therefore some affirm that this place was heretofore call'd *Stephane* which signifies a Crown; and others *Polystephane* which signifies in *Greek* many Crowns; for *Præneste* was of a *Greek* foundation, and built (as the Inhabitants pretend) by a son of *Ulysses* and *Circe*: but others ascribe its foundation to another cause. But be it how it will, *Amilcar* arriving there observ'd the hope of Peace began to revive commerce; for there was an infinite number of strangers there, and all places appointed for the lodging of such as came to consult the Lots were so full, that he could not be entertain'd there. So he went to the Quarters of *Telantus*, who receiv'd him very civilly, and there he found one of the most intimate Friends of the Illustrious *Amalthea*, whose name was *Cleontus* son of the sage *Timantus*, and who by his virtue and a thousand excellent Qualities deserv'd the esteem of all that knew him. And therefore *Amilcar* was very joyful to see him and embrace him. I did not think (said *Telantus*, observing in what manner they convers'd together) two persons of so contrary humors, could have been such pleasant company together. No, no (answer'd *Amilcar*) do not deceive your self by apparences: *Cleontus* has indeed a serious air, a wise, and sufficiently melancholy deportment; but for all this seeming coldnesse, if you consider his eyes well, you will oftentimes see a judicious smile there, which will convince you that he does not hate mirth in another so much as you beleeve. I know well (added he) he is more Philosopher then I, he passes better with solitude, he would Sacrifice all the pleasures of the world for glory, and will have Reason be absolute Mistresse of his life. But for all this he complyes with such a friend as I; and though he suffers not folly in his own heart, yet he suffers it in that of a Friend, provided it be innocent and agreeable; in a word, it may be said *Cleontus* is capable of being whatever he pleases. He would

would be very apt to be extremely amorous if he pleas'd, he would be ambitious if he were minded, he is learned because he would be so, he makes Verses as well as *Anacreon*, he is able to make Laws of Friendship; and, in fine, I know nothing which he could not discharge with applause. But wisdom (added *Amilcar*) is his Master-piece. He might be even as violent as *Timantus*, though he appears always serene, but he likes better to preserve an even and an equal temper, which indeed is very amiable. You see (answer'd *Cleontus* smiling) that to verifie what you say, I hear my own praises quietly; but to divert you from them, I will inform you that the charming Neece of *Amalthea* is married, and I was at a little Feast which preceded her Nuptials, and was the most jovial one in the world. I beseech you (said *Amilcar*) make me understand all that you know of that charming person. She has married (answer'd *Cleontus*) a man of high Quality, who is tall, well proportion'd, and has a very good aspect; he is call'd *Perianthus*; he began to goe to the War in the fourteenth yeer of his age, so that though he is yet but two and twenty, he has serv'd eight Campagnes already with honor. In the first encounter he was present at, he was wounded and taken prisoner; but this did not discourage him, but on the contrary, he lov'd glory the better. But it is not to be wonder'd that he is courageous, of a brave genius, and mov'd with a great number of excellent Qualities, for he is son of a man whose reputation for Valour and Gallantry is known over all the World; and in fine, the fair *Clarista* could not have a better match. I am very glad to understand this agreeable news (reply'd *Amilcar*) but to speak freely, I cannot beleeve that a Marriage-Feast could have been agreeable; therefore you will do me a pleasure to tell me the manner of that you speak of. I will content your curiosity (answer'd *Cleontus*) Imagine then, that there was a Galeot painted, guilded, and adorn'd with Streamers, in which there was an Anti-chamber and a Chamber curiously painted and guilded. The pavement of the Chamber of the Poope was white blew, the Tapistry green and silver. The Company was in these three places, and the Musick was towards the Prow. We departed from the City about evening, and went to a fair House belonging to the Young Prince of *Syracusa*; where we arriv'd a little before night. There we were entertain'd with a sumptuous feast in which was both order and abundance; after which we walk'd in the Gardens by the noise of fountains which was mix'd with Musick and Discourse; and for a happy presage of this Love, it thunder'd and lightned as long as the Company was upon the way returning home: and which was remarkable, assoon as we were arriv'd, there follow'd a terrible rain; so that it may be said Heaven had a kind respect for us. The great commendation of this Feast was, it had nothing at all of Ceremony, no more then the Marriage-day. For this second Feast was made with such order and magnificence in the stately Palace of *Amalthea*, that never was any seen better contriv'd. Since that admirable Lady had the ordering of it (answer'd *Amilcar*) I beleeve all that you say; for she can never do any thing but what is worthy to be admir'd. But I admire her chiefly for the choice of her friends, for certainly the sentiments of people are best known thereby; and according to the humor I am of, I should more glory in being the Friend of *Amalthea*, then the Favorite of a great King, that had no exquisite judgment.

After this *Amilcar* inquir'd concerning *Berelisa*, *Clidamira*, and *Anacreon*, and then of *Mutius* who was the occasion of his journey. As for *Berelisa* and *Clidamira* (answer'd *Telantus*) they are in perfect health; but they have not consulted the Lots yet, because 'tis the custome to Sacrifice first. And as for *Anacreon*, he has made an Ode since he came hither, which is without doubt a very excellent one; the subject of it, is, That riches avail nothing against death. But, for *Mutius*, I can give you no information concerning him: not that 'tis impossible that he may be here without my knowing it; for so great a number of people have arriv'd within these two days, that he may easily be here and I not know so much. But if he is (added he) I shall soon know it; for to morrow all that would know their Destinies write their names; and so I promise you to give you an account in a little time. After this, *Telantus* thank'd *Amilcar* for having given him the knowledge of *Berelisa*, *Clidamira*, and *Anacreon*; for since Fortune first drew unhappy persons to *Preneste*, there never arriv'd any here, whose conversation has been more charming; so that *Berelisa* and *Clidamira* have already been visited by all the Virtuoso's of the City. *Amilcar* then having

having a new impatience to ſee theſe two amiable perſons, motion'd to *Telantus* to go thither after ſupper; and he not oppoſing the propoſal, they went together to viſit them. By the way, they met with *Anacreon*, who joyn'd himſelf with them: but when *Amilcar* enter'd into *Bereliſa*'s chamber, he was much ſurpris'd to ſee ſo fair and great a company there; for there was eight or ten very amiable women, and almoſt as many men of quality, whoſe air and phyſiognomy ſpoke them ingenious, and in a corner an old *Thuſcan* Soothſayer, who was entertaining himſelf amongſt this great company. *Bereliſa* and *Clidamira* were very joyful to ſee *Amilcar*, and teſtifi'd as much to him in words extreme obliging. Their looks no doubt at firſt askt him news of *Artemidorus*; but their mouths enquir'd of the generous action of *Clelia*, of which they had already heard ſome confus'd report. *Amilcar* ſatisfi'd their curioſity; and to content them abſolutely, he employ'd his diſcourſe ſo, as that he many times nam'd *Artemidorus*, and that in ſuch a way, as gave them to underſtand that he was in better health then when they left *Rome*; he alſo found means to deliver a Letter of that Prince to *Bereliſa* without being obſerv'd. But after this, *Amilcar* a little more exactly conſider'd all this fair company then he had done: 'Tis certainly my good fortune which brought me hither (ſaid he) and I account it ſo much the better (added he) becauſe I finde more then I expected. For I imagin'd, none but infortunate people with melancholy faces were to be found at *Prænejte*; and yet I ſee fair perſons here, who have bright and ſparkling eyes, and agreeable aſpects; and men who have not the countenances of the unhappie. If all unfortunate perſons had pale complexions, ſunk eyes, and a melancholy air (anſwer'd *Anacreon*) not onely this company which appears to you ſo fair, would not be ſuch, but all the world would ſeem terrible. For they who have no infelicities make themſelves ſome; and from the greateſt Kings in the world to the moſt miſerable ſlaves, all complain and murmure againſt Fortune: 'tis in vain that ſhe makes preſents to men; they turn her favours to poyſon, they have that within themſelves which deſtroys their felicity, and ſeeking it always without, they take no care to finde it in their own hearts. Yet methinks (ſaid *Amilcar*) all that is needful to make men happie is in the Univerſe: but 'tis certainly (added he) their extravagant deſires tranſpoſing the order of things, cauſe them to be diſguſted with what they enjoy, and to wiſh that which they have not. That which you ſay is true (anſwer'd *Telantus*) but yet ſomething further muſt be added to it: for the cauſe that there are ſo few people happie, is, becauſe men make deſires to themſelves which Nature alone does not give them. What I ſay to you (added he) I ſay to my ſelf, and againſt my ſelf; ſince 'tis true that almoſt all men do not buſie themſelves onely in ſeeking ſuch things as they have need of, and are fit for them, but chiefly ſuch as they believe the opinion of the world requires them to ſeek. So that without confining themſelves to follow Reaſon alone, they deſire to content that famous Chymera call'd Opinion, and minde more what will be ſaid of them if they do not advance themſelves above their Anceſtors, then their own quiet. How many men are there which would be contented with the patrimony of their fathers, if they did not think that their relations, their neighbours, and all that knew them, would eſteem them leſs in an indifferent then in a high fortune? and nevertheleſs theſe people who ſeek ſo much to content the opinion of others, deſire a thing impoſſible. For Opinion is the moſt mutable thing in the world; and if you would know how different the opinions of men are, it needs onely to oblige all that are preſent to make Wiſhes; and I am confident, if all thoſe that compoſe this company, ſpeak ſincerely, you will obſerve ſo great a diverſity of opinions amongſt them, that you will know it is ſufficiently difficult to be capable of happineſs. But ſeeing there is ſo great a variety of ſentiments (ſaid *Bereliſa*) how then can there be any certain opinion which is eſtabliſht in the world, and thenceforth holds the place of a Law? 'Tis becauſe the multitude of men (anſwer'd *Amilcar*) is ſo great, that there cannot be ſo great a number of contrary opinions as of men. So that ſuch as reſemble one another being united, there reſults from them a certain general opinion in every Nation, which prevails over the reſt. But this does not hinder but that even they who compoſe this opinion have opinions in a manner peculiar to themſelves. For my part (ſaid *Clidamira*) I do not believe that if all the company were oblig'd to wiſh ſomething, you would finde ſo great a diverſity of wiſhes as you imagine: for I am perſwaded all the Ladies would wiſh for great beauty, and almoſt all the men to reign in ſome part of the world, and

to

to be Kings. I do not agree to what you ſay (anſwer'd *Amilcar*) for as for my part, I ſpeak ſincerely, I would not be a King; and I ſhould account it more noble to wiſh to be worthy to be one; beſides, I know Royalty has a thouſand conſequences enemies to liberty, which would ſtrangely diſguſt me. For it muſt be had in minde, that Kings can never do any thing but what will be known, that the leaſt of their actions is publick, that they can ſcarce ever diſcern thoſe who love their condition from ſuch as love their perſons, that they ſeldom know the truth unleſs they divine it; that ceremony attends them everywhere; that they are always encompaſs'd with ſelf-intereſted flatterers; that they never have any great pleaſures but openly, which to prudent perſons are many times great troubles: not to reckon the cares requir'd to the well-governing of a State, or the ſhame there is in governing it ill. But, which chiefly makes me averſe to be a King, is the thought, that it would never be permitted me to be idle. And yet an idle life has ſomething ſo ſweet in it, that I could never reſolve to renounce idleneſs, as I ought to do, to reign with glory. For if an idle Gallant were a King, and enjoy'd the ſame idleneſs, he would be a good-for-nought, unworthy of his dignity. Wonder not then, amiable *Clidamira*, if I am not of your minde. For my part (ſaid *Anacreon*) if I may adviſe, every one of us ſhall wiſh ſomething according to our inclinations, and we will leave *Amilcar* the liberty to condemn or approve the wiſhes we ſhall make; and after every one has declar'd their wiſhes, he ſhall tell his own. I account this propoſal of *Anacreon* a very agreeable motion (ſaid *Bereliſa.*) After which, all the company having approv'd it, *Amilcar* ſaid he would do as was deſir'd; and turning himſelf towards a man of quality of *Tarquinia*, who was next him towards his right hand, he ask'd him what he wiſht. To be as rich as I would (anſwer'd he) for we have no deſires but we may ſatisfie with riches. You ſhould have added, (anſwer'd *Amilcar*) to be rich without being covetous: for without this circumſtance, your wiſh, in ſtead of rendring you happie, would render you the ſlave of your treaſures. For my part (ſaid *Clidamira.*) I am in haſte to tell that I would wiſh to be without contradiction the handſomeſt perſon in the world. You ought withal to have wiſh'd to be always ſuch (anſwer'd *Amilcar*) for I think there is nothing more difficult then for a perſon that has been perfectly a Fair, to inure her ſelf to bear contentedly the decay of her beauty: and beſides, you wiſh a thing impoſſible, when you wiſh to be without contradiction the handſomeſt perſon in the world; for every body judges of beauty according to their particular fancie; ſo that none can be univerſally acknowledg'd for the handſomeſt perſon in the world: moreover, amiable *Clidamira*, you would have a reign of too few years; for the greateſt beauty paſſes very ſwiftly away; and I account you more happie, to be infinitely charming, then to be infinitely handſome. You ſee (added he, ſmiling) I believe your words more then my own eyes; for if I gave credit to them, I ſhould tell you that you enjoy what you have wiſh'd, and are the handſomeſt perſon in the world. However it be (ſaid ſhe) if you pleaſe, ask *Bereliſa* what ſhe wiſhes. To be very well lov'd, and not to love at all, or not much (anſwer'd ſhe, beholding *Clidamira.*) Ha! charming *Bereliſa* (anſwer'd *Amilcar*) you make the moſt unjuſt wiſh in the world: for what pleaſure would you have in being lov'd, if you did not love? conſider therefore, I beſeech you, and make a more equitable wiſh. For my part (ſaid a man of condition of *Valterra*, who had a pale countenance and a languiſhing air) I ſhould wiſh to be always in moſt perfect health. Your wiſh is aſſuredly very good (anſwer'd *Amilcar*) for health is the beginning of all pleaſures: but when it is alone, 'tis a benefit we are not too ſenſible of, and ſometimes ſerves onely to cauſe us more ardently to wiſh all the other pleaſures which we cannot enjoy. For my part (ſaid one of his friends who was next him, and had the meen of a brave man) I ſhould like well enough to be one of thoſe ſubduers of Monſters, like *Hercules*, who run thorow all the world with their ſwords in their hands, deſtroy Gyants, fight with Lions, deliver raviſht Ladies, conquer Cities, relieve Kingdoms, and who though they travel without train or equipage, never have need of any thing. This is no doubt ſufficiently pleaſant (anſwer'd *Amilcar*) and if *Herminius* were here, he would be of this ſentiment; for he loves to do good to all the world; and he hates injuſtice ſo much, that he would take great delight in cauſing equity to reign everywhere, without having need of any thing beſides himſelf. But having well thought upon it, I finde it ſufficiently difficult; and he is not a ſubduer of Monſters that deſires it, for all Monſters will not always ſuffer

themſelves to be ſubdu'd. As for me (ſaid a Lady who had a very agreeable countenance and a melancholy air, I ſhould wiſh to be always with perſons whom I love, and never to ſee others. I perceive, Madam (ſaid *Amilcar* to her) you cannot but have a tender heart, and I aſſure my ſelf you would not have been ſorry that theſe Verſes had been made for you.

Let me my lovely Iris *ſighs but hear,*
And circumſcribe all my deſires in her ;
Let me in gentle peace with her abide,
I care for nought the Sun ſurveys beſide.

I confeſs it (anſwer'd ſhe) for I know nothing ſo ſweet as always to ſee what we love, and nothing ſo troubleſome as ſcarce ever to ſee thoſe who ſenſibly affect our hearts. I cannot ſay (reply'd *Amilcar*) but your wiſh is very agreeable ; however, a little variety does very well. For my part (ſaid *Anacreon*) I will include a thouſand wiſhes in one, and wiſh to be ſenſible of all pleaſures without exception, ſince without this, life has no ſweetneſs, the ſource of all pleaſures being in the heart of thoſe that receive them. For in vain ſhould an excellent Muſitian ſing, if his hearers have not delicate ears to underſtand him well. For my part (ſaid *Amilcar*) I think it would have been better to deſire to enjoy all pleaſures, then to wiſh to be barely ſenſible or capable of them ; but every one wiſhes according to his fancie. As for me (added *Telantus*) I am conſtrain'd to confeſs that I am ſenſible onely of glory and pleaſure, and between the two, if my Reaſon is for one, my heart is for the other ; therefore not being able to determine my ſelf, I would onely deſire nothing. This wiſh is very Philoſophical (anſwer'd *Amilcar*) and one would think it were the moſt reaſonable in the world ; becauſe he that deſires nothing has need of nothing. But after having well conſider'd it, I conclude that a man that ſhould deſire nothing, would paſs his life in ſuch exceſſive tranquillity, that it would ſomething approach neer inſenſibility. Therefore this wiſh ſhall never be mine. As for me (ſaid a perſon of the Country roughly, who had a quick imagination and a rude briskneſs) I ſhould wiſh to have the beſt wit in the world. Alas ! (anſwer'd *Amilcar* haſtily) you know not well what you deſire, when you wiſh to be a fine wit ; there is nothing more decry'd in the world at preſent, and I had rather be a ſlave then a rare wit. They that are ſuch with judgment, conceal it ; they who have not wherewith to ſupport this Quality, are ſo impertinent in it, that except ſuch as laugh at them, no body deſires their converſation. Not but that I conſent with all my heart thereto if you are deſirous to be ſuch (added *Amilcar*, looking upon him who made this wiſh) and it is only requiſite that you tell us what kind of fine wit you would be ; for there are ſome of the firſt order, others ſecundary ; ſome of the Court, others of the City and the Country, and ſome fine wits too amongſt the meaner people. Speak then if you pleaſe, to the end I may underſtand your wiſh, and know a little more preciſely whether I ought to approve or condemn it. For being I am at this time Cenſor of the wiſhes of the Company, it behoves me to acquit my ſelf punctually of the Office. *Amilcar* ſpoke this with a certain ſerious air which caus'd all that heard him to laugh, and which ſo ſtruck the poor wit out of countenance, that he anſwer'd ſo ſoftly as no body ſcarce heard his anſwer. Wherefore *Amilcar* turning towards a man of *Peruſia* of a handſome perſonage, ask'd him what he wiſht ? Not to be in love (anſwer'd he.) Beleeve me (reply'd *Amilcar* roughly) you had better wiſh to be dead ; for to ſpeak truth, to live without Love is a very uncomfortable life. I beleeve that which you ſay (anſwer'd another man of *Cluſium*) and I know it by experience ; and therefore I would with all my heart be always amorous. But I have endeavor'd it theſe four yeers unprofitably, and I have ſu'd above a hundred times to a perſon whom I once lov'd ;

Give me my Love and my deſires again,
And I therewith my pleaſures ſhall regain.

But he that is amorous (reply'd the other) cannot ſpend one day without diſcontent. But he loves nothing (ſaid the man of *Cluſium*) is incapable of any ſenſible plea-

pleaſure. Be it how it will (ſaid *Amilcar*) I account the laſt wiſh more reaſonable then the other; becauſe the firſt overthrows the order of the World, and oppoſes Nature which inſpires Love into all the Univerſe. But to proceed (added *Amilcar*, addreſſing to a handſome Lady of *Praneſte*) What is your wiſh? To have many true Friends (anſwer'd ſhe) for I imagine there is nothing ſo ſweet. You ſhould have deſir'd (ſaid *Amilcar*) that there were ſuch, and then that you had them: therefore, if you beleeve me, deſire rather to have many Lovers; for with thoſe eyes of yours it will be eaſier for you to have Lovers then friends. But when we have Lovers (anſwer'd ſhe) they forſake us. But when we beleeve we have Friends (reply'd *Amilcar*) we find oftentimes that we have not; but to ſpeak truth (added he) there is deceit in every thing. As for what concetns me (ſaid another Lady) I would wiſh to ſee that which is in the hearts of all the world. No doubt there would be pleaſure enough (anſwer'd *Amilcar*) in penetrating into the hearts of ſuch as have an outſide of wiſdome, and a thouſand follies hidden in their Souls; of thoſe hypocrites who make ſemblance of having virtue, and make uſe of it onely to hide their vices; of thoſe coy Goſſips in apparence who are unfaithful to their husbands; of thoſe deceitful Friends, who intend to deſtroy thoſe they Careſſe moſt; and of thoſe Wantons who have a thouſand little Loves at a time: but withall you would ſee ſo many follies, wickedneſſes, frauds, and treacheries, that I think it better to wiſh to know ones own heart well then thoſe of others. For my part (ſaid a man with a fierce aſpect) I ſhould wiſh to be the moſt valiant man in the world; And I to be the moſt eloquent (added another.) Eloquence and valour (anſwer'd *Amilcar*) are two excellent things; but 'tis good to wiſh at the ſame time to know how they ought to be us'd; for to ſpeak truth, they are a ſtrange ſort of people who underſtand nothing but killing of men; and I am much of the ſentiment of thoſe of *Agrigentum*, who have a Proverbial ſaying amongſt them, That Valour is like ſalt, good for nothing by it ſelf, and yet good for almoſt all things. But as for Eloquence, it is not leſſe neceſſary to know the right uſe of it: for an Eloquent perſon who declaims always in converſation is very troubleſome; and as often as any one wiſhes Eloquence, he ought to remember to wiſh judgment with it. As for me (ſaid a *Greek* who was preſent) I ſhould much deſire to write ſuch excellent things as I might beleeve would deſcend to Poſterity, and that with glory; and I am aſſur'd, if *Anacreon* who hears me would ſpeak truth, he would confeſſe that the thought of being one day tranſlated into various Languages and commended in ſeveral Ages, is infinitely ſweet to him. I aſſure you (anſwer'd *Anacreon* ſmiling) if you knew that pleaſure by experience, you would not account it ſo great as you imagine; for at the ſame inſtant that I think perhaps my Works will live a long time, I think perhaps I ſhall not, but ſhall infallibly live leſſe then they. So that this chagrin ſtrangely troubles the pleaſure of this pretended immortality. *Anacreon* is very equitable in ſpeaking as he does (ſaid *Amilcar*) for thoſe pleaſures are properly the pleaſures of fancie; not but that I know well 'tis almoſt a general weakneſs to affect to have our names live; but to ſpeak truth, upon a ſerious conſideration 'tis but a folly: for cannot we judge by what is ſaid of thoſe that have written before us, what will be ſaid after us of thoſe that write at this time? 'Tis true, they are ſometimes commended, but yet they are blam'd at leaſt as much as they are prais'd. They are rob'd, and ill tranſlated, and beſides, though it were not ſo, what concernment can we take in things which ſhall happen when we are no longer concern'd amongſt the living? Beleeve me then, let us be contented with preſent pleaſures, let us enjoy our glory whilſt we live, let us ſeek to obtain the praiſes of ſuch as are alive, and let us not care for being commended by people not yet in being, whom we know not and never can know. No doubt there are a thouſand agreeable things in the Odes of *Anacreon*, which will not be underſtood two thouſand yeers hence, becauſe Manners, Cuſtoms, and Gallantry will be changed with the Ages. Nevertheleſs, I allow that people may by the by comfort themſelves in ſome manner againſt Death, with the thought of having ſome priviledge above the Vulgar, and leaving a name which does not dye with them; but let us not account this amongſt the moſt exquiſite pleaſures, nor ſo affirmatively aſcribe to our ſelves an imaginary immortality, which perhaps Poſterity will not give us: for I aſſure you, every one does not live in this manner who deſires it, and many people think they write for immorta-

lity;

lity, whose works will dye. As for me (said a very amiable Virgin who was sister to that Lady of *Prænestе* who had spoken before) I am confident my wish will please all the Company. Tell it quickly then (said *Amilcar.*) 'Tis to be invisible (answer'd she.) Ha! Madam (reply'd *Amilcar*) this is the first time no doubt that so fair a person as you made this wish. In good earnest (added she) I know nothing more agreeable then this. But what would you do with your invisibility? (said *Amilcar* smiling.) I would make use of it (answer'd she) to know the secrets of all the World, and especially to know truly what they who do not love me speak of me. As for my part (reply'd *Amilcar*) I have no curiosity to know what my Enemies say, for I easily imagine it. But I confess to you, I should be ravisht to know that my Friends spoke of me in the same manner when I am not with them as when I am. For experience has taught me, there are few people but upon some occasions make raillery upon their Friends, or at least endure to hear it made in their presence. Yet this is very culpable (answer'd *Berelisa.*) But when we have Friends (said *Clidamira*) who have certain natural defects which cannot be conceal'd (as deformity, or the like) what ought we to do? Never speak of them (answer'd *Berelisa.*) But if others speak of them (reply'd *Clidamira*) 'tis necessary to agree with them. When we cannot contradict them (answer'd *Berelisa*) we must blame them of injustice in accusing virtuous persons of defects not in their power to amend, rather then to commend them for a thousand good Qualities they are indu'd with: and thereupon we ought to take occasion to praise them, and exaggerate all that is commendable in them; for there is nothing more unworthy and unjust then to upbraid any one with his natural defects. However it be (said *Amilcar*) let us return to invisibility, of which various uses may be made. One might thereby be present at all the Counsels of Kings, and Master of the secrets of all the world; and nothing besides the thoughts alone could escape the knowledge of an invisible person. It would be good in affairs of State and War, but chiefly in Gallantry; for we might deceive all Husbands, Mothers, Aunts, and Rivals: but being by ill hap, this wish is one of the most difficult wishes in the world to be accomplisht, let us see what the remainder of the Company wishes. For my part (said a man of *Ardea*, who was very rich and ingenious) I would wish to have no Envyers. You would then (answer'd *Amilcar*) have no virtue, be poor, deform'd, and miserable; for whoever has good fortune, merit, and virtue, has Envyers infallibly. As for me (said an amiable person who sate next *Berelisa*) I should wish more to be an accomplisht man then an accomplisht woman. As for this wish (answer'd *Amilcar*) I find nothing to say against it; for though women are infinitely more amiable then men, and I love them a thousand times better, yet, I judge, Madam, that you have wish'd very judiciously: for were there no other reason then that which allows us to use Courtship and Gallantry, and forbids it you, I should account your wish very just. For my part (added another Lady) I should like well of immortality. I am wholly of your mind (answer'd *Amilcar*) and this wish is the best of all; for it would be great pleasure to see the whole Universe continually change, being unalterable ones self. But to speak truth, this happiness appears so impossible, that I have not the power to wish it; and all that I can say, is, that this immortality is to be prefer'd to that of Writings. You have reason (reply'd a man who had the whole air of a profess'd Scholar of which the world is full) therefore without wishing immortality which belongs to the Gods alone, I should wish only to be very learned, and to be able to understand all Nature. For there would be great pleasure in a perfect knowledge of the Sun, Moon, and Stars, in penetrating into the Centre of the Earth, there to the production of gold, in knowing the Qualities and Virtues of Minerals, Plants, Herbs, and being skill'd even in the knowledge of the least Cockles in the Sea, and the least Flyes upon the Earth; great trees, shrubs, monsters, domestick Animals, Seas, Rivers, Brooks, and Fountains, and to be ignorant of none of all Natures operations. That which you say is admirable (answer'd *Amilcar*) but though this wish is one of the best that can be made, yet it ought not to be abus'd. For I once knew a man, who understood as well as possible the situation and course of the Stars, who admirably knew Simples, who discours'd very well of the nature of Winds, who had observ'd that the salt of *Agrigentum* contrary to the manner of all other salt of the World, hardens in the Water, and melts in the Sun; that there are Pismires in certain Countries

tries like Elephants; who diſcours'd very well of the Rainbow, who knew even the particularities of the love of Crocodiles; and who for all this, was a ſottiſh man, his mind was always in Heaven, or the Abyſs of the Earth, or the bottom of the Sea, to find out the Secrets of Nature, and never was where it ought to be. He knew a hundred thouſand things which were not neceſſary, but knew not that his wife was a wanton; and in fine, he was ignorant in morality and the art of living decently in the world; which is a thouſand times more neceſſary to be known then the love of Crocodiles. All the Company having laugh'd at what *Amilcar* ſaid, ſome time paſs'd without any wiſhing; but at length a very accompliſht man of *Ceres* ſaid his wiſh was more reaſonable then that of all the reſt, ſince he wiſh'd nothing but to be lov'd by that which he lov'd. This wiſh is very reaſonable (anſwer'd *Amilcar*) but being you ſeem ſufficiently worthy to be lov'd, you might rather have made another wiſh, and left it to your merit to cauſe you to obtain that which you deſire. As for me (ſaid a ſprightly young perſon) I would wiſh to be able to live without ſleep, for 'tis a great loſs of time. I confeſs it (anſwer'd *Amilcar*) but however, though all the World ſleeps every day, yet they have time enough to be weary, and therefore ſleep, if you will take my Counſel. But that you may ſleep with pleaſure (added he ſmiling) and have delightful Dreams, ſuffer an accompliſht man who does not diſpleaſe you, to ſay to you every day, I love you, and no doubt you will find no cauſe to complain of ſleep more. For my part (ſaid a man of good years) I ſhould greatly deſire to be a wiſe Law-giver, like *Solon*, *Lycurgus*, *Zamolxis*, and divers others. This wiſh is ſomething commendable (anſwer'd *Amilcar*) but I confeſs, if I were a great and illuſtrious Maker of Laws, I ſhould have great regret in foreſeeing that infallibly they would be ill obſerv'd; for there is ſuch a great perverſeneſs amongſt men, that aſſoon as a Law is made, all that ought to follow it, ſeek only how to infringe it with impunity. And beſides, to ſpeak truth, I account it more glorious to obey the Law then to have made it; for it is much eaſier to command in ſuch occaſions then to obey; and moreover 'tis a general maxime, that good actions are worth more then good words. After this, there remain'd only *Amilcar* and the old *Tuſcan* Soothſayer who had wiſhes to make. But this venerable old man would make no wiſh at all, and ſaid men were too blind to know what good was fit for them: after which he continu'd to hear attentively what was ſaid in the Company. It was then requir'd of *Amilcar* to make his wiſh as others had done. I will (anſwer'd he) but I muſt firſt ſee whether all the Company have wiſh'd: and ſo he taking writing-Tablets, he ſet down on one ſide all the wiſhes of the Ladies, and on the other all thoſe of the men, in this manner.

The Wishes of the Ladies.

To be the handſomeſt Perſon in the World.
To be extremely lov'd, and not love at all, or very little.
To be always with Perſons one loves, and to converſe with no others.
To ſee what is in the hearts of all the World.
To be inviſible.
To be an accompliſht man inſtead of being an accompliſht woman.
To be immortal.
To be able to live without ſleep.

The Wishes of the Men.

To be a King.
To be as rich as one would.
To be always in health.
To be a ſubduer of Monſters like Hercules, *and a Deliverer of Kingdoms and raviſh'd Ladies.*
To be ſenſible of all pleaſures without exception.
To deſire nothing.
To be the beſt Wit in the World.
Not to be amorous.
To be always in love.
To be the moſt valiant man in the World.
To be the moſt eloquent.

To be the author of ingenious Compoſures which may deſcend to poſterity.
To have no Enviers.
To be very Learned.
To be lov'd by whom we love.
To be a wiſe Law-giver.

When *Amilcar* had writ down all theſe Wiſhes, he firſt counted them, and then the whole company, and found there was none but himſelf to wiſh: wherefore being much urg'd to ſpeak, he anſwer'd, that it was not a thing to be done with precipitation: for ſince (ſaid he) the buſineſs is to make a Wiſh, I will make one ſo great, that imagination cannot go beyond it: for to think to deſire one thing which may ſuffice to render a man happie, is a ſtrange miſtake. Therefore to make a handſome Wiſh, I will make a handſome Story, and tell you in particular how I would be if I were maſter of my Deſtiny and events. Aſſuredly (ſaid *Clidamira*) he is going to wiſh to be lov'd by an hundred thouſand fair perſons at once. Pardon me, Madam (anſwer'd *Amilcar*) I am not; and I declare to you, that I renounce my debonair humour for an hour onely, and am going to ſpeak ſincerely to you, and in the greateſt earneſtneſs in the world. Know then, that for a more noble reaſon then that I mention'd at the beginning of this converſation, though I could diſpoſe my lot as I pleas'd, I would not be born a King: for I account it no great glory to do no more but ſucceed a father, and I think it is ſomething more ſweet for a man to be the builder of his own grandeur, and to owe nothing but to himſelf. You would then be a Conquerour (reply'd *Clidamira*) which many times ſignifies an Uſurper. By no means (ſaid *Amilcar*) and I have at preſent a greater fancie then that: but I beſeech you ſuffer me to ſpeak, my friend, and then let the company judge of my Wiſh. Know then, I would be neither King nor conquering Uſurper; but as for birth, I would be of a Royal race, and that the changes which arrive ſucceſſively in the world, had [illegible] my family, and left me ſcarce any other advantage beſides nobility of bloud; I would be alſo deſcended of vertuous Parents, and be indu'd with great vertue my ſelf. I confeſs too I would be a handſome perſonage, have a noble air, a happie phyſiognomy, and a very high aſpect. As for Wit, I would have an infinite portion, but eſpecially of that of the chief order, capable of great things, of governing Nations, counſelling Kings, and knowing all the intereſts of Monarchies, the means to manage great Wars, and the art of grand Negotiations, of penetrating into the ſecrets of all hearts; and above all, I would have the faculty of perſwading, which is almoſt the moſt neceſſary of all, for one that is in the higheſt employments. I would alſo in the beginning of my life go to the War, and give proofs of my courage: and to raiſe my ſelf a reputation on the ſudden, I would have Fortune by ſome extraordinary way cauſe me to be between two Armies ready to joyn Battel; and that for the firſt eſſays of my addreſs and eloquence, I had the pleaſure to cauſe theſe two enemy-Armies to lay down their Arms, and the glory to eſtabliſh Peace between two great Princes. In the next place, I would wiſh there were a Kingdom which were the ſanctuary of the Sciences and excellent Arts, in which there were a great and excellent Miniſter, who by a thouſand glorious actions had merited the admiration of all the earth, to the end that being lov'd and eſteem'd by him, I might of a ſudden come to be conſider'd in that great State. Moreover, I ſhould take an extreme pleaſure (if the Gods pleas'd that he di'd before me) that he left me to the King his Maſter as a faithful ſervant, and capable of aſſiſting him to ſupport the burden of affairs: and, to complete my happineſs, I would that that King at his death left me the government of the young Prince which were to ſucceed him, together with that of the whole State. But to ſignalize my Government the more, I would have a great War to manage; and that ſhortly after the death of the King, there were divers Cities taken, and many Battels won. Yet I would not have Fortune always favourable to me, and have none but eaſie ſucceſſes, and without obſtacles. On the contrary, I would ſee my Victories on a ſudden interrupted by ſome great Inſurrection of the people: I would, I ſay, that the Commotion beginning in the heart of the State, I ſaw almoſt the whole Kingdom riſen againſt me, and had a forreign and a civil War to manage at once. But in making this Wiſh, I would at the ſame time

per-

perfectly understand the art to yield sometimes to the tempest, thereby to save the Ship from perishing; and be able to re-establish a general calm, and cause the young Prince I serv'd to reign with glory, without employing that bloudy policie which is always follow'd with terrour and dread. But after I had calm'd this great storm within the State, I would win a thousand new advantages over the forreign enemies, take many important Cities, and gain divers Battels; and then to crown all these grand actions with the most heroick action that ever was, I would after so many happie successes form the designe of a Peace upon the field of Victory. But the more agreeably to surprise all the earth, I would make a great secret of this important negotiation, which should pass onely between my self and the Minister of the King against whom the War was; and at length, when the Nations durst scarce hope a Peace, they should understand it was made. But for the conclusion of this peace, I would not be unwilling to be a while in some small Island conferring with the Minister of the enemies; to the end I might in that place see Nations, Princes and Kings await with ardency the resolutions which should be taken in that little corner of earth. Moreover, I would corroborate this Peace by a happie Marriage of the young King I serv'd, and a fair Princess, daughter of the enemy-King; that so thenceforth I might see peace, plenty and pleasures return together, establish safety both on Land and Sea, reconcile to the interests of the State some illustrious Heroe whom Fortune had separated from them, and finally render the whole world happie. And to accomplish my own felicity, I would not marry at all, but I would there were a State in the world where the Prince raign'd by the election of the greatest and the wisest; and that I were advanc'd to that place, to raign there all the rest of my life. But I would also that that Soveraignty had some kinde of authority over all others, and that I had power then to continue Peace amongst all the Kings of the world. Thus not being born a King, I should reign innocently, and boast of having enjoy'd glory in all the different manners it can be possest.

Ah! *Amilcar* (cry'd the old sage Soothsayer, who had scarce spoken before) it belongs to you onely to wish; I think you are inspir'd by heaven: for having consulted the Lots, to know what will be the destiny of *Rome* now *Tarquin* is expell'd thence, I have found that it will one day be subject to a man of the same name with one of the first Ancestors of *Romulus*, to such a man as you desire to be, who shall be descended from the ancient Kings of *Sicily*. But this will not come to pass till a long time after *Rome* shall have been a triumphant Commonwealth, and shall have been once again governed by Soveraigns, amongst which many Heroes shall be counted. This man spoke thus with such Majestie, that himself seem'd really inspir'd, and his discourse made such an impression upon the mindes of all that heard him, that they doubted not but what he said would one day be accomplish'd; and all the company confess'd that it was not possible to wish any thing more great and glorious, and that all their own wishes together deserv'd not to be compar'd to the destiny of that great man.

But whilst they were speaking thus, the old Soothsayer sate down again in his place, and return'd to his ordinary silence, without concerning himself longer in what the company discours'd of, which soon after broke up and retir'd. The next morning *Amilcar* went to the Temple of Fortune, of which he admir'd the beauty and magnificence. In divers parts of this Temple, this Goddess was seen represented in many various manners, and all round about it were seen great Tables in which all the events she uses to cause were pourtray'd, sometimes advancing the little, and depressing the great. In one place destroying Empires, in another founding Kingdoms, and appearing always very powerful and capricious. *Amilcar* guided by an old Priest, saw also a certain place at the bottom of the Temple, where through a door of grates he was shew'd a statue of *Jupiter* in his childhood sitting with *Juno* between the arms of Fortune, to which marry'd women paid great devotion. He was told that heretofore a man of great vertue was inspir'd to go break a huge stone, which after long deferring he did, though all the world laugh'd at him; and that he had no sooner touch'd the stone, but miraculously a great breach was made in it, at which issue'd forth the famous Lots which decide the Destinies of men. He was also told, that at the same time there was an Olive-tree from whence issu'd forth abundance of honey; from which Omens the Soothsayers foretold that these Lots would become very famous. It was added too, that the Soothsayers caus'd a Coffer to be made of that Olive-tree, wherein to include the Lots, which were nothing but a great number of little Oaken

Tablets, ingrav'd with ſeveral diſtinct words in ancient Characters. But I beſeech you (ſaid *Amilcar* to him he convers'd with) what courſe do they take to conſult theſe Lots? Firſt, a Sacrifice is offer'd to Fortune (ſaid he who inſtructed *Amilcar*) to requeſt her to forget all the reproaches the perſons have ſpoken againſt her; for it is preſuppos'd men are ſo unjuſt, that there is not one, even of thoſe to whom ſhe gives moſt of the favors which are in her power, but ſometimes in his life complains of her. 'Tis true (anſwer'd *Amilcar*) there is no Deity towards whom reſpect is ſo often loſt, as this; and for my part, I confeſs, I have utter'd reproaches againſt her in four or five Languages, both in Verſe and in Proſe, & ſo I have great need of the Sacrifice you ſpeak of. But what further is to be done, to conſult the Lots? I have already told you (anſwer'd the other) that they are kept in a Coffer made of the Sacred Olive-tree I mention'd, and I ſhall adde that this Coffer is plac'd at the feet of that Statue of Fortune which embraces young *Jupiter*, and that after the perſon has ſigniſi'd what he deſires to know, a Young Boy draws at a venture ſeveral of theſe Tablets upon which the diſtinct words are written. After which, the Child having placed them in a row, the Soothſayer who is to unfold the Lots, reads them, and there finds the ſenſe which he unfolds, but with ſuch exactneſs that it is miraculous.

Amilcar having thank'd him that had ſo well inſtructed him, obſerv'd that the Temple was divided by a great Baluſtrade or Rail; on one ſide of which were all the men, and on the other all the women, and at the upper end ſtood two Prieſts who writ the names of ſuch as intended to conſult the Lots concerning their Fortune. Now whereas *Telantus* had promis'd *Amilcar* to give him an account whether *Mutius* would cauſe his name to be written, he did not ſtay to behold the men, but onely the Ladies to whom he might ſpeak any thing over the Baluſtrade, it not being forbidden to ſpeak in this Temple when the Sacrifice was not in hand. Wherefore he ſet himſelf to conſider the number of fair Strangers whom he ſaw in that place: and being he ſtood ſomewhat neer him who inquir'd and writ down the names, he could hear thoſe which they pronounc'd; ſo that after having heard a very great number, he beheld a lovely Woman who arreſted his eyes agreeably; and thereupon giving her ear, he heard that ſhe was nam'd *Aretaphile*; and that ſhe ſaid ſhe was of the Principality of *Elis*; for they are oblig'd to tell what Countrey they are of. Being deſirous then to have ſome converſation with her, he obſerv'd ſhe went and plac'd her ſelf by the Baluſtrade about ten paces from him; and ſo he chang'd his ſtation and went to ſalute her very civilly. I beſeech you, Madam (ſaid he to her in *Greek*) be pleas'd to give me liberty to ask you news of the Princeſs *Eliſmonda*, and I deſire you tell me whether ſhe be ſtill as fair as ſhe was on the day ſhe gave the prizes at the *Olympick* Games. That Princeſſe is ſtill ſo young (anſwer'd *Aretaphile*) that her beauty cannot be diminiſh'd; and ſo I can aſſure you, ſhe was never more fair and charming, and when I came away ſhe was at a fair houſe belonging to the Prince of *Elis*, which is called the Valley of Cupids. After this *Amilcar* obtain'd the permiſſion of this fair perſon to goe and viſit her. But when he turn'd his head, he was much aſtoniſht to ſee *Lucilius*, *Herminius*, *Æmilius*, and *Spurius* entering into the Temple; for when he departed from *Rome*, they made no account to go to *Præneſte*. He approacht towards them, and underſtood that *Lucilius* was ſent by *Porſenna* to conſult the Lots of *Præneſte* concerning the preſent ſtate of affairs; and he learnt by *Herminius*, that *Æmilius*, *Spurius*, and himſelf being upon the point to have a Quarrel, *Publicola* had hinder'd them from fighting, and engag'd them to come to this place, declaring to them nevertheleſs, that he left *Valeria* abſolute Miſtreſs of her own deſtiny, and that he was ſo confident ſhe would chuſe equitably, that he beleev'd the Gods would approve his choice and make their will known. After this theſe Newcomers went to cauſe their names to be written; but at the ſame time *Amilcar* beheld a man of a good perſonage and in mourning attire enter into the Temple, and obſerv'd that *Clidamira* chang'd colour thereat, and *Bereliſa* ſeem'd amaz'd to ſee him. In effect it was *Meleontus*, who having paſs'd through *Rome* to ſee the Prince *Artemidorus* was come to *Præneſte*, and accordingly caus'd his name to be written. Next, *Amilcar* beheld the jealous *Damon* with *Acriſius*; for *Sicinius* would not conſult the Lots at *Præneſte*. But at length when this great number of Strangers of both Sexes had caus'd their names to be written, a Sacrifice was offer'd by way of preparation to know the ſecrets of Fate the next day. As they were going out of the Temple,

Telantus advertis'd *Amilcar* that the wicked *Tullia* had ſent a man with great ſums of mony to corrupt him that was to expound the Lots, and cauſe him to give *Lucilius* ſuch an anſwer as might perſwade *Porſenna* to put *Aronces* and *Clelia* to death; but he aſſur'd him at the ſame time that nothing was to be fear'd, and that he to whom the addreſs was made was a man of the moſt firm probity in the world. *Amilcar* trembled at this wickedneſs of *Tullia*, but he hop'd to draw advantage from it. He acquainted *Herminius* with the matter, and having underſtood by *Telantus* that *Mutius* did not preſent himſelf at the Temple, he went to the lodgings of *Clidamira* and *Bereliſa*, where *Meleontus* arriv'd a moment after, for he did not think fit to accoſt them as they were going out of the Temple. Aſſoon as he enter'd, *Bereliſa* askt him for who'n he wore mourning. For the Prince of *Leontium*, Madam (anſwer'd he.) How (reply'd *Clidamira* wholly ſurpris'd) is the Prince of *Leontium* dead? He is certainly (ſaid *Meleontus*); but with ſo great regret for not having well enough treated *Artemidorus* and the Princeſſe *Lyſonice*, that he commanded me his death to come and teſtifie his laſt ſentiments to them. And accordingly I came to *Rome* to obey him, and to conjure the Prince *Artemidorus* to go and take poſſeſſion of his Principality, to forget all things paſt, and to be my Protector. As he is very generous (added he) he has granted me all I deſir'd of him, and charg'd me with two Letters which I deliver to you. In ſpeaking this *Meleontus* gave one Letter of *Artemidorus* to *Clidamira*, and another to *Bereliſa*. They both bluſht as they received them, and could not refrain from beholding one another with an air a little jealous. But *Bereliſa*'s doubts excited by jealouſie were ſoon diſpell'd; for the Letter of the Prince *Artemidorus* was conceiv'd in theſe terms.

Artemidorus to Bereliſa.

Though the Prince my Brother had ill-treated me, I am notwithſtanding much affected with his death: but now, Madam, that the Gods have given me power to teſtifie to you how much I love you, I declare to you that I will not reign at Leontium *but with you; and no other ſhall ever reign in my heart. I have writ to* Clidamira *in ſuch a ſtrain as will cure you of all your unjuſt jealouſies. However, I deſire you to promote* Meleontus *intereſt with her; he has ſo well deported himſelf ſince the Prince's death, that he deſerves that you and I forget all the miſchief he has done us. I beſeech you, return to* Rome *aſſoon as you can; that when we have ſeen what will be the deſtiny of* Aronces, *I may go and cauſe you to be acknowledg'd Princeſs of* Leontium.

¶ As *Bereliſa* read this Letter, joy diffus'd it ſelf from her eyes over all her countenance; and *Clidamira*, as ſhe read hers, could not contain from bluſhing with choler; for it was almoſt in theſe words.

Artemidorus to Clidamira.

You have reaſon, Madam, to have made choice of Meleontus *for the object of your affection; therefore I will do him what ſervice I can to gain your favour towards him. I have underſtood from his mouth what I knew before, that he is not ſo unacceptable to you but that he may hope to be happy if I protect him. I do ſo, Madam, and deſire of you for him all the favours he is worthy of. I have formerly complain'd of it, and now I rejoyce at it; but there arrive ſo many other changes, that this ought not to ſurpriſe you. His fortune is ſufficiently good, to render yours happy. Do not therefore reſiſt his affection and my requeſts; but beleeve I can never be more obliged to you then I ſhall be, if you reward his affection in the manner I deſire.*

Clidamira made as if ſhe read this Letter over again, but in truth, ſhe onely took time to calm the trouble of her mind, and to deliberate what ſhe ſhould do. During which ſhe concluded that *Bereliſa* was going to the Princeſs of *Leontium*, and that *Artemidorus* being fully perſwaded that ſhe had had a beginning of Courtſhip with *Meleontus*, no longer beleev'd that it was only for his ſake, as ſhe had endeavor'd to perſwade him. Wherefore, conſidering that if ſhe rejected *Meleontus* ſhe would be without all ſupport, and being an admirable diſſembler, ſhe recollected her ſelf ſuddenly, and beholding *Meleontus* with an aſpect ſomething confus'd but not at all rude, The Prince ſpeaks ſo obligingly of you (ſaid ſhe to him) that it is manifeſt he will obtain what he deſires; but however we ſhall ſpeak of it at a little more leaſure. In the mean time *Herminius* and *Amilcar* were ſpeaking to *Bereliſa*, who ſhew'd them *Artemidorus*'s Letter, as being her deareſt Friends at *Rome*. So that they were very joyful to ſee that Fortune had at length done Juſtice to her merit. But after *Meleontus*, *Herminius*, and *Amilcar* were gone away, *Clidamira* not being able to ſuppreſs her ſentiments, I imagine (ſaid ſhe to *Bereliſa*) you care no longer for conſulting the Lots of *Præneſte*, and the Prince's Letter has given you whatever you account agreeable to your deſires. 'Tis true (anſwer'd *Bereliſa*) *Artemidorus*'s Letter is ſuch as I could deſire, but I conceive that which you have received ought not to diſpleaſe you; for, to give you what you made choice of, is as I conceive to do all that can be acceptable to you. Being you are yet but my ſiſter in Law (reply'd *Clidamira*) and not Princeſs of *Leontium*, I muſt once in my life ſpeak plainly to you, before I be oblig'd to bear you a reſpect which will not allow me to offend you. ---- But, no (added ſhe) the manifeſtation of my anger will but augment your joy, and therefore I change my mind, and will never more ſpeak to you of *Artemidorus*, whom I will endeavour to hate, or at leaſt not to love longer. As I can never ceaſe to conſider you as the wife of my Brother (ſaid *Bereliſa*) I will anſwer you without paſſion. Joy wonderfully ſweetens the mind (anſwer'd *Clidamira*) and you have not been always ſo gentle when you were diſcontented. But however (added ſhe, as ſhe was going from her into a Cloſet in the ſame Chamber) if I cannot be contented, I will at leaſt make ſuch ſhew of being ſo, that perhaps you who are really ſo, ſhall not ſeem ſo much. *Bereliſa* ſmil'd at *Clidamira*'s paſſion, and went into the Chamber which was aſſign'd to her.

The next morning *Amilcar* diligently enquir'd for *Mutius*, and could learn no tidings of him; only he underſtood that there was an unknown perſon who had ſent to deſire the favour that his name might not be written amongſt the reſt, but to be heard laſt, when the whole Ceremony of the multitude was finiſh'd; which could not be done in one day, there being too great a number of people this yeer in *Præneſte*. At break of day the Temple of Fortune was open, and two hours were by favour allotted for ſuch as would cauſe their names to be written in order to conſulting the Lots, during which the Temple was fill'd with people to hear a kinde of Hymn ſung by a very excellent voice to the glory of Fortune. Whilſt this was doing, a certain noiſe was heard about the Gate. *Amilcar* who had an Univerſal curioſity turn'd his head, and beheld a little Machine painted, guilded, and cover'd with a kind of little Canopy. It was ſurrounded with Curtains, and carried by two ſlaves. Upon the top of this Canopy was the Portrait of a young, and handſome man. He had a round Viſage, blew eyes, neat, and agreeable, a carnation, and freſh Complexion, and a cheerfull and ſprightful aſpect. At the bottom of this Portrait were ſeen theſe Verſes:

Youthful and fair, this Picture courts your eye.
Youthful and fair as this, ſo once was I.
But envious Fate (by whoſe ſevere decree,
No happineſs can great and laſting be)
So chang'd both face and body, there remains
Of both but one dire Magazine of pains.
A thouſand ills my vexed limbs diſtort,
But I unmov'd ſuſtain their rude effort.
And though confin'd in this ſad place I lie,
Yet round the ſpacious Globe my name doth flie.

The

The novelty of this Machine having surpris'd all the Assembly, two Priests at the Gates of the Temple would have hinder'd the slaves that carried it, from passing, and requir'd him that was within it to descend and enter into the Temple. But a moment after, the Curtains were seen to open a little, and a voice something shrill but impetuous was heard to speak thus, No, no (said this unknown) do not go about to cause me to descend, for 'tis in vain; and as people of high Quality are seen to enter in Chariots into the Courts of Kings Palaces, so I have the priviledge to enter into the Chambers of Queens and Temples; for that you may know me well, I am the prime sick person in the World, and he alone that has been able to reconcile pain with joy. The Unknown spoke this with so fierce a tone, that he silenced the Priests, and they suffer'd the Machine to enter, which drew the eyes of the whole Assembly. But indeed a moment after, it was minded no more; because there appear'd a person so infinitely fair, that she attracted the general view. It was known by the livery of the slaves who follow'd her that she was the Wife of him that was in the Machine. She was young, admirably fair, and of a good stature; her name was *Lyriana*, she was of very noble Birth, and Fortune having been adverse to her Parents, she was in her infancie led by them into the remotest parts of *Lybia*; from whence she return'd so fair and charming, that scarce any could be compar'd to her without doing her injury. *Lyriana* was tall and well proportion'd, but of that tallness which does not affright, but onely adds to the grace of the person. She had a very clear and smooth Complexion, her Hair was of a bright and agreeable chestnut, her Nose was well shap'd, and her Mouth well cut, she had a Noble, sweet, sprightly, and Majestical air; and to render her Beauty more perfect and charming, she had the handsomest Eyes in the world. For they were black, sparkling, sweet, passionate, and full of spirit; their brightness had something I know not what, which cannot be express'd; a sweet melancholy sometimes appear'd in them amongst all her charms, yet mirth was visible in them at times, with all the attractives which joy can inspire. As for her mind, it seem'd made correspondent to her beauty; she spoke with a good grace naturally, and without affectation. Yet her beauty though transcendent, made her not vain and proud: but joyning the charms of her virtue to those of her beauty and Wit, it might be said she deserv'd all the admiration which was had of her when she enter'd into the Temple of Fortune. *Amilcar* was charm'd as soon as he beheld her, carefully inquir'd of those next him the name of this fair person, who was so advantageously spoken of to him. As for him that has married her (added he) I ask no news of him, for I do not doubt but he in the Machine is the famous *Scaurus*, who from a very goodly person in his youth, has been so chang'd by sicknesses that he cannot be known for the same man, and who by the pleasantness of his humor and the firmness of his minde makes health to himself in spight of Nature, and preserves a joy which has render'd him capable of writing a thousand sprightly and divertising Compositures, which serve for the pleasure of the illustrious *Cleonymus* and all accomplisht persons; and lastly, whose conversation is sought by a great number of Honorable people who frequent his House. 'Tis the very same (answer'd one of those *Amilcar* was talking to) he lives at *Clusium*, where all illustrious Strangers go to visit him, as well as all the Persons of Quality of that Court. But, which is remarkable, he is never at a loss for subjects to divert himself and others. And whether he commends or blames, he always does it pleasantly, and with as much facility as wit. He confirms what you say of his merry humor (reply'd *Amilcar*) by coming in his machine into the Temple of Fortune: but to speak truth, I am very desirous to know what he will consult the Lots about. After this *Amilcar* beheld the slaves who carried the Machine, set it down before the Priest who writ the names. And then a slave drawing a curtain which hid *Scaurus*, it was seen that he did not at all resemble his Picture; and nevertheless, through all the alteration that had befallen him, he seem'd still to have a certain laughing air which promis'd Wit. But, in fine, having caus'd his own name to be writ, and that of the fair *Lyriana*, he pull'd down his Curtain, and was carried away again in his Machine; for the two hours were just by this time expir'd; so that it behov'd all the multitude to goe forth of the Temple, to the end the Answers might be render'd with more secrecie. The names of those which were written being to be drawn at aventure, it hapned that *Porsenna*'s name was drawn first, to consult the Lots; and the order being so, that the explication

cation of the Lot was deliver'd only to such as were concern'd in the business, this explication was deliver'd seal'd to *Lucilius* after all the Tablets which the child drew and ranked at a venture had been well consider'd.

Next, the names of *Berelisa* and *Clidamira* were drawn; and the old Soothsayer who had been present at the conversation of Wishes, and expounded the Lots of *Præneste* this year, spoke these very words to *Clidamira*:

You shall be happier by your indifferent humour then any other thing: for being you have never known how to love with stedfastness, therefore you have no reason to expect to be lov'd constantly: but such as determine themselves to none, are always moderately afflicted, and never to be much pitied.

Clidamira had some indignation at this Answer, but a moment after her own humour appeas'd her, and caus'd her to say that it was all one to her whether she ow'd her contentment to her Indifference or to any thing else. As for *Berelisa*, the Soothsayer spoke to her after another sort.

I have scarce any thing to speak to you (said he to her) *for 'tis easie for you to foresee your destiny: your Constancie is ready to be crown'd, and you are going to reign in one of the most delightful Cities of the world, and in one of the most generous hearts that ever was.*

In the next place, *Theanor* and *Æmilius* (whose names were written together) ask'd what their destiny was to be. He who gave Answers, said to them,

Marry them who love you, though you love not them; and beware of marrying them whom you love, being they do not love you: for according to all apparences, you will at length love those which have lov'd you so long time, and perhaps you will not always love those you do, if they can never love you.

Theanor and *Æmilius* were amaz'd, and seem'd alike dejected at this Answer; and so they retir'd with sufficient sadness, and made way for several others who follow'd them. After which, that famous Lyer (whom *Berelisa*, *Clidamira* and *Anacreon* knew, and whose Lyes had occasion'd a long conversation at *Rome* amongst divers ingenious persons) presented himself, and ask'd whether it were possible there could be one man in the world who were always veracious. But as if the Gods had been offended, the Soothsayer having observ'd the Lots according to custom, answer'd him in these terms:

Rash man, who seekest to excuse thy self with the faults of others, know, that for the punishment of thy continual Lyes, thou shalt not be believ'd even when thou speakest truth. This is all which the Lots of Præneste *can answer thee, which will not so dishonour all men, as to make it credible that sincere truth is scarce found upon earth.*

Next, *Herminius*, *Æmilius* and *Spurius* enquiring of their Destinies, receiv'd such an Answer:

The first-lov'd ought always to be the last-lov'd, unless he have render'd himself unworthy of being so: should it be otherwise, there would be five persons unhappy, and in the former manner but three. Moreover, it shall come to pass that Æmilius *shall be satisfi'd with his own vertue,* Spurius *cur'd by his anger, and* Mutius *comforted with his glory.*

This Answer caus'd a very sensible joy to *Herminius*, and much afflicted *Æmilius* and *Spurius*; and this later beginning to speak, The Lots of *Præneste* have given a true

true decision (said he fiercely) for I begin already to resent such a horrible indignation, that I doubt not but hatred will cure me of my love. Which said, he went away with a very incensed aspect. But *Herminius*, who always lov'd *Æmilius*, spoke to him with much generosity. You see (said he to him) the will of the Gods cannot be withstood. 'Tis true (answer'd *Æmilius*) and I see too that I must be always miserable; and not being able to finde a remedy in hatred as *Spurius* does, since generosity obliges me not to hate my Rival or my Mistress, I must seek one in death. You will do better (reply'd *Herminius*) to seek it in the amity of a generous Friend, and in that of a faithful Friend, who is extremely sorry he cannot be happy but by rendring you miserable. Whilst these two Rivals were discoursing in this manner, *Meleontus* desiring to know whether he should be happy, receiv'd this answer:

Whoso would always have ambition and love together, it is absolutely impossible for him ever to be happy; for it is not in the power of Fortune to content a Lover and an Ambitious man in one single person.

After this the multitude of Strangers which were at *Prænestе* continu'd inquiring what they desir'd to know. But for that *Amilcar* was not concern'd there longer, after he had congratulated with *Herminius* for the happy answer he receiv'd, he went to entertain himself with that Lady of *Elis* whom he had spoken to the preceding day, and who was walking in a place beset with great Trees before the Temple of Fortune, expecting till she should be call'd to go signifie what she desir'd: for the order was, that there should be none in the Temple at that time but they to whom answers were given, all the rest in the mean time attended in that place, whom a young Priest came to the door of the Temple to call according to the order of their names. Wherefore *Amilcar* addressing to *Aretaphile*, askt her if he might presume to inquire the cause which brought her to *Prænestе*, adding that he believ'd it fit to do in this place as those do who go to the Spawes, who scruple not to pretend maladies however which carri'd them thither. I assure you (said she to him) I never yet had any secret which I could not tell, and it will be easie for me to satisfie you. Know then, that being one at the Valley of *Cupids* with the Princesse *Elismonda*---- Hold, I beseech you (cry'd *Amilcar*) and let me not passe from the Valley of *Cupids* without making some stay there. Tell me therefore I conjure you whether this place deserves so fair a name, and wherefore it is call'd so. No doubt it deserves it (answer'd she) but it has not always born this name; for it was sometimes call'd *Telisangis*; but a great Prince having caus'd a stately Palace to be built there to give to his Mistresse, it was from thence call'd the Valley of *Cupids*; because Love was in effect the occasion that it was built. This circumstance seems so extraordinary (reply'd *Amilcar*) that I cannot but conjure you to make me the description of a place which seems to have been consecrated to love, and where a second Mother of *Cupids* is seen; for according to the reports of the Princesse *Elismonda*, she is a person fit to produce such. I will content you (said *Aretaphile*) though I am not very good at making the description of a handsome place. Know then that the Valley of *Cupids* is a place of such particular beauty, that it may with truth be said that it has a thousand charms which cannot be found elsewhere. Yet its situation is wild and solitary; but though Nature have not given it the like advantage with places which have prospects of a vast extent, and lie neer great Rivers, yet it has a thousand graces which render it an infinitely delightful habitation. This Valley is very fertile, and the Palace which I am going to describe to you, is perfectly magnificent and agreeable. It is situated upon the brow of a Hill which to make the first Court of this house. The ways which lead to this Palace are admirably fair, for a Royal Forest is to be pass'd through, the great and handsome Wastes of which make the goodliest and most solitary Walks in the World; especially in a certain place where the Trees seem to reach up to Heaven, they are handsome, strait, and so thick set with verdant leaves that their shade is infinitely agreeable. As you arrive at the Valley of *Cupids* you finde a very fair fore-court which has a face of rustick edifices on the right hand, and a balustrade on the left, from whence is discover'd an agreeable Valley. From thence you passe into another Court which has the same balustrade on the left hand and a Walk of Trees on the right. From this place you see the state-

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ly front of the Palace which is of a particular ſtructure; the middle advances towards the Court, as well as the two ſides of this building, all the Windows whereof are great arches which make a goodly ſight; and on the ſide of the terraſs'd Garden, the face of which reſembles that of the Court, are ſeen two *Cupids* without fillets which ſeem to conſider all the beauties of the proſpect. But to return to the Court from whence I have led aſide your fancie, I muſt tell you that you aſcend from it by a proud perroon up to a great and magnificent terraſſe with a baluſtrade which runs quite round the Palace, all the apartments of which are ſtately, and the ſtair-caſe which is in the midſt of the building is of very great magnificence. There are great Halls pav'd with black and white Marble, very fair Chambers and delightful Cabinets; in one and the ſame apartment there are convenient places both for heat and cold, converſation and ſtudy. For there is a Cabinet from whence is ſeen not only a pleaſant Valley environ'd with little Hills which rather arreſt the ſight then bound it, but alſo a great Garden, the ſquares of which are divided by rivulets which croſſe one another, ſo that the midſt of the Garden in ſtead of being adorn'd with a Statue, like moſt others, has a Bridge in it made in faſhion of a Croſſe, which makes the lovelieſt ſight in the World. The rivulet oppoſite to the building continues between two handſome Groves of equal greatneſſe, which makes an admirable ſhew. For the Groves being green from the bottom to the top, and reflecting in that amiable rivulet, whoſe banks are cover'd with graſſe, there is nothing ſeen but verdure and water, which renders the place ſo fit to muſe in, that the moſt indifferent cannot refrain from it. But beſides all this, on the right and left ſide of theſe two lovely Groves are ſeen two Meadows ſurrounded with Brooks and border'd with Willows, which make an admirable object. Beyond which is ſeen on the right hand a Town among the Trees, and on the left a Village, little Hills of unequal height, other Meadows and a little corner of a plain. But I ſhould be too tedious to you if I ſhould deſcribe to you all the various beauties of this place, and therefore I ſhall omit them, and tell you that the admirable perſon which inhabits this rare Deſart is become infinitely more amiable and charming then ſhe was when ſhe gave the prizes at the *Olympick*-Games, for ſhe has improv'd in fatneſſe, and has a clearer complexion, and her mind alſo is more embelliſh'd; ſo that 'tis not poſſible even for the moſt averſe from love to ſee her now without loving her; and therefore the Prince of *Elis* who is a perſon undoubtedly worthy of all ſorts of happineſſe, loves her always very conſtantly. Ha! Madam (cri'd *Amilcar*) if I knew as well how to deſcribe to my Miſtreſſe the torments which I endure, as you deſcribe the Valley of *Cupids*, I ſhould be leſſe unhappy then I am. But being I believe you relate all things alike well, tell me I beſeech you, what has brought you hither. I will ſatisfie you (anſwer'd *Aretaphile*) know then I was one day at the Valley of *Cupids* with ſome Ladies my Friends, who had a curioſity to ſee that houſe; and as ſuch divertiſements uſe not to be without the company of ſome virtuous perſons to conduct the Ladies, there were two very accompliſht men in ours, though they were not much known to me, but came attending one of the Ladies. You muſt know alſo that they lov'd two Virgins which were of this company; but for that they would do like diſcreet Lovers, they talkt as much to me as to their Miſtreſſes. But I cannot tell you how it came to paſſe, but I pleas'd them well enough that day. As for this particular (ſaid *Amilcar*) you may diſpenſe with it, for I ſee in your eyes wherewith you touch'd their hearts; and if mine were as it us'd to be, and were not reſolv'd to be conſtant, it would be yours already. Since 'tis ſo (anſwer'd *Aretaphile* ſmiling) I will only tell you that without deſigning it, I caus'd theſe two Lovers to prove unfaithful; yet I did not perceive it at that time, but ſome days after all the Town came and told me two men had forſaken their Miſtreſſes and lov'd me. Wherefore making more narrow obſervation, I ſaw it was true, and found my ſelf incumber'd at the ſame time with the love of two men whom I did not affect, and the hatred of two Virgins whom I did not hate. Yet I thought then, that there needed only a little of my ſeverity to return theſe unfaithful Lovers back again to their Miſtreſſes. But being (as I conceive) they did not forſake them but only becauſe they were two of thoſe good perſons whoſe exceſſive gentleneſſe cloies rather then diverts, my ſeverity augmented their Love. Since that, I confeſs without vanity, I have been lov'd by divers others; But I muſt acknowledge, never by any man whom I could believe worthy of my love. Yet I confeſſe too that I ſaw a paſſenger at *Syracuſa* whom I could love, and whom I judge perfectly worthy

to

to be lov'd. But he has not lov'd me, and never will; for according to all probabilities, we ſhall never ſee one another again as long as we live. Ah! Madam (ſaid *Amilcar*) may I not preſume to ask you what manner of perſon it was whom you could love? I will content you (anſwer'd ſhe) for I aſſure you I always take delight in ſpeaking of him. Know then, the illuſtrious *Cleander* (ſo is he call'd that pleaſes me) is of one of the moſt illuſtrious families of the Kingdom where he lives, which has moſt maintain'd it ſelf gloriouſly in repute, either by the great actions of ſuch as have been deſcended of it, or by illuſtrious alliances. He is tall, and of a good proportion, he has alſo been admirably handſome in his firſt youth, and at preſent he has an extraordinary good aſpect, and perfectly the air of a man of high Quality, ſuch as he is. And though he has receiv'd a wound with an arrow under his eye in a very dangerous occaſion, yet he is very little alter'd by it. He has flaxen hair, blew eyes, the form of his viſage is agreeable, and all the lineaments regular enough; he has a certain ſerious air, accompani'd with a ſweetneſs perfectly noble, which cauſes a good opinion of him at firſt ſight. His looks are ſometimes very paſſionate when he pleaſes, and there are handſomer eyes then his which are not ſo proper for a certain mute language which love alone has the priviledge to teach. Moreover, *Cleander*'s very ſilence is ſo ingenious, that never any perſon ſeem'd ſo much with ſpeaking ſo little. And indeed he has a great Wit, which being facile and eaſie, he complies with the moſt ignorant & tedious without appearing ſuch himſelf. So that they who have not a very diſcerning judgment, would ſuſpect him not able to do much hurt with it. But this facility is an effect of the higheſt prudence and underſtanding in the world. He has the moſt free and civil deportment that ever was, yet his civility does not hinder him from preſerving a high & noble way of carriage which renders him more agreeable to others and more worthy of his condition. All his Geſtures have a certain gallant air which pleaſes infinitely; ſo that having a Soul by Nature perfectly paſſionate, he is very apt both to be ſenſible of and to excite great paſſions; for he knows all the violence, delicacie, and Myſtery of Loves better then Vulgar Lovers. But to paſs from agreeable to Heroical Qualities, he is Honorable, ſincere, generous, and as good a friend as is poſſible to be; and whoſo has oblig'd him to promiſe his friendſhip, may be aſſur'd he will never fail in it. Moreover, his heart is fill'd with the moſt true and ſolid glory in the World. So that in occaſions where it is to be obtain'd, or that which he has already gotten is to be upheld, this man whom I have repreſented to you ſo gentle, ſo facile, and ſo complacent, is the moſt fierce and reſolute in the World. As for his courage, he has as much as any man; ſo that this being joyn'd to his wit and other accompliſhments, makes it apparent that there is no employment how great ſoever of which he is not capable and worthy; and he gives cauſe to believe that if there be any man in the world who would not alter his deportment towards his Friends in an extraordinary advancement of fortune, it is certainly himſelf. His converſation is not only agreeable, but charming; for he enters into the ſentiments of thoſe to whom he ſpeaks without any affectation, and conforms thereto with addreſs; by which means he inſenſibly inſinuates into the hearts of people; and ſuch a perſon as ſometimes believ'd he was only an acquaintance, has found ſoon after that he had a great intereſt in his affection. He is courteous even in the leaſt concernments, and his gentleneſs, pity, and gratitude extend even to the ſmalleſt Animals. For he loves to obſerve their natures, goodneſs, and agreeableneſs, and induſtry; he admires that rational inſtinct which guides them ſo accurately, he is delighted with their kindneſs, he has compaſſion of thoſe that are miſerable; becauſe whatever ſuffers, excites his pity. He is alike fit for the converſation of Ladies and men, and he writes ſo admirably well, and in ſo elegant and Gallant a ſtrain, and ſo much becoming a man of Quality, that his Letters cauſe ſuch as ſee them to wiſh they could write the like. In fine, his merit is ſo great, that the charming *Clarſta* neece of the admirable *Amalthea* (whoſe name you cannot but know) minding to uſe raillery with him and to diſparage his converſation, could onely reproach him that he ſometimes lov'd to recount things paſs'd rather then to ſpeak of things preſent. Thus I have given you ſuch an account as I could of this Illuſtrious Friend of *Amalthea*, whom I could have lov'd, if he had lov'd me. However, having affairs in *Sicily*, and a brother who after ſeveral adventures is come to live at *Prænſte*, I took a journey to ſee him, and I am reſolv'd to demand, Whether I ſhall never be lov'd but by peo-

ple whom I cannot love. *Aretaphile* ſpoke this ſo gracefully, that if at the ſame moment one had not call'd her to go know what ſhe deſir'd to underſtand, *Amilcar* could ſcarce have contain'd from ſpeaking ſome kinde of blandiſhments to her, though he had reſolv'd to love *Plotina* eternally. But *Aretaphile* left him and went to inquire her Deſtiny of him who perform'd the Ceremony and expounded the Lots, who ſaid to her,

Thank the Gods, Daughter; for if you were lov'd by one whom you could love, you would be the moſt miſerable perſon in the World; becauſe you would always love more then you would be lov'd again. Therefore prepare your ſelf to love nothing but liberty, if you deſire to be happy.

Anacreon was call'd next, and askt Fortune whether he ſhould live always in joy. The Soothſayer having conſider'd the ſeveral Tablets, anſwer'd him. And accordingly the event verifi'd the prediction of the Lots, for *Anacreon* dy'd afterward at a Feaſt, where he was choakt by the grain of a Grape. After *Anacreon*, *Scaurus* was caus'd to enter with his Machine, who with an air ſerious and mocking together, askt if there were any means for him to become ſuch a perſon as his Picture, and to reſemble his Picture once again. Being the Prieſts were oblig'd to anſwer to all Queſtions, the Lots were drawn, and the old Soothſayer interpreting them, anſwer'd him in theſe terms:

You know not what you ask when you deſire to become again what you have been. Which if you were, you would be young and handſome, you would dance well, you would be an excellent Painter, you would be active and agreeable, but withal, you would be nothing but a Gallant wanton, who had only made Sonnets upon Iris *or* Clymene, *and your Reputation would be circumſcrib'd in the number of your Friends. But by the change happned in your perſon, your mind being excited to make amends for the loſs of your beauty, is become ſuch as you now enjoy, and has now ſo exalted you above the common ſort of men, that you are the Phœnix of your Species. Your Works pleaſe the whole World by their ingenious mirth and elegancie. Deſire therefore only to be ſuch as you are, and be contented that the Gods in giving you* Lyriana *have given you a thouſand times more then they have taken from you, even though you had been more amiable then* Paris.

After this *Scaurus* retir'd, ſaying, the Lots of *Præneſte* taught him nothing, and he knew before all that they told him. Then the fair *Lyriana* was call'd, who would propound no Queſtion though her name was written. For having well conſider'd (ſaid ſhe to the Prieſt) If it be decreed for me to be happy, I ſhall be ſo infallibly; and if any infelicity is to befall me, I will not know it before it happen. What you ſay is ſo well reaſon'd (anſwer'd the ſage Soothſayer) that I doubt not but you will always be as happy as you deſerve to be. Next came *Amilcar*'s turn, who demanded, whether he ſhould dye in *Africk* or in *Italy*; and the Soothſayer anſwer'd him,

In Italy.

Whereupon he was very joyful, imagining that the voyage which he deſign'd to make into *Africk* would not be long. After this, *Acriſius* ask'd whether he ſhould ever poſſeſs *Plotina*: and the Soothſayer having conſider'd the Tablets, told him,

Such as ſpeak too much, never perſwade.

Then *Damon* the conſtant *Pythagorean* propos'd two Queſtions. One, whether his Miſtreſs would always ſlight him; and the other, what he ſhould become firſt of all when he dy'd. But after the Childe had drawn the Tablets, the Soothſayer expounded them in this ſort:

Your

Your Miſtreſs will always do you juſtice; you ſhall dye but once, and you ſhall be as all other men are when they depart this life; for the Diſciples of Pythagoras *have no particular privileadge.*

Damon ſeem'd ſo offended with this anſwer, that he ſaid aloud as he went forth of the Temple, *Amilcar* had brib'd the Soothſayer, and the Lots of *Præneſte* were nothing but a cheat. *Amilcar* laugh'd at his choler, and made pleaſant raillery upon the diſcontent which *Damon* reſented, for that it was told him he ſhould dye but once. Yet he went to ſupper with *Damon*, who invited him, for he was ſo ſcrupulous an obſerver of all the Documents of *Pythagoras*, that he would not go to bed with a ſentiment of hatred in his heart towards his Rival; at leaſt he profeſs'd ſo. *Herminius*, *Anacreon*, *Theanor*, and *Æmilius* were preſent at this entertainment. *Amilcar* was very jovial this evening; yet now and then he ſeem'd a little penſive. An hour after the repaſt, he began to be indiſpos'd, but in ſo violent a manner that he dy'd the next day, but with admirable conſtancie, ſending commendations to all his Friends, and particularly to *Plotina*. He encharg'd *Herminius* with many generous expreſſions to all thoſe he had lov'd, and a thouſand dear commendations unto his Miſtreſs. And thus dy'd the agreeable *Amilcar*, regretted by all who had known him. *Herminius*, and a Lady that was his Friend, and another Perſon of Quality undertook to gather together all the ingenious Compoſures which he had written; and ſome time after he erected a Monument for him, whereon was engrav'd an Epitaph made upon this Illuſtrious Deceaſed, by a Lady who was Friend to *Amilcar* and *Herminius*.

EPITAPH.

THis Tomb the fam'd Amilcar *doth enſhrine,*
Who to a ſprightly Genius Art did joyn;
Whoſe lofty Soul to' unfathom'd heights could fly,
Yet fall as low as complacence can lie.
But what's moſt ſtrange, he that rare talent got
To pleaſe, he pleas'd ev'n thoſe who lov'd him not.

All ſuch as had only ſeen him at the Temple of Fortune, regretted him with a ſenſible ſorrow. *Anacreon* lamented him (though he did not think himſelf capable of grief) and profeſs'd he never knew a more agreeable Wit in any place of the World. *Ariſius* too (as much his Rival as he was) ſeem'd mov'd with his loſs. But as for *Damon*, he was ſo unhappy as to be ſuſpected of having caus'd him to be poyſon'd. But however, *Amilcar* dy'd and confirm'd the credit of the Lots of *Præneſte*, which told him he ſhould not dye in *Africk*, and which he conſtru'd to his own advantage. Yet it was but a bare ſuſpition: for the Friends of *Amilcar* did not judge fit raſhly to ſearch into ſuch a buſineſs as this, which ſhould it have been true, would have nothing profited the illuſtrious Deceaſed. But whilſt things paſs'd thus at *Præneſte*, and *Amilcar* and *Lucilius* were expecting to ſee whether he that deſir'd to conſult his fortune in private were *Mutius* or no, *Aronces* was very unhappy in his priſon, and in a deſperate condition; *Sextus* was much diſcontented for having fail'd of his deſign to carry *Clelia* away, and ſtudi'd only to finde ways for a ſecond attempt; *Tullia* was contriving to deſtroy *Aronces* and *Clelia*, *Tarquin* only to finde means to recover his Throne, *Galerita* and the Princeſs of the *Leontines* how to ſerve *Aronces* and *Clelia*, *Artemidorus* thought only of his happineſs and to protect *Aronces*, *Zenocrates* of nothing but his jealouſie, *Themiſtus* of returning aſſoon as *Aronces* ſhould be out of danger, *Publicola* of aſſuring the Peace, and *Horatius* of his love. In the mean time the prudent *Roman* who went to conduct the twenty fair *Roman* Ladies to *Porſenna*, being on the way to the Camp, ſaw himſelf attaqu'd by *Sextus*, who with a hundred Horſe attempted a ſecond time to carry away *Clelia*. The Convoy of theſe fair Vir-

gins consisted of fifty men, so that the number was very unequal. Besides, he who commanded them being an old man could not encourage his Party by his own example with the same ardour as *Sextus* did, whose courage too was augmented by his love. Yet this Prince was disguis'd, for the enterprise was made with *Tullia*'s consent, who in giving satisfaction to *Sextus* intended to perswade *Porsenna* that the Friends of *Aronces* had convey'd away this fair Lady for fear she should bear witness against *Aronces*; and consequently by this artifice to hasten the ruine of this great Prince. And indeed *Sextus* had the success he desir'd at first; for whilst those fifty *Romans* were fighting against his men, he caus'd him to be slain who drove the Chariot in which *Clelia*, *Valeria*, *Hermilia*, and *Plotina* were, and then ordering a man design'd for that purpose to take his place, he made the Chariot be driven into the way leading to *Tarquinia*, himself with twenty others guarding it, whilst the rest of his followers detain'd the *Romans* in fight to amuse them. And this design succeeded accordingly; for the *Romans* seeing the whole body of Chariots stopt, did not miss that in which *Clelia* was. *Sextus* now beleeving nothing could obstruct his happiness, *Clelia*, *Valeria*, *Plotina*, and *Hermilia* were forc'd to cry out; but their cries were not heard. But though *Sextus* was sufficiently disguis'd, yet *Clelia* did not doubt but that it was he who carried her away. Wherefore courageously resolving upon death, she onely devis'd how to effect it, so to prevent all the unhappinesses which she had cause to fear. On the other side the fight was sufficiently sharp in the place where the rest of the *Roman* Ladies were, who were so terrifi'd that they did not perceive *Clelia* was carri'd away. In the mean time the wise *Roman* who conducted the Hostages having sent to *Rome* to desire succour, it hapned that he who was sent thither met *Horatius* standing at the Gate with *Octavius*. Who being advertis'd of the business sent to give notice of it to the Consuls; but themselves not waiting for the succour which they presum'd would be sent, immediately took Horse and speeded to the place where the fight was. But as they were going thither, they beheld upon a little hill the Chariot in which *Clelia* was guarded by *Sextus*; who was by this time a good distance off. Wherefore imagining that this might be the Chariot that carried the Persons they loved, they went first to the Chariots which were stopt, where not finding what they sought, they hastned to the place of the fight; but in stead of staying there, I beseech you (said *Horatius* to four or five *Romans* who were neerest him) come help us to deliver the Daughters of *Clelius*, she of *Publicola*, and the sister of *Brutus* out of the hands of their Ravishers. At these words these *Romans* without delay follow'd *Horatius* and *Octavius*, and left their Companions sufficiently employ'd in sustaining the charge of the *Tarquinians*. But though *Horatius*, *Octavius*, with these five *Romans* rid with full speed, they could not have overtaken *Sextus* if it had not by good hap fell out that in the haste this violent Prince made his Party to march, they mistook one way for another. So that being ingag'd in a place where great Trees had been by chance beat down, which obstructed the passage, he was necessitated to return back again and come towards them who pursu'd him. Nevertheless, when he saw they were few in number, he was not much dejected, but leaving four of his men to guard the Chariot, he came up to them which pursu'd him with a resolution which his confidence in the inequality of number made something Heroical. *Clelia* and her Companions lookt out with great grief and small hope upon those who came to succour them. But their sentiments were very confus'd, when they knew *Horatius* and *Octavius*; for in what danger soever *Clelia* was, death would have been sweeter to her then to have an obligation to *Horatius*; and on the other side, seeing her Brother in so eminent a jeopardy, she could not but resent great inquietude. *Hermilia* (as indifferent as she was to all things) was troubled at it; and *Valeria* and *Plotina* without much deliberating, made Vows for their Protectors. *Horatius* beholding *Sextus* disguis'd, did not doubt but it was he who was the Ringleader of the enterprise. Wherefore approaching him with his sword drawn, Who are you? (cry'd he) I am come to punish you for your villany. And with these words he made such a pass upon him, that if he had not avoided it by retiring back, he had been slain by the first blow. But immediately this valiant *Roman* saw himself ingag'd in the midst of half *Sextus*'s party, whilst *Octavius* encountered the rest with incredible Valour. It was not long before two of those who follow'd *Horatius* and *Octavius* were slain, so that there were but five left against a number three times as great. 'Tis true, *Horatius* kill'd two, and *Octavius* wounded three of them; but one of *Sex-*

tus followers who aim'd only to make his Maſter victor by what way ſoever it were, endeavour'd chiefly to kill or at leaſt to wound the horſes of *Horatius* and *Octavius*. So that in a little time theſe two couragious perſons not doubting ſuch a baſeneſſe, and minding only the aſſailing of their enemies and their own defence, perceiv'd that their horſes fail'd them, and ſaw themſelves diſmounted and conſequently in great danger, eſpecially *Horatius*, whoſe ſword was broken by the fall of his horſe. However, in this condition he did prodigious things; and *Octavius* having diſentangled himſelf diſputed both his life and his liberty. But fifteen or ſixteen horſemen againſt two on foot being a number too unequal (for the three others who remain'd fled, when they ſaw them fall) they were at length over-power'd. Yet they were wounded but very ſlightly; but the ſword of *Horatius* being broken off at the hilt, he was taken priſoner by *Sextus*. So that *Octavius* being now all alone, was no longer able to reſiſt the force of the enemies, but was diſarm'd and taken as well as *Horatius*. *Sextus* being over-joy'd with his victory took the Vizard off his face, and ſhew'd himſelf to them he had overcome, as it were inſulting the more over their misfortune. Ah, Villain! (cri'd *Horatius* when he knew him) is it poſſible that I am overcome by thee! However, do not hope to enjoy thy Victory (added he) the Gods are too juſt; and theſe ſtones ſhall ſooner be chang'd into Souldiers then Heaven will permit thee to be maſter of the deſtiny of *Horatius* and ſo many virtuous perſons. *Sextus* ſmil'd at this ſpeech of *Horatius* without anſwering to it, and inhumanely caus'd this generous Heroe to be ty'd behind one of his men; treating *Octavius* a little better becauſe he was *Clelia*'s brother: after which he began to proceed on his way.

The grief of *Clelia* and her companions was now ſo vehement, that they were not able to complain; but *Sextus* had ſcarce time to think that he was going to have the joy to put *Horatius* into the power of *Tarquin* and *Tullia*, that he had *Clelia* in his hands, and that this carrying of her away would haſten the death of *Aronces*, but he beheld this Prince at the entrance of a little Wood through which he was to paſſe, and beheld him in the head of ten men of quality, amongſt which was *Telanus*, *Plotina*'s Lover. This ſight ſo ſurpriz'd him, that he caus'd his men to make a halt. On the other ſide when *Horatius* (who was extremely dejected for having been overcome in the ſight of *Clelia*) ſaw *Aronces*, he was ſtrangely abaſh'd to be ſeen in this condition, by a Rival whom he was ſo jealous of. Nevertheleſſe a ſentiment of love caus'd him to wiſh that he might deliver *Clelia*; but the ſame love at the ſame time caus'd him to deſire death, as imagining nothing could be more advantageous to him. *Clelia* (who believ'd *Aronces* in priſon) was much ſurpriz'd to ſee him; and fearing he might have the ſame deſtiny with *Horatius*, ſhe had ſuch confus'd ſentiments that ſhe could not tell what to hope or wiſh. As for *Aronces*, he was not aſtoniſh'd to meet *Sextus* or ſee *Clelia*; for he had broke priſon only to deliver her, upon notice given him by one of his Guards that *Sextus* deſign'd to carry her away when the Senate ſent her back to the Camp. But he was ſtrangely ſurpriz'd to ſee *Horatius* priſoner to *Sextus*. After this great and generous Heroe had beheld *Clelia* at a good diſtance, as if to receive addition to his valour by a favourable glance, he went up to thoſe who guarded *Horatius* as he was bound; (for *Sextus* retir'd from the firſt rank to give orders to his men) and fiercely accoſting them, Ha, caitifes! (ſaid he to them) do you thus treat the braveſt man in the world? In ſpeaking which, he kill'd one of them, and wounded two; and then cauſing his Rival to be unbound, commanded his Squire to give him a ſword and a horſe, which was led in hand; and ſpeaking to him, Come, *Horatius* (ſaid he) come help me to deliver *Clelia*; for ſince I ſee *Porſenna* has reſolv'd upon my death, I know none but your ſelf in the world (when I am dead) worthy to ſerve her, and capable to defend her. Ha! *Aronces* (cri'd *Horatius*) 'tis worſe to be deliver'd by you then to be overcome by *Sextus*. After which *Aronces* eſpying *Octavius*, ſet him alſo at liberty in ſpite of the reſiſtance of *Sextus*, who being return'd from his aſtoniſhment, and having given orders to his men, fought like a deſperate Tyger. But *Aronces* being animated by the love he had for *Clelia*, the hatred he had for *Sextus*, the eſteem he had for *Horatius*, and the deſire to ſurpaſſe him, perform'd ſuch prodigious things in this occaſion, that *Horatius* and *Octavius* were aſtoniſh'd, though they were two of the moſt courageous men in the world. Yet they ſeconded him as vigorouſly as they could; but being they were both wounded ſufficiently with the former fall of their horſes, they were not able to ſhew all their courage: for *Horatius* right arm was half out of joynt, and *Octavius* was ſo wounded in the knee that he could ſcarce keep himſelf ſtedfaſt upon his horſe. So that *Aronces* almoſt alone ſuſtain'd

ſtain'd the brunt of this ſharp fight. *Telanus* alſo highly ſignaliz'd himſelf. But this Combate became yet more dangerous to *Aronces*; for they who had ſtay'd behind fighting with the *Romans* to amuſe them, believing *Sextus* was got at a good diſtance, retreated and follow'd him; and when they beheld *Sextus* engag'd with *Aronces*, they joyn'd with him. But for that the *Romans* had ſlain ſome, and ſome had given over the encounter, this re-enforcement (though very conſiderable) rather augmented *Aronces* courage, who judging that to defeat his enemies at a blow it was requiſite to kill *Sextus*, he open'd his way to him by killing ſuch of his men as would have withſtood him; and then there began a furious Combate between theſe two Rivals. *Aronces* at firſt wounded *Sextus*, who diſcharging a great blow at him, might perhaps have ſlain or dangerouſly wounded him, if he had not warded it off with addreſſe; and if without looſing time he had not diſcharg'd another at him upon the head, which was ſo weighty that it amaz'd him. In the mean time all *Sextus*'s men taking care onely to defend him, *Aronces* was continually aſſail'd by many together; but he ſo well quitted himſelf of ſo many enemies, and kill'd ſo many, that being ſeconded by *Horatius*, *Octavius*, *Telanus*, and all the reſt who had follow'd him, *Sextus* perceiv'd he had not many more men then *Aronces*; wherefore feeling himſelf wounded, deſpairing to overcome, and much fearing to fall into the power of *Porſenna* or the *Romans* after this action of his, he reſolv'd upon flight, knowing that he had a very ſwift horſe. And accordingly beginning to give ground as he fought, on a ſudden he turn'd about and fled with all his men after him into the Wood and by-ways which were known to himſelf but not to *Aronces*. Who having loſt ſight of him was recall'd by love from the purſuit to *Clelia*, notwithſtanding the ardent deſire he had to kill *Sextus*. But for that *Horatius* knew this Wood better then *Aronces*, he took a way into it, being follow'd by *Octavius* and *Telanus*, and hoping to intercept *Sextus* by a ſhort turn; during which *Aronces* going directly to *Clelia*'s Chariot, was receiv'd with a thouſand teſtimonies of kindneſſe by her and her companions, who gave him a thouſand praiſes. That which I have done, Madam (ſaid he to *Clelia*) is ſo ſmall a matter, that it is not fit to looſe the moments which are precious to us in commending me more then I deſerve. Therefore it is requiſite that I conduct you to *Rome*, and after that go and ſatisfie the King my Father that I have not broke my priſon as a parricide who would avoid the puniſhment he deſerves, but as an unfortunate and faithful Lover, who would defend the perſon he adores. How? my Lord (anſwer'd *Clelia*) are you come forth of priſon onely to ſuccour me? and may I believe you are conſtant to me? I beſeech you (added ſhe) tell me what courſe you took to do it. I was advertis'd by a truſty ſouldier of my guards (repli'd he) that *Sextus* deſign'd to carry you away. Whereupon I brib'd ſome, broke through the reſt, and having found *Telanus* and a Squire, they in a moment got together theſe which follow'd me, and I came happily enough to do you perhaps the laſt ſervice of my life; for as I told you, Madam, it behoves me to return to priſon, aſſoon as I have conducted you to *Rome*. Ah! my Lord (anſwer'd *Clelia*) this generoſity is extreme cruel; but to imitate you in ſome ſort, do not carry me back to *Rome*, but lead me to the Camp, to the end I may ſerve to juſtifie you. No, no, Madam (ſaid he to her) it does not belong to me to return the Hoſtages to the King, to whom perhaps they would no longer be inviolable. Therefore 'tis abſolutely neceſſary that I conduct you to *Rome*, from whence the Conſuls will remit you hither if they pleaſe: but if you will take my counſel, Madam, do not return hither though it ſhould be reſolv'd to remand you; and all the favour I deſire of you, if I die, is, that you would believe that I have never lov'd any but your ſelf, that I have lov'd you more then any other perſon in the world can love, and that I ſhall regret you alone at my death.

As *Aronces* was ſpeaking this, *Horatius*, *Octavius* and *Telanus* came to them, without having found *Sextus*. After which taking the way towards *Rome*, they met thoſe the Conſuls ſent to the ſuccour of the Hoſtages coming to ſeek *Clelia* and her companions. *Aronces* underſtood by them that the reſt of the fair *Romans* were carri'd back into the City till it were known what this adventure was, and who had committed this violent and unjuſt attempt. However he would conduct *Clelia* till within two hundred paces of *Rome*. Upon the way there was a diſcourſe between *Horatius* & him which was not heard by any other perſon, and wherein it appear'd both of them conſtrain'd themſelves, and that *Horatius* was much dejected for owing his life ſo often to his Rival: but at length *Aronces* being oblig'd to depart, he took leave of *Clelia* and her companions, after a manner which mov'd the hearts of all that beheld it; for there appear'd

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an heroical resolution in his countenance, though his eyes withall discover'd an extreme sadnesse, which manifestly proceeded from love. As for *Clelia*, never was seen so sad a person as she in this occasion; but her melancholy was accompain'd with so much discretion, that it caus'd the greater compassion. *Plotina* desir'd *Telanus* to disswade *Aronces* from returning into prison; but he answer'd her, that the Prince was too great a Lover of glory, to leave himself under the suspicion of being culpable. *Aronces* and *Horatius* parted with civility, Remember (said the Prince of *Hetruria* to him) what you have promis'd me. I will not fail (answer'd *Horatius*) but do you remember also that in some occasions one may be excusable in being ingratefull. *Aronces* embrac'd *Octavius* with much dearnesse, and having once again bid *Clelia* adieu with the most passionate air in the World, he took the way to the Camp, where all things were in strange confusion. For *Porsenna* understanding *Aronces* had broke prison, became absolutely confirm'd in his opinion that he was culpable, and had conspir'd against his life. Wherefore out of this prejudice, he said there needed no other proofs, and commanded some to pursue and bring him back, that he might cause him to be punish'd as a parricide, there being no necessity of more evidence. Moreover, that wise *Roman* who was encharg'd with the conduct of the Hostages, having sent to advertise him that he could not bring them to the Camp that day, because *Clelia* was carri'd away, he believ'd *Aronces* was he that had done it; so that assembling all his conjectures together, he fram'd an immutable purpose in his mind to destroy both *Aronces* and *Clelia* if he could get them into his power. Neither *Galerita* nor the Princesse of the *Leontines*, nor any of *Aronces* friends could make any thing appear probable to him contrary to these two surmises; for they knew nothing of the truth. So there was an universal consternation in the minds of all; for the flight of *Aronces* caus'd a very bad effect amongst the Souldiers who were most affectionate to him.

On the other side *Tarquin* and *Tullia* were in their quarter impatiently expecting what would happen from the correspondence they had in *Rome*, the carrying away of *Clelia*, *Porsenna*'s accusation of *Aronces*, and the design of bribing him who expounded the Lots of *Præneste*; and in whatever cases, their forces had order to be ready to march, if it were requisite.

But if there were a tumult in the Camp, there was a greater at *Rome*; for some said, the Hostages ought not to be return'd more, because it was probable *Porsenna* knew of *Sextus* attempt, and that certainly he would have had *Clelia* in his power without appearing to have broken the publick faith. *Publicola* nevertheless persisted still firm in his opinion, and so much the more, because *Horatius* and *Octavius* could not go abroad this day by reason of their wounds; for perhaps love would have oblig'd them to oppose it. On the other side, *Clelia*, with the consent of her companions demanded that they might return to *Porsenna*, to the end to accuse *Sextus* and justifie *Aronces* as much as she could; for her jealousie was now much diminish'd. At the same time also the intelligence which *Tarquin* and *Tullia* had in *Rome* was discover'd, and one was seiz'd on who had promis'd to deliver the gate *Nævia* to the *Tarquinians*. So that all this together caus'd so great a disorder in the City, that the Senate was assembled extraordinarily, to advise what was fitting to be done. The result of their debate was, to send back the Hostages with a strong guard, to acquaint *Porsenna* with *Sextus* enterprize to carry away *Clelia*, and that of *Tarquin* upon *Rome* after a treaty of peace.

But whilst all was in confusion both at *Rome* and the Camp, and the infamous and criminal *Sextus* was retir'd to *Tarquinia* wounded and desperate for having fail'd of his attempt, the generous *Aronces* overwhelm'd with discontents was going to re-enter into his prison. Upon the way he met some of those who made shew of going to seek him and take him, but they sought him only to advertise him of *Porsenna*'s fury: but whatever they could say to him, he would not alter his purpose; he also desir'd *Telanus* to leave him, for fear he might incur *Porsenna*'s displeasure; but *Telanus* would not. When he came to the Camp, he went directly to his prison, and finding no guards there, he sent *Telanus* to the King his Father to desire them again, and to conjure him to permit him to see him, to the end to give him an account of his action. But *Porsenna* was so incens'd, that in stead of hearing *Telanus*, he caus'd him to be arrested and carried to the same prison where *Aronces* was; whither also he speedily dispatcht guards; for in his fury, he believ'd the Prince his Son return'd only because he saw he could

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not escape apprehending; or that perhaps he had oblig'd some of those whom he sent after him, to say he return'd of his own accord. So that he was fully resolv'd to punish *Aronces*.

The next day *Galerita* follow'd by the Princess of the *Leontines*, the charming *Hersilia*, and the generous *Melintha* enter'd into his Tent to intercede with him for *Aronces*. But before the Queen of *Hetruria* could speak any thing to him, word was brought to the King that the *Romans* had sent the Hostages back. Whereupon being surpris'd to see that after what had hapned, these twenty fair Virgins were remanded to him, he seem'd sufficiently perplex'd, though he wish'd to have *Clelia* in his power, to the end to make use of her to convince *Aronces*.

The Senate (said he roughly) relies much upon the Publike Faith, in sending back to me a person who has at least been privy to a Conspiracie made against my life. Ah! my Lord (cry'd *Galerita*) the Prince most assuredly is not culpable. You shall see that, Madam (said he to her) you shall see that. In the mean time (added he with a grim air) let the Hostages be brought hither. This Order being given, the *Roman* who conducted them, and who was nam'd *Celius*, enter'd in the head of these twenty fair *Romans*. But because entrance was not prohibited, the Prince *Artemidorus*, *Themistus*, *Theomenes*, *Zenocrates*, divers Officers, and many others enter'd at the same time. The sight of these fair Virgins whom he would not see when they were in his Camp, surpris'd *Porsenna*. They enter'd with a good grace, they saluted him with a civility perfectly noble, and carrying a modest confidence in their countenances, they forc'd him to behold them less fiercely then he would. Yet he strive against this first sentiment which he could not restrain, and recalling his fury, Which of you (said he to them, without hearing *Celius* who was beginning to speak) was so rash as to contrive that unjust design of violating the Law of Nations, by departing out of my power without my permission, and rather to indanger perishing in the *Tyber* then stay in my Camp? That generous design (answer'd *Valeria* readily, being unwilling all *Porsenna*'s choler should fall upon *Clelia*) is so glorious, that all my Companions and my self will have part in it. No, no, too generous Friend (said *Clelia* beholding *Valeria*) it is not fit that you should unjustly expose your self to the indignation of a great King. Therefore, my Lord (added she, addressing to *Porsenna*) understand the truth from my mouth, and know, that that glorious design belongs to me alone, and I us'd all means I could to perswade my Companions to it, who knowing the just ground I had to undertake it, were so generous as to hazard their own lives for the preservation of my honour. You ought rather to say (reply'd *Porsenna*) that the fear of being compel'd by force to accuse a Criminal whom you love, oblig'd you to fly. Ah! my Lord (answer'd *Clelia*, without being daunted or transported) Did I beleeve the Prince your son capable of so horrid a Crime as that you accuse him of, I should hate rather then love him; for my parents have taught me to hate vice, even upon the Throne. But, my Lord, I went out of your Camp for no other cause but for that I was advertis'd *Sextus* design'd to carry me away. So that beleeving nothing ought to be so dear to me as the preservation of my honour, I slighted death which seem'd so assur'd, and attempted to pass the *Tyber*. But to confirm that which I speak, you need only admit the trouble to hear what *Celius* has order to say to you from the Senate. *Clelia* spoke this with so noble an air, that *Porsenna* was astonisht at her great Beauty, Wit, and Confidence. Wherefore fearing his heart might become inclinable to pity, if she spoke more, he commanded *Celius* to discharge his Commission. My Lord (said this wise *Roman*) I have order from the Senate to render the Hostages to your Majesty, and to tell you that whilst *Rome* keeps her word so exactly, those whom you protect against her, outrage you with all the injustice imaginable. For *Sextus* yesterday attempted to have carri'd away *Clelia*, and with a hundred Horse attaqued those that guarded her under my Command. At first he appear'd disguis'd, but afterwards he made himself known. *Horatius* came to succour this virtuous Lady and three of her Companions whom he had got into his power; but the valour of *Horatius* and *Octavius* *Clelia*'s Brother was forc'd to give way to number, so that they were taken prisoners; and if the valiant and generous *Aronces* had not arriv'd to their relief, *Clelia*, *Horatius*, and *Octavius* would have continued under the power of that unjust Prince. But to let you see that he is not the sole person of the *Tarquins* who outrages you, there is discover'd a Conspiracie of *Tarquin* and *Tullia* in *Rome*, of the principal Plotters of which

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we have in custody, whom the Senate is willing to refer to your justice. All which you say (answer'd *Porsenna*) surprises and confounds me; but should all which you say, be true, it would not justifie *Aronces*; and if *Clelia* would declare the truth she might accuse and convict him. If he were culpable (answer'd *Clelia*) and his crime were come to my knowledge, I would not accuse him, though I saw certain death before me. But, my Lord, my hatred would accuse him, and I should so abhor him, that all I could do would be to forbear hurting him. However, my Lord, suffer me to tell you for your own honour, that the Prince cannot be culpable, and you cannot without injustice treat him as a criminal. I know well (added she) that you hate him because he does me the honour to love me; but, my Lord, this hatred is unjust (if I may presume to speak so.) I knew not that he was the Son of a King when he began to love me, nor did he know it himself; and since we have known it, I never led him to disobey you. No doubt he has not been able to cease to love me, nor I to take away an affection from him which I gave him by the command of my Father. But, my Lord, fear nothing from this innocent passion, and be assur'd it can never induce to Criminal actions. I am not indeed Daughter of a King; but, my Lord, I am a *Roman*, and daughter of a *Roman* who prefers virtue above all things. Beware therefore, I conjure you, to blemish your glory by an injustice. I do not ask of you to reign in *Hetruria* (continu'd she) I only desire you would please to give the Prince time to justifie himself. I have been accustom'd to misfortunes, I shall know how to live as I have done; and if the Gods shall so please, I shall know how to dye too with sufficient courage. *Porsenna* beheld *Clelia* attentively whilst she was speaking, and being unable to hinder himself from admiring her, Would to the Gods (cry'd this offended Prince) you could have as well perswaded me of the innocence of *Aronces* as of your own. For I confess (added he) I find something of such grandeur in what I have now heard, and in what you have done, that to imitate the generosity of the *Romans*, I will send you back again to *Rome*, and oblige you to ask some reward of me for the daring action you have done; for, excepting the life and liberty of *Aronces*, I promise you whatever you shall demand of me. Since 'tis so, my Lord (answer'd she) I desire only the favour of you, that you will take time to examine well the virtue of the Prince, and the wickedness of *Tullia*, and that you will send back all the Hostages as well as my self. I grant you that which you demand of me (reply'd *Porsenna*) and if my Son were worthy of you, nothing could hinder you from being one day Queen of *Hetruria*; so charm'd I am with your courage and virtue. After this, *Porsenna* spoke many things to *Celius*, that he might understand more clearly the enterprise of *Tarquin* and *Tullia* against *Rome*. Which done, he caus'd the goodliest Horse he had to be given to *Clelia*, to testifie that he judg'd she had the courage of a Heroe; for it was a custome of the Kings of *Hetruria* to make the like present to such as had signaliz'd themselves by some heroical action.

But after these fair *Romans* were departed, *Lucilius*, *Herminius*, *Thesaon*, *Æmilius* the old Soothsayer who expounded the Lots at *Praneste*, and *Celer* (who had been prisoner so long at *Tarquinia*) arriv'd. As soon as they came into the Tent, *Mutius* approach'd, and addressing to the King of *Hetruria* and shewing him the hand which he had so courageously suffer'd to burn in his presence, Is it possible my Lord (said he to him) that a man, whom you saw so stout as to endure the fire unmov'd in your presence, should be the complice of a Parricide? No, no, my Lord (added he) true *Romans* are not capable of committing such crimes as that. I would have destroy'd you for the good of my Country, but I should never have done it to promote your Son to the Throne. Be pleas'd therefore to command those who pretend I treated with them by *Aronces* order, to be brought into my sight, to the end I may cover them with confusion; and if it be needful I will put my hand a second time into the fire without fearing to be burnt, to attest this truth. Moreover, let not my departure from *Rome* be interpreted flight, my particular unhappinesses caus'd me to go to *Praneste*, there to consult the Gods secretly; and though they have not been favourable to me, and I had resolv'd to go hide my discontent in some remote place from *Rome*; yet I no sooner heard by *Herminius* that the Prince your Son was accus'd and my self too, but I came hither for his justification and my own; and if you please to hear *Celer* who has escap'd out of the prison of *Tarquinia* where *Tullia* kept him, he will inform you of sundry things more which justifie *Aronces*. And what can you inform me of? said *Porsenna* hastily to *Celer*.) My Lord, I shall inform you (answer'd he)

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that they which depoſe againſt the Prince were priſoners with me, and to obtain their liberty, promis'd *Tullia* to bear that falſe witneſs. They told me ſo themſelves when they endeavoured to perſwade me on the behalf of *Tullia*, to help to deſtroy *Aronces*; and I was ſometimes threatned with death, and ſometimes promis'd my liberty, to bring me to what they deſir'd; and if they were preſent, I aſſure my ſelf they would not dare to contradict me. But, my Lord, if this ſage Soothſayer whoſe honeſty you know, ſpeak to you, he will tell you things more important. 'Tis true, my Lord (ſaid the Soothſayer who had dwelt long at *Cluſium*) that *Tullia* ſent a man to me at *Præneſte* on the day of the great Feſtival of Fortune, to offer me conſiderable rewards if I would betray the Gods, and render a falſe anſwer to *Lucilius*, who came to conſult them on your behalf. But being I am uncapable of committing an impiety, I deliver'd it ſeal'd up to *Lucilius*, as it was found in the Lots of the moſt redoubtable of all the Deities. And to make good what I alledge againſt *Tullia*, I have caus'd him to be arreſted who would have ſuborn'd my fidelity. *Lucilius*, *Herminius*, *Æmilius*, *Theanor*, and *Mutius*, having confirm'd that which this ſage Soothſayer ſaid, *Porſenna* took the ſeal'd-up anſwer which *Lucilius* brought him, and having open'd it with a countenance which manifeſted the agitation of his minde, he found theſe words.

Thy ſon is innocent; thou canſt not deſtroy him without thy own deſtruction; his love is well-pleaſing to the Gods; and if thou hindereſt him from being happy, thou ſhalt always be infortunate.

Porſenna was much mov'd at this anſwer, but would not expreſs it yet; and commanded ſome perſons to go forthwith to the Quarters of *Tullia* to require thoſe men of her who were to maintain before *Mutius* that *Aronces* was a partaker in his deſign to kill him. But he had ſcarce given this Order, when word was brought him that *Tarquin* and *Tullia* were diſcamp'd, and had ſet men at work to break the Bridge, which ſerv'd for the communication of the Quarters, to the end they might not be follow'd ſo ſpeedily; becauſe though *Porſenna* had another, yet it was very remote from the road to *Tarquinia*. And to compleat the diſcovery of all theſe wickedneſſes, two men were brought to him whom *Tullia* had commanded to be firſt ſtab'd, and then caſt into the *Tyber*. But being ſhe had been but ill-obey'd in the tumult caus'd by ſudden diſcamping, and they to whom the order was given pityed them, they were permitted to fly whither they could. But not knowing whither to fly either towards *Rome* or the Camp, the remorſe of their Crimes brought them to ſeek their ſafety in the clemencie of *Porſenna*. And ſo cauſing themſelves to be preſented to him, they caſt themſelves at his feet, lay'd open the accurſed contrivance of *Tullia*, and implor'd his pity to pardon two unhappy perſons, who to avoid perpetual impriſonment had promis'd to commit a crime.

Aronces being now fully juſtifi'd, *Porſenna* was ſo confounded for his own injuſtice, that he commanded ſome to goe and fetch the Prince immediately. Who accordingly coming, follow'd by *Telanus* and a great number of Officers, *Porſenna* went to him aſſoon as he ſaw him, and embracing him with tenderneſs, The Gods and men have juſtifi'd you (ſaid he to him) and 'tis I at preſent who am the Criminal. But, my Son, I will ſhortly make you ſatisfaction, and I have ſo ill us'd my Authority that I will reſign it into your hands. In the mean time, go forthwith in the head of the Cavalry and endeavour to overtake the Forces of *Tarquin* and *Tullia*; for in ſtead of their Protector I am become their mortal Enemy, and at your return you ſhall know my intentions. *Aronces* anſwer'd *Porſenna* with as much reſpect as if he had not been injured by him; and obeying him at the ſame hour, he went forth with *Artemidorus*, *Themiſtus*, *Mutius*, *Herminius*, *Theanor*, and all the reſt to ſummon the Troops together, and left *Porſenna* with *Galerita*, the Princeſs of the *Leontines*, *Herſilia*, *Melintha*, and the ſage Soothſayer who confirm'd him in his good ſentiments. But now all the Camp beholding *Aronces* at liberty and in the head of the Troops, teſtifi'd an inconceivable joy. The Prince wiſhing ardently to overtake *Tarquin*'s Forces, made ſuch diligence, that though the diſtance were great, he came upon them in diſorder, they having not gone very faſt, becauſe they were retarded by their baggage. Whereupon *Aronces* charging vigorouſly upon them, cut them in peeces, and put them into ſuch diſorder, that *Tarquin* and *Tullia* (fearing to fall into the power of *Porſenna*, and that he ſhould deliver them up to the *Romans*) forſook their Forces, leſt *Titus* to command them, and fled away by unfrequented ways, and went to ſeek Sanctuary with the Tyrant of *Cumæ*, where they were ill enough receiv'd, and in proceſſe of time

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dy'd very miſerable, as well as the infamous *Sextus*. But the Prince *Titus* ſoon ſaw the reſt of his Troops cut in pieces, and he was known by *Aronces* who could have ſlain him, if he would; but this generous Prince conſidering him as a Friend and a virtuous Prince, favour'd his retreat, which he made only with five others. And ſo ſeeing there were no more enemies to overcome, nor any hope of taking *Tarquin* or *Tullia*, *Aronces* return'd to the Camp; but upon the way he met *Octavius* in the head of two hundred *Roman* horſe, who underſtanding that *Tarquin* was purſu'd, was going to help *Aronces* to overcome him. Aſſoon as *Aronces* beheld him, he went civilly to him; and having in two words told him what had paſs'd, he ſeparated himſelf at ſome diſtance from all the reſt, and addreſſing to him, conjur'd him to be ſtil favourable to him, and to ſweeten the mind of *Clelius* as much as he could. Whereby falling to ſpeak of *Clelia*, as they were croſſing a Wood they unawares left the great way in which the Troops march'd, and took a by-path which led them away from them. And out of reſpect there was none follow'd them but one of the Squires of *Aronces*. They had ſcarce gone a quarter of an hour, but *Aronces* thought he heard the voice of *Horatius*, and a noiſe of the claſhing of ſwords. Whereupon haſtning through the trees towards the place whence the voice came, he ſaw ten or twelve men dead whom his redoubtable Rival had ſlain, and ſaw him encompaſs'd by ten or twelve more who endeavour'd either to take or kill him. He had no more but the Trunchion of a ſword in his hand, his Shield was broken, and he would have infallibly been taken if *Aronces* had not arriv'd. For as *Horatius* had ſeiz'd one of the mens ſwords to wreſt it from him, another was going to thruſt his thorough his body, when *Aronces* beholding him in this condition, reſolv'd to reſcue him. What? (cri'd he as he advanc'd with his ſword drawn towards thoſe who attaqu'd *Horatius*) are there ſtill any *Tarquinians*, who dare attaque a *Roman*, after *Tarquin* is defeated and overcome, and fled? And ſo the Prince, *Octavius* and his Squire made ſuch a fierce charge upon thoſe that were ready to deſtroy *Horatius*, that they chang'd their deſign of killing him into that of defending themſelves. But *Horatius* knowing the voice of *Aronces*, ſeem'd more afflicted to ſee that he was once more his deliverer, then he had been daunted at the danger he was lately in. Nor was it long before he beheld *Aronces* kill one of his enemies, wound two, and ſuſtain the effort of the reſt. Whereupon taking new heart, he leapt to the ground to take a ſword of one of the ſlain, and remounting his horſe, ſet himſelf to defend *Aronces*; but there was no need; for having ſlain one, and *Octavius* wounded ſome others, the reſt betook themſelves to flight. After which *Aronces* civilly accoſted his Rival whilſt his Squire was redreſſing ſomething about the Bridle of his horſe. You know (ſaid he to him, preventing him from ſpeaking) when I ſaw you laſt, I oblig'd in you in the ſecret converſation we had together, to promiſe me that if I dy'd, you would never force *Clelia* to marry you, that you would make uſe of nothing but entreaties, and if you could not move her, not to ceaſe to protect her all your life againſt ſuch as would conſtrain her. You promis'd me this in conſideration of the ſmall ſervice I had then done you; and I promis'd you again that I would never marry *Clelia*, till I had offer'd you to win her by a Combate with you. I acquit my ſelf of my word (added *Aronces*) for though I am not certain whether I am likely to be happy, yet there have lately fallen out ſo many changes in my fortune, that I have ſome ground to hope it: wherefore before we go to the Camp, I will hide my ſelf in the Wood we are to paſſe through, and ſatisfie you if you deſire it. But, my Lord (anſwer'd *Horatius*) what would you ſay of me, if owing my life and liberty more then once to you, I ſhould draw my ſword againſt you the ſame moment that you have imploy'd yours in my defence? I would ſay (repli'd *Aronces*) that a Rival is not ſo oblig'd to gratitude as other perſons are. Ha! my Lord (cry'd *Horatius* haſtily) I ſhould not be ſatisfied of that, and therefore 'tis beſt that I yield a felicity to you which you alone can merit, and the Gods themſelves have decreed to you; nor was I going but to ſeek my death in helping you to overcome *Tarquin* when I met thoſe that aſſaulted me. But to compleat your happineſſe (added he) know, that as I beheld *Clelia* enter into *Rome*, ſhe ſpoke ſo rigorouſly to me, that I am convinc'd nothing but death can comfort me. That which you ſay, is ſo worthy of your courage (anſwer'd *Aronces*) that if you will be my friend, I ſhall with joy be yours as long as I live. Alas! my Lord (reply'd *Horatius*) I know not my own Will, but for fear my virtue abandon me, permit me to leave you and return to *Rome*. And accordingly *Horatius* departing from *Aronces* went to relate to

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the Romans the Victory of his Rival. *Clelia* in the mean time had been receiv'd there in triumph with all her companions. But *Horatius* (to carry his generosity further) went to *Clelius* and shew'd him the answer the Lots of *Praneste* had given him; for he had sent one of his Friends thither, who brought it him back, and which was so exact that nothing could be more clear: for it was in these terms. *Clelius owes Clelia to Aronces, the Gods decree so, and you cannot pretend to her without displeasing them.* *Aronces* being by this time return'd to the Camp, was receiv'd with joy by *Porsenna*, *Galerita*, the Princesse of the *Leontines*, all the Army and the whole Court. And (to accomplish his felicity) the King of *Hetruria* told him, that to testifie to *Rome* that he desir'd to hasten the peace, he would discamp the next day, and send Ambassadors to demand *Clelia* of the Senate. *Aronces* thank'd with a joy surpassing all expression. And accordingly the King of *Hetruria* made good his word, discamping the day following, and sending to demand *Clelia* of the Senate for the Prince his son, to the end she might be the confirmer of the peace. The Senate receiv'd this proposition with joy, and requir'd *Clelia* of *Clelius*, who after he understood the truth of all things, deliver'd her to them with the consent of *Horatius*. Whereupon without further delay, the Princesse of the *Leontines* went to fetch *Sulpicia* and *Clelia* to conduct them to *Clusium* where the ceremony was to be accomplisht, and whither *Clelius* went too accompani'd by *Octavius*, *Herminius*, *Zenocrates*, *Anacreon* and his particular Friends. As for *Clelia*, she was accompani'd by *Berelisa* and *Clidamira* (who were return'd from *Praneste*) and *Valeria*: for *Plotina* was so afflicted for the death of *Amilcar*, that she fell sick upon it, and could not go thither. Assoon as *Porsenna* and all this noble and fair company were arriv'd at *Clusium*, the Nuptials of *Aronces* and *Clelia* were celebrated in the proud Temple of *Juno the Queen* with incredible magnificence. But to the astonishment of all the spectators, as *Aronces* and *Clelia* were upon their knees before that famous Statue of *Juno*, *Porsenna* plac'd his Scepter upon the Altar, as resigning his authority to the Gods from whom he held it; and *Galerita* put a Crown of Flowers upon *Clelia*'s head, as declaring her Queen. After which the Priest taking the Scepter presented it to *Aronces*, who modestly refus'd it: Nor would he accept the Soveraign Power which *Porsenna* hereby resign'd to him. So that by this great action he made himself compleatly worthy of all the felicity he enjoy'd by the possession of the most vertuous person that ever was. In the midst of this publick joy, *Amilcar* had the honour to be much regretted; *Anacreon* made Verses upon this happy Marriage; and after eight intire days were spent in feasting and rejoycing, *Themistus*, *Merigenes* and their Friend went to seek *Lindamira*, *Artemidorus* return'd to *Leontium* to make *Berelisa* his Princesse there, and to cause *Lysimira* to marry *Zenocrates*, who recover'd the Principality of *Herbesa* which had belong'd to his Ancestors. As for *Clidamira*, though she was assur'd to marry *Meleontus*, yet she was not so well contented as she seem'd; *Theanor* and *Æmilius* obey'd the Gods, and were happy; the other Lover went to travel to cure himself of his passion. And as for *Herminius*, at his return to *Rome*, *Publicola* gave him *Valeria*, notwithstanding all the obstacles which oppos'd his happiness. *Hermilia* had a great friendship for *Octavius*, and *Octavius* for her, but marri'd not: *Collatina* dy'd with sorrow for the misfortunes of *Titus*, and *Plotina* declar'd to all her Lovers that she would never marry. It was known that the Prince who persecuted *Cloranisbes* was dead: and *Horatius* as unhappy as he was, nevertheless was so generous as to take care to cause *Clelia*'s Statue to be erected according to the Vote of the Senate in the upper part of the sacred street, neer his own, having this sad consolation, to see that the tokens of their glory were at least in the same place. But in acknowledgment of his generosity, *Aronces* and *Clelia* sent to offer him their friendship, so that after so many misfortunes these two illustrious persons saw themselves as happy as they had been unfortunate, and saw nothing that could equal their felicity besides their virtue. *Clelia* had a Statue at *Rome*; *Porsenna* also caus'd one to be made for her before the stately Tomb which he had built, and *Anacreon* put these Verses upon the pedestal of the Statue.

Tyber, *although a God, amazed stood*
At that great Soul that durst attempt his flood,
And cry'd, This sure must some new Venus *be,*
Born from my waves as she was from the Sea.
Thy form and courage Fame alike shall blow,
Till Rome *to stand, and* Tyber *cease to flow.*

The End.